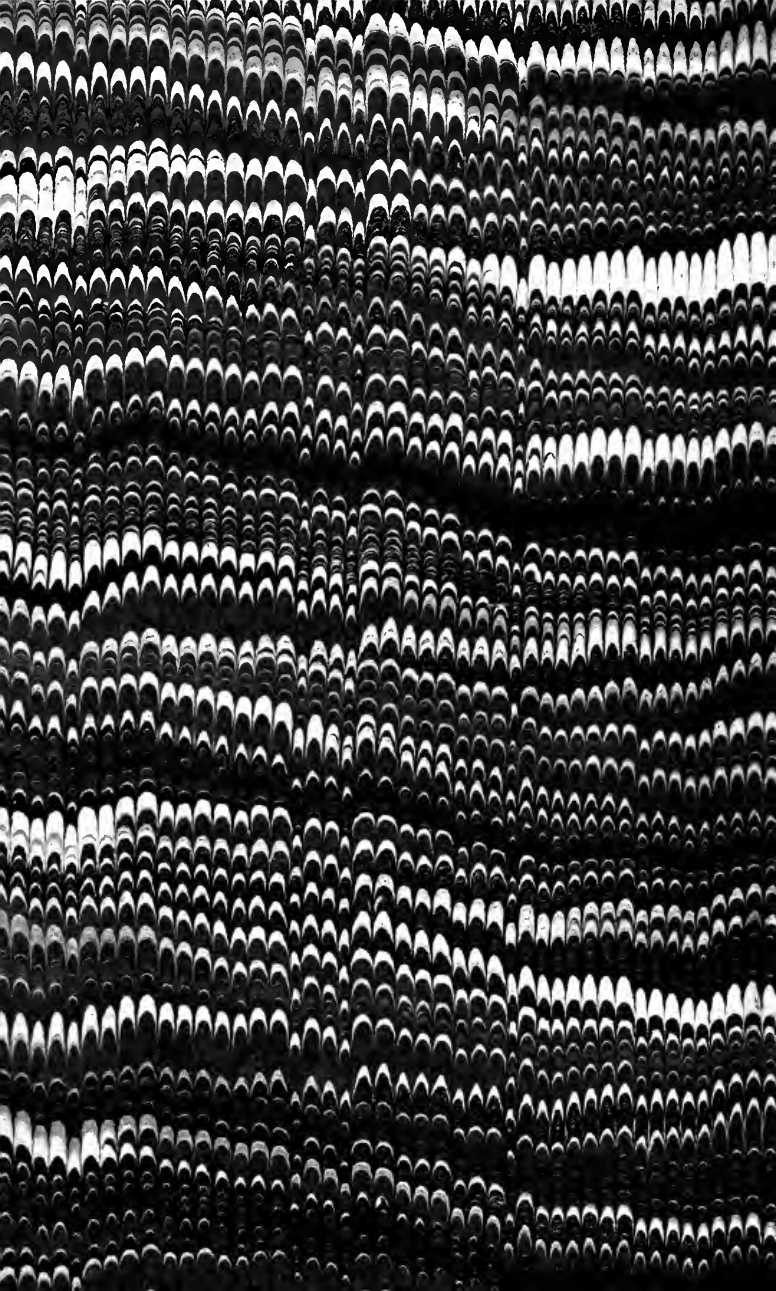
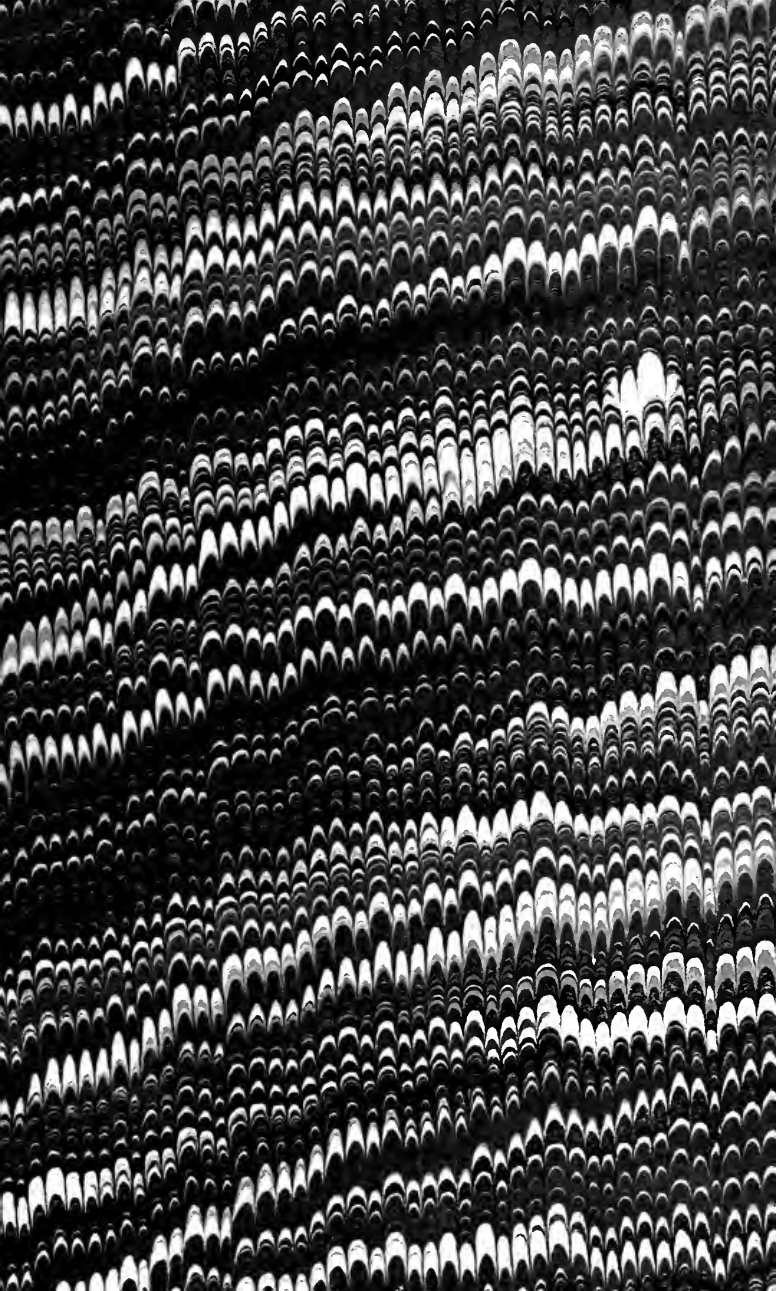



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LETTERS
OF
EMINENT PERSONS;

SELECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, Esq.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SACRED POETS."

Letters, such as are written from wise men, are, of all the words of men, in my judgment the best. — LORD BACON.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.



TO

THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, M.A.,

THE POET OF THE HEART,

THIS VOLUME,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND REGARD,

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 130, *for keep, read kiss* ;—*for Bathurst, read Bathurst.*

— 155, *for lenient acts, read lenient arts.*

— 196, *for Eleonoa, read Eleonora,*

— 272 *for is, read are.*

A PREFACE,

CRITICAL AND ANECDOTICAL.

A HISTORY of letters would be a picture of the heart, under all its various aspects of hope and fear, generosity and envy, love and hatred, ambition and contentment. The picture would have many shadows, yet brightened and relieved by the gleams which the familiar confessions of friendship shed over the sternest physiognomy. We forget the intemperate zeal of Calvin in the gentler tones of his domestic intercourse. Cowper has left behind him the most interesting of autobiographies without the name; and a memoir of Petrarch might be composed from his poetry and his epistles. It is not from a single sketch, however, that our judgment should be formed; but only, since every letter is a portrait, more hastily or more elaborately designed, from a careful examination and comparison of many. The letters of Erasmus paint not the man alone, but the century; and the student of classical literature is ignorant of the *mind* of Scaliger and Casaubon, who has not seen it reflected in their correspondence*.

To trace the gradual progress of our language from its birth out of the Anglo-Saxon, through the numerous stages of its purification and embellishment by Chaucer, until its final completion in the golden age of Elizabethan literature, is the office of the historian. Nor is the task an easy or a satisfactory one. From the conquest until the reign of Edward III., French continued to be the dialect of fashion; but letters were written in Latin, until

* If the reader would comprehend the style of communication between the scholars of an elder age, let him refer to Joseph Scaliger's letter to Casaubon upon his edition of Polybius, *Epistolar.* lib. ii., *Epist.* cxix., and to *Epist.* cxx.; when he wrote it, he was recovering from indisposition. "Quid ad te scribam, equidem nescio. Scribere tamen volui, quamvis nullo argumento. Defunctus plane sum languore, qui diu me obsessum tenuit neque adhuc crura suum officium faciunt. Hoc heri in deambulatione pomeridiana expertus sum. Et fortasse fuerit ætatis *ελαττωμα*, quamvis, defatigatio a morbo." See also *Epist.* cclxx., lib. 3.—JOANNI CASELLIO.

the sudden introduction of French toward the close of the thirteenth century*. Before the fifteenth century, letters were usually transcribed upon vellum; and specimens of the French and Latin letters of the beginning of the fourteenth century are contained in the Cottonian volumes†. But the investigation of this subject, in itself so curious and interesting, demands more space than a preface enables me to bestow‡. One collection, however, of English letters may be noticed, both on account of their individual and historical interest.

"The Paston Letters," says Mr. Hallam, "are an important testimony to the progressive condition of society; and come in as a precious link in the chain of the moral history of England, which they alone in this period supply. They stand, indeed, singly, as far as I know, in Europe; for though it is highly probable, that in the Archives of Italian families, if not in France or Germany, a series of merely private letters, equally ancient, may be concealed, I do not recollect that any have been published. They are all written in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., except a few that extend as far as Henry VII., by different members of a wealthy and respectable, but not noble family; and are, therefore, pictures of the life of the English gentry in that age§." The aid afforded to the historian by these letters, in fixing circumstances of literary interest, is frequent and important. The style of the correspondence is, for the period, remarkable; and, as Mr. Hallam observes, much less quaint and formal than the laboured

* Hallam.

† Sir Henry Ellis.

‡ There are collections extant of letters which throw full light on the state of manners in France, Italy, and England, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. For example, we have the letters of two bishops of Chartres, in the eleventh century, Bishop Fulbert, near the beginning, and Bishop Ivo, near the close of it; and subsequently those of Stephen, bishop of Tournay. For Italy we have Gerbert's Letters (Pope Sylvester II.), at the very beginning of the eleventh (or rather the close of the tenth century) and then Cardinal Damiani's. The history of England and France is so mixed up, that what relates to one, relates to the other. We have Anselm's three books of letters, which give us Normandy and England perfectly in the time of William the Conqueror, and William Rufus; John of Salisbury, who continues it at a later period, the reign of Henry II., which is most fully and perfectly illustrated by the most entertaining of all these letter-writers, Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of London.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXVI., *Ancient Collections of Private Letters*.

§ *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 228.

imitations of modern novelists. One of the earliest examples "of female penmanship," is the letter from Lady Pelham to her husband, in 1399*.

The letters composing the present volume, have been chiefly selected either for their inherent beauty, or for the sake of the persons, and the subjects to which they relate. Illustrations of character and of intellect have been preferred to illustrations of history, or of manners; and the sentiments of the philosopher and the poet, to those of the statesman or the politician. Few names will be found which have not become familiar to our lips as household words. The opening letter, from Anne Bullen (or Boleyn) to Henry the Eighth, will be remembered by every reader of Addison, or of Hume. To establish the authenticity of so affecting a document would be a very interesting achievement of antiquarian industry. Sir Henry Ellis considers it a genuine production, although the original no longer exists; and his belief is grounded upon the hand-writing of the copy, preserved among Lord Cromwell's papers, which he assigns without hesitation to the time of Henry the Eighth. The suspicion of the letter having

* It was communicated to Mr Hallam by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, who had met with it in an old edition of Collins' Peerage. Collins copied it, Mr. Hallam observes, from the Archives of the Newcastle family.

My dear Lord,

I recommend me to your high lordship, with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you as my dear lord—dearest and best-beloved of all earthly lords, say for me, and thank you my dear lord with all this, that I say before of your comfortable letter that ye sent me from Pontefract, that come to me on Mary Magdalene Day; for, by my troth, I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the grace of God for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And, dear lord, if it like to your high lordship, that as soon as ye might that I might hear of your gracious speed; which as God Almighty continue to increase. And, my dear lord, if it like you to know of my fare, I am here by laid in manner of a siege with the county of Sussex, Surrey, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may nought out no none victuals get me, but with much hard. Wherefore my dear, if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to get remedy of the salvation of your castle, and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid; and also that ye be fully informed of their great malice workers in these shires, which that haves so despitefully wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men, and to your tenants, for this country have yai (sic) wasted for a great while. Farewell my dear lord, the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and ever send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevensey, in the castle, on St. Jacob's day last past,

By your own poor,

To my true Lord.

J. PELHAM.

been prepared for Anne Bullen by any friend, seems to be refuted by Sir William Kyngston's testimony to the strictness of her imprisonment*.

In turning over the early pages of our literary history, the eye rests upon two names which we are accustomed to associate with Sir Philip Sidney,—Lord Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. They both perished in the flower of their age; Surrey in his thirtieth, and Wyatt in his thirty-ninth year; but not before they had contributed to the decoration of our poetry, and the modulation of our language. They seem to have anticipated the learning and the virtues of Sidney; to have lived with equal dignity, and to have died with equal respect. Sir Thomas Wyatt had an only son, to whom he addressed the following letter; and when we contrast its uncompromising spirit of Christian purity with the degrading counsels of that refined courtier, whom Cowper branded as the Petronius of his day, we may well look back with reverence to those gray Fathers of our literature.

“Inasmuch as now ye are come to some years of understanding, and that you should gather within yourself some fame of Honesty, I thought that I should not lose my labour wholly if now I did something advertise you to take the sure foundations and stablished opinions that leadeth to Honesty.

“And here, I call not Honesty that, men commonly call Honesty, as reputation for riches, for authority, or some like thing; but that Honesty, that I dare well say your grandfather (whose soul God pardon), had rather left to me than all the lands he did leave me; that was, Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendship to get the love of many, and Truth above all the rest. A great part to have all these things, is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth. Out of these things the chiefest and infallible ground is the dread and reverence of God, whereupon shall ensue the eschewing of the contraries of these said virtues; that is to say, ignorance, unkindness, rashness, desire of harm, unquiet enmity, hatred, many and crafty falsehoods, the very root of all shame and dishonesty. I say, the only dread and reverence of God, that seeth all things, is the defence of the creeping in of all these mischiefs into you. And for my part, although I do well say there is no

* *Letters Illustrative of English History*, vol. ii., p. 53.

man that would wish his son better than I ; yet on my faith, I had rather have you lifeless, than subject to these vices.

“Think and imagine always that you are in presence of some honest men that you know ; as Sir John Russell your father-in-law, your uncle Parson, or some other such, and ye shall, if at any time ye find a pleasure in naughty touches, remember what shame it were before these men to do naughtily. And sure this imagination shall cause you to remember that the pleasure of a naughty deed is soon past, and the rebuke, shame, and the note thereof shall remain ever. Then, if these things ye take for vain imaginations, yet remember that it is certain, and no imagination, that ye are always in the presence and sight of God ; and though you see Him not, so much is the reverence the more to be had, for that He seeth, and is not seen.

“Men punish with shame as greatest punishment on earth ; yea, greater than death ; but his punishment is first, the withdrawing of his favour and grace, and in leaving his hand to rule the stern, to let the ship run without guide to its own destruction ; and suffereth so the man that he forsaketh to run headlong, as subject to all mishaps, and at last, with shameful end, to everlasting shame and death. Ye may see continual examples both of one sort, and of the other ; and the better, if ye mark them well that yourself are come of ; and consider well your good grandfather, what things there were in him, and his end. And they that knew him, noted him thus : first, and chiefly, to have a great reverence of God, and good opinion of godly things. Next, that there was no man more pitiful ; no man more true of his word ; no man faster to his friends ; no man diligenter or more circumspect, which thing, both the kings his masters noted in him greatly. And if these things, and especially the grace of God, that the fear of God always kept with him, had not been, the chances of this troublesome world that he was in, had long ago overwhelmed him. This preserved him in prison from the hands of the tyrant*, that could find in his heart to see him racked ; from two years and more prisonment in Scotland in irons and stocks ; from the danger of sudden changes and commotions divers, till that well-beloved of many, hated of none, in his fair age, and good reputation, godly and Christianly he went to Him that loved him, for that he always had Him in reverence.

“And of myself, I may be a near example unto you of my folly

* Richard the Third.

and nothingness, that hath, as I well observed, brought me into a thousand dangers and hazards, enmities, hatreds, imprisonments, despites, and indignations; but that God hath of his goodness chastised me, and not cast me clean out of his favour; which thing I can impute to nothing but the goodness of my good father, that, I dare well say purchased with continual request of God, his grace towards me more than I regarded, or considered myself; and a little part to the small fear I had of God in the most of my rage, and the little delight that I had in mischief. You, therefore, if ye be sure, and have God in your sleeve to call you to his grace at last, venture hardily by mine example upon naughty unthriftiness, in trust of his goodness; and besides the shame, I dare lay ten to one ye shall perish in the adventure: for trust me, that my wish or desire of God for you shall not stand you in as much effect, as I think my father's did for me. We are not all accepted of Him.

“Begin therefore betimes. Make God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men: shoot at that mark: be no mocker: mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence, and think unkindness to be the greatest offence, and least punished among men; but so much the more to be dreaded, for God is Justiser upon that alone. Love well and agree with your wife; for where is noise and debate in the house, there is unquiet dwelling: and much more when it is in one bed. Frame well yourself to love and rule well and honestly your wife as your fellow, and she shall love and reverence you as her head. Such as you are unto her, such shall she be unto you. Obey and reverence your father-in-law, as you would me; and remember that long life followeth them that reverence their fathers and elders; and the blessing of God, for good agreement between the wife and husband, is fruit of many children.

“Read oft this my letter, and it shall be as though I had often written to you; and think that I have herein printed a fatherly affection to you. If I may see that I have not lost my pain, mine shall be the contentation, and yours the profit; and upon condition that you follow my advertisement, I send you God's blessing and mine, and as well to come to honesty, as to increase of years.”

The vein of pure and reflective sentiments, which is so apparent in this beautiful and earnest letter, pervades, also, Sir Philip Sidney's exhortations to his brother; and may be discovered in the harmonious strains—alas, too few!—of the melancholy Cowley.

Of this admirable writer and amiable man, the memorials are slight and unsatisfactory*. But every fragment of his prose is valuable; and even the dust is full of gold. With this feeling, I may introduce a short letter to Evelyn, which might have been inserted in the volume. It is an acknowledgment of a present of seeds and other things, from that early friend of English horticulture.

Sir,

Barn Elms, March 23, 1663.

There is nothing more pleasant than to see kindness in a person for whom we have great esteem and respect; no, not the sight of your garden in May, or even the having such an one, which makes me more obliged to return you my most humble thanks for the testimonies I have lately received of you, both by your letter and your presents. I have already sowed such of your seeds as I thought most proper upon a hot-bed; but cannot find in all my books a catalogue of these plants which require that culture, nor of such as must be set in pots; which defects, and all others, I hope shortly to see supplied, as I hope shortly to see your work of horticulture finished and published; and long to be in all things your disciple, as I am in all things now,

Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

A. COWLEY.

This little note, evidently written with haste, is not without the characteristic touches of Cowley. In no writer shall we find more frequent or more beautiful examples of that curious felicity of sentiment and expression which has always been regarded as the greatest charm of composition. His essays are considered, with justice, to be models of easy and vigorous prose; and the preface to his poems is embellished by those Graces which are never found in the company of art. Alluding to a book of worthless verses, published under his name, he says:—"It was vain for me that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *executed in effigy*." Of the poetical mind, he observes,—“It must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in.” He compares poetry in an American forest, to Donne’s sun-dial in a grave; and remarks, in reference to the classic mythology,—“I do not at all wonder that the old poets made such rich crops out of these grounds: the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage. But what can

* See Peck, and the *Miscellanea Aulica*.

we expect now, who come a-gleaning, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars?" Dr. J. Wharton used to say, that the three finest prefaces in the world, were those of Thuanus to his History, of Casaubon to Polybius*, and of Calvin to his Institutes. Cowley's preface to his poems may be included in the list; although it might not have drawn the annual tears of Lord Mansfield, like the dedication of De Thou.

Of the letters of Howell, the familiar and eccentric friend of Ben Jonson, a more copious selection may probably be offered at a future period. In 1737, they had reached a tenth edition. His early correspondence from the continent, beginning in 1617, is very curious and interesting; and his home-intelligence is often amusing, as it presents sketches, slight, indeed, of fashion, politics, and literature; whether we hear of Sir John Elliott being interrupted in a vehement attack upon the Duke of Buckingham by the Usher of the Black Rod, knocking at the door of the House†; or of the queen, breaking the glass windows, and tearing her hair, through anger at the sudden dismissal of her French attendants‡.

The character of Lord Bolingbroke has been drawn by his contemporary and friend, Lord Chesterfield, to whom he made the celebrated observation, which a Christian philosopher might have uttered with delight. He was, at the time of Chesterfield's visit, suffering from the cancerous humour in the face, of which he died; and, while bidding him farewell, for a season, he added,—“God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me, and he knows best what to do. May he bless you.” Such a noble expression of resignation and faith, was not to be expected from one whose pen, in the words of the poet Young, has been more destructive to its master, than the sword of Cato. Chesterfield said that his penetration approached to intuition, and that he adorned every topic with a splendour of eloquence that flowed from him without study or exertion; and that even his familiar conversation might have been committed to the press without correc-

* More properly speaking, the *dedication* to Henry the Fourth, prefixed to the Commentaries in 1609; it is, indeed, a splendid dissertation upon history, inflamed by eloquence, and nourished and enriched with the most abundant and most costly erudition. The conclusion rises into a strain of glowing adulation. “Sis semper domi fortunatus, semper in publicum felix, semper augustus, semper concordie suasor idem et vindex; orbis denique christiani semper sis arbiter.” The preface is more rapid and scholastic; but rendered interesting by the writer's allusions to his domestic calamities.

† To his uncle, Aug. 6, 1626.

‡ To his brother, March 15, 1626.

tion. Pope pronounced a similar eulogy. His exhibitions in Parliament live only in tradition; but Canning would have preferred a single speech, to the choicest treasure of antiquity. His letters are unequalled by any in our language, for sustained majesty of diction, and melody of composition. He has not, indeed, the captivating simplicity of Cowley, nor the nervous freedom of Dryden; but in fervour of sentiment, and richness of illustration, he surpasses both. His glimpses of classical literature are beautifully introduced; without being a poet, he seems always to linger by the Bowers of Fancy; without being a philosopher, his wisdom appears to glow with the imagination of Plato. His imagery is selected and disposed with infinite art, and the harmony of his metaphors is preserved with unusual success. The reflection of his thoughts is clear and unruffled. Writing to Swift, July 28, 1721, he says,—“Anni prædantur euntes; time will lop off my luxuriant branches; perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the bough which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.” Pope said of Bolingbroke, not without truth, that whether he wrote to a statesman or an emperor, he would intuitively seize upon the most material circumstance, set it in the most favourable light, and render it the most beneficial to his purpose. One quality alone he wanted, and that was—sincerity.

From Bolingbroke to Pope, the transition is easy and natural. Cowper expressed the most vehement dislike of his letters, which offended him by the artificial allurements of their style. Letters, indeed, in the common sense of the term, they are not; but rather essays upon particular subjects, studded with ingenious thoughts, and occasionally sparkling with Horatian irony. His pen appears to move by the impulse of his fancy; and like Voiture in his prose, and Cowley in his poetry, he continually starts out of his path in pursuit of some fantastic image, or unexpected witticism. But these were Dalilahs, to which a greater than Pope was not unwilling to sacrifice the vigour and beauty of his intellect. In later years, when, in his own words, he had ceased to write like a wit, and had discovered that no muse is needed by him “who dictates from the heart,” he produced several letters of touching sweetness, dignity, and grace. He had already, in his poetry, stooped to truth, and put undying life into his song, by the moral which it conveyed. His letters to Swift breathe a peculiar tender-

ness and pathos ; and no person has spoken, with a deeper interest, of the gradual encroachments of age upon human enjoyments. "The most melancholy effect of years," he told the Dean, "is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost perpetually increasing. You ask me if I have got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? I think that impossible ; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same friends restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves to enjoy them. But as, when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges, and in the course of time brings us something as it deprives us of a great deal ; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident : thus, I have acquired a few chance acquaintances of young men, who look rather to the past age than to the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. I find my heart hardened and blunted to new impressions ; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday, and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than those I see daily."

This is a beautiful passage, full of wisdom, affection and truth.

If we turn from Pope to Swift, we seem to be transported, as it were, from the quiet gardens and grotto at Twickenham, into the busy hum and confusion of a city. All the passions of life, fierce indignation, overbearing ambition, high self-confidence, vivid contempt, chase each other over the page. No mask ever conceals the biographer of Captain Gulliver. He is what he seems. Cowper preferred his letters to any in our language, until the appearance of Gray's. The briefest and most accurate description of their style may be given in a couplet of Boileau,—

Ce que l'on conçoit s'exprime clairement
Et les mots, pour le dire, arrivent aisément.

Dryden told him, that he never would be a poet ; and his rhymes confirm the prophecy. But he had a fertile invention, although never variegated by the colours of fancy. He is one of the simplest of our writers, not because he is less metaphorical, but because his images are unusually lucid. His compositions have the transparency, without the beauty, of the greatest of Grecian philosophers.

In the midst of his power and politics, says Johnson, he kept a journal of his visits, and his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant ; and transmitted it regularly to Mrs.

Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, to whom he knew that whatever befell him was interesting, and no accounts could be too minute. In this epistolary diary, he appears, as every one sighs that Sprat would not allow Cowley to appear, in his dressing gown and slippers.

If a man wakes him every day by crying savoys, he wishes his largest cabbage was sticking in his throat. If he has chocolate twice in a morning for his visitors, one of whom is Addison, he candidly confesses, "I don't like it." If it rains all day, "his pockets feel it." If he goes to an auction and purchases a reputed Titian for 2*l.* 4*s.*, he makes no scruple of communicating his hopes and intentions to his correspondent. "If he be cheated, he'll part with it to Lord Masham; if it please him, he'll keep it himself." No incident in his life, at home or abroad, is omitted. If he finds the Lord Treasurer sipping his broth, or playing with an orange, by fits, he tells of it; if Lady Orkney makes him a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a night-gown, he communicates the circumstance, adding that he is writing in bed while his fire burns up. If the Duke of Ormond gives him a pound of snuff, he wishes Mrs. Dingley had a part of it, although it had been purchased at the expense of a quarter of an hour of his Grace's politics. Occasionally a little episode interrupts the calendar of his hourly occupations, and is always related with inimitable spirit. A miserable poet, for example, sends him, by way of bribe, some of the finest wild-fowl he ever saw. He eats the present, and directs his servant "never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue," says he, "should have kept the wings, at least, for his Muse."

These diurnal trifles, as Johnson calls them, have another attraction in the glimpses they afford of persons to whom we are accustomed to look with admiration, or interest. Johnson appears not to have appreciated this feature of the journal; the notices it contains are, indeed, slight, but they are often expressive, as when he remarks, after prevailing on Bolingbroke to invite Addison to dinner on Good Friday,—“I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly.” Upon another occasion, happening to meet Addison and “Pastoral Phillips,” on the Mall, he takes a turn with them, not without observing that, “they both looked terribly dry and cold.” Of Addison's tragedy he has an amusing anecdote. “I was this morning, at ten, at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and

the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts Cato's daughter, out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out,—‘What's next *?’”

When Johnson, in the summer of 1782, was accompanying Hannah More through Oxford, he insisted upon conducting her over his own college, Pembroke. “This was my room; this Shenstone's. In short,” said he, “we were a nest of singing-birds.” The Doctor's companion was not likely to manifest much interest respecting a writer, whose posthumous correspondence she had told Mr. Boscawen was “the worst collection ever published with real names.” The poet had formed a very different opinion of it. “I look upon my letters,” he said, as some of my *chef d'œuvres*; they are the history of my mind for these twenty years past.” But what a history! Sometimes he announces that he has deferred the purchase of his favourite waistcoat until the spring; at another time he fills a page with perplexing doubts concerning the management of his snuff-box; or warms into eloquence respecting the embellishments of a ceiling. He makes no secret of his vanity†, but rather cherishes it as an amiable quality. His life was an unhappy one; Gray said that he passed his days in hopping round the Leasowes, and was miserable except in the company of visitors. His letters abound in complaints of loneliness and desertion; when his “visitants fail him,” and his verdure is faded, he has nothing to do but “go to sleep for the winter.” His house is sometimes so forsaken, that the grass grows over his threshold. He has acknowledged this weakness of character in a touching manner. “Though I first embellished my farm, with an eye to the satisfaction I should derive from its beauty, I am now grown dependant on the friends it brings me, for the principal enjoyment it affords. I am pleased to find them pleased, and enjoy its beauties by reflection‡.” Accordingly his thoughts are always wandering about the Leasowes. He finds nothing more interesting to communicate to a friend, than the intelligence that it was a tempestuous day when Lord Stamford called to see his walks. The monotony of his existence seems to have depressed his spirits. “I pass too much of that sort of time,” he told a friend, “wherein I am neither well nor ill.”

* To Mrs. Dingley, March 21, 1712-13.

† He tells his friend Mr. Whistler, “Now I talk of vanity, I beseech you never check yourself in your letters. I don't purpose it; and I think it makes as pretty a figure in the letters of a man of taste, as it does in the embroidery of a beau!”

October, 1755.

To Lady Luxborough he wrote, "I lead the unhappy life of seeing nothing in the creation so idle as myself." Upon another occasion he confessed that he was "now and then impelled by the social passion to sit half an hour in his kitchen." He read little, and while his melancholy increased every day, philosophy furnished him with no stone to fling at the giant. He has very happily described the lonely and saddening sensations which the even tenor of his life suggested :—

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day,
 Again to trace the wintry tract of snow;
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow*.

If we contrast the situations of three of the most interesting Recluses in our poetical history, we find Cowper enjoying at Weston all the happiness of which his mind, so often clouded by religious delusion, was susceptible; Cowley, who retired into the country in search of the golden age, and the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney, soon acknowledging that he had not found Arcadia in Chertsey; and Shenstone, interrupting his song, if a dark day shut out the sunshine from his cage. Yet he struggled against his fate, and wrote sweet and tender verses to show how happy he was. Spenser might have commended the harmony of the inscription at the Leasowes :—

O you that bathe in courtly blysse,
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy sphere,
 Do not too rashly deeme amysse
 Of him that bydes contented here.
 Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
 Which o'er each carelesse lymb he flings;
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
 In whych he quaffs the limpid springs.

* If Shenstone should ever meet with an editor, he may illustrate this stanza. "I remember dining," says Mr. Wilberforce, "when I was a young man, with the Duke of Queensbury, at his Richmond villa. The party was very small and select. Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn, (who lived for society, and continued in it, till he looked really like the wax-work figure of a corpse), were among the guests. We dined early, that some of the party might be able to attend the Opera. The dinner was sumptuous, the views from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the Duke looked on with indifference. What is there, he said, to make so much of in the Thames—I am quite tired of it;—there it goes, flow, flow, flow; always the same."—*Life by his Sons*, vol. iii. p. 417.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
 Devoide of worldly carke he straye ;
 Or all beside some flowery lawne,
 He waste his inoffensive daye.
 So may he pardonne pain and strife,
 If such in courtlye haunt he see ;
 For faults there beene in busye life,
 From which these peaceful glennes are free.

It was Shenstone's misfortune to be surrounded by the lowest retainers of Dodsley ; persons who were illustrious for an epigram without point, or an elegy without meaning. In such an atmosphere nothing could flourish ; with the exception of Percy, he appears not to have had a single correspondent of taste or learning. Lady Hertford was a pleasant writer, but she praised Hervey's *Meditations* and Thomson's poetry in the same page. It seems impossible to reconcile the vivacity, acuteness, and good sense of Shenstone's detached thoughts, with the general tone and spirit of his letters*, except upon the supposition that his fancy was benumbed by the dulness of his friends. Walpole said, that he passed his life in laborious efforts to write a perfect song, without ever succeeding in the attempt.

Gray, though he laughed at the sorrows of Shenstone, was equally unhappy in the old courts of Pembroke. But his melancholy wears a serener aspect ; and the shadows that seem to hang about him, only lend a more mellow and solemn beauty to his character.

The prose remains of Gray consist of letters and fragmentary notes and dissertations, upon classical and general literature. Of the proposed *History of Poetry*, which he resigned to Warton, the observations on Lydgate furnish a very interesting specimen. His letters have the fault which he imputed to Pope's ; they want the delightful candour and fluency of Cowper, and even the humour seems to have been prepared from a note-book. They contain, however,

* Several instances will probably occur to the memory of the reader. He says, very ingeniously, that "The making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it." And of the love of popularity, that, "it seems little else than the love of being beloved." It may be observed here, that the probable origin of the beautiful epitaph on Miss Dolman,—"Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse," has been discovered in a sonnet of Petrarch.—See an *Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch*, 1810, p. 15.

many beautiful criticisms, many acute remarks, and many descriptions of natural scenery, which a painter might study, and which a poet alone could have conceived. A rural sketch looks green in his language; and the reader, converted into a spectator, contemplates with delight the vernal freshness, and the silvery hues, of these Georgics in Prose.

If we compare the letters of Gray with those of Goldsmith, we shall find more of the scholar in the first, more of the man in the second; while Gray presents his thoughts in all the charms of poetical decoration, Goldsmith pours out his with no other light about them than the sunshine of his own bosom, and seems to be witty, or sad, at the impulse of the moment; to sparkle, or to be overcast, according to the state of the atmosphere in which he dwelt. There is more speculation in the one; more truth in the other. Gray had read of the world;—Goldsmith had seen it.

Gray was the riper scholar; but Goldsmith had the more versatile intellect. Boswell, indeed, has told us, that no deep root could be struck in a soil, thin as it was fertile; yet that soil has produced a tale which every one reads,—poems, to which every heart responds,—comedies, at which Laughter still holds both his sides,—essays, alive with humour and fancy,—and histories, which can still hold children from their play, though they may no longer draw old men from the chimney-corner. Taste in writing, he has defined to consist of the greatest combination of beauty and utility, admissible without counteracting each other. He practised his own definition; gathering the flowers that grew in his path, but never wandering in search of others of richer lustre, he attained a style, which, in the opinion of his most celebrated contemporary and friend, was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.

Although I have introduced the letter of Junius to the Duke of Bedford, I shall not be expected to identify this Man in the Iron Mask. Some information respecting him may be found in Mr. Barker's Inquiry respecting Sir Philip Francis. The involuntary claimants to the authorship of the letters have been numerous, and various. Walpole, who has himself been named, assigned them to single-speech Hamilton; Wyndham to Gibbon; and many to Burke. Parr expressed his confident belief to Lord Chedworth, that Junius was a brother of Dr. Lloyd, dean of Worcester; but Horne Tooke, whose chances of discovery were certainly not inconsiderable, and who, in his dispute with Junius, had affirmed his acquaint-

ance with his person, confessed to Mr. Green of Ipswich, "that he never could discover who he was." The conjecture of Pinkerton, that Junius is the Latin name of Dr. Young, was ingenious, and has that probability to recommend it which arises out of coincidence of style and sentiment. Of all the eminent individuals who have been brought into the controversy, not one bears so remarkable a resemblance to Junius as the author of the *Night Thoughts*. The letters, which Coleridge called political poetry without metre, continually remind us of the brilliant epigrams of the Universal Passion; and if a page, from the prose works of Young, were printed by the side of a page from Junius, the likeness would be pronounced remarkable. The great weapon of both was antithesis; and when that spear broke, they were at the mercy of any antagonist*.

Horace Walpole has been honoured with the title of the father of the first romance, and the last tragedy, in our language. "He is," said Lord Byron, "*ultimus Romanorum*." The last of the Boswells would have been a juster appellation. The vivacity of his temper, the diligence of his research, and the dramatic art with which he grouped and arranged his anecdotes, make him the prince of letter-writers, as they have made Johnson's friend the prince of biographers. But let Walpole's claims be acknowledged. He possessed intellectual powers beyond the reach of the biographer; and the *Mysterious Mother* awakens our admiration of his talent, while it excites our contempt for his heart. He was one of the first Englishmen who elevated letter-writing to a place in literature. He speaks of the rapidity with which he wrote; but Lord Dovor has shown that he collected materials with care, and that his letters, like those of Gray, were elaborately composed. He himself confessed that they deserved to have the name of Walpoliana. Their principal charm resides in the grace of the style, and the poignancy of the stories. His perception of poetical merit was not lively, and his criticism is frequently incorrect and malignant. In his sight, Akenside is a tame genius, who writes odes†; and he would rather

* The Letters of Junius, *Stat nominis umbra*. Junius is the umbra, the translation of Young only; nor can the motto refer to the State, then in an acmé of splendor.—*Note to Walpoliana*, v, i. p. 69. The secret is now understood to be in the Grenville family.

† But Walpole, like Byron, who imitated his manner, often sacrificed truth to smartness. "Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*," he said, upon another occasion, "attracted much notice on the first appearance, from the elegance of the language, and the warm colouring of the descriptions. But the Platonic fanaticism of the foundation injured the general beauty of the

have been the author of Lee's plays than of Thomson's *Seasons*. He coupled Garth with Boileau, and the *Dispensary* with the *Rape of the Lock*. His estimate of theatrical talent was equally opposed to the general voice. He saw nothing in Garrick but the art of mimicry. But these defects, and many others, are forgotten in the brilliancy of his descriptions, and in amusement at the sting which he always inserts in an anecdote. To quote instances, would be to copy his letters. Every one must remember his account of the earthquake, 1750, when on a sudden he felt the bolster lift up his head:—and of the ladies who had earthquake gowns made to sit out in during the night:—and of the effect of the visitation in raising the price of old china; and of “Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby,” who, after supping and staying late at Bedford Row, amused themselves by knocking at several houses, and crying out in a watchman's voice, “Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake.” He has, very prettily, called grace in writing, a perfume, which will always preserve a work from decay; and his own letters illustrate his observation.

Passing over many intermediate names of minor interest, we come to one of the most eminent in our history, and one of the dearest to our hearts.

The letters of Burke, though invaluable as compositions, have slight claims to notice as models of epistolary style; his object being less to amuse than to inform, they often run too much into disquisition, and are deficient in the vivacity that entered so largely into his conversation. Although written with ease and elegance, in idiomatic English, and, for the most part, in his plainest manner, the profound observations, the lucid arrangement, the completeness of his views, and the sustained vigour and exact propriety of his expressions, give them often the appearance of elaborate essays. But, like the letters of his friend Johnson, we may believe them to have flowed from a running pen. The effusions, which were natural to the lofty intelligence of Burke, would degenerate in weaker minds into pedantry and affectation. It will be safer to admire, than to imitate him. The element of his imagination was grandeur; but he frequently moves in the softer atmosphere of grace. He could satirise the Duke of Bedford, with the

edifice. Plato is, indeed, the philosopher of imagination; but is not this saying that he is no philosopher at all? I have been told that Rolt, who afterwards wrote many books, was in Dublin when that poem appeared, and actually passed a whole year there, very comfortably, by passing for the author.”—*Walpoliana*, vol i., pp. 134, 135.

fierceness of Milton; and commend the genius of Reynolds, with the elegance of Addison. To a stature of intellect, that might have awed even the giants of an elder age, he united a wonderful flexibility and ease of movement. In the senate, or the drawing-room, he was equally admirable. Johnson declared, that it would be impossible for a stranger to stand with him out of the rain for a few minutes, without pronouncing him a remarkable man. Every branch of literature and of science contributed to his treasures. Poussin, returning from his evening walk with a miscellaneous collection of stones and flowers, to be employed in future pictures, offers a parallel. Osborn, who knew Lord Bacon, says, that he has heard him entertain a country lord with hawks and dogs; and at another time "out-cant a London surgeon." Burke possessed a mine of equal richness and variety, but in the plastic art of accommodating his learning to his company, he was excelled by Mr. Canning.

No reputation ever crumbled away more quickly than Mrs. Montagu's; it might be said to have died with her voice. Her life was a prolonged triumph. She gained the suffrages of her most distinguished contemporaries; and we learn, from an anecdote related by Miss Reynolds, that her virtues obtained even a warmer tribute of admiration than her talents. "This brings to my remembrance the unparalleled eulogium which the late Lord Bath made on a lady he was intimately acquainted with, in speaking of her to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His lordship said, that he did not believe that there ever was a more perfect human being created, or ever could be created, than Mrs. Montagu. I give the very words I heard from Sir Joshua's mouth; from whom, also, I heard that he repeated them to Mr. Burke, observing, that Lord Bath could not have said more. "And I do not think that he said too much," was Mr. Burke's reply. The publication of Mrs. Montagu's letters has not revived her fame. They are, indeed, frequently vivacious, clever, and amusing, but fatigued by the writer's perpetual efforts to be witty. The Epistle from the Shades was written in youth, and sparkles with agreeable humour and mirth. Her conversation* surpassed her compositions; but

* Johnson said, "That lady exerts more mind in conversation than any person I ever met with; sir, she displays such ratiocination, and such radiation of intellectual excellence, as are amazing." Mrs. Montagu had propitiated the Doctor, by commending his genius and talents in her *Essay on Shakspeare*; but his opinion of her seems to have been expressed with some insincerity.

the *Essay on Shakspeare**, notwithstanding its inherent defect of a superficial acquaintance with the subject, will not be forgotten. The language, indeed, is frequently inflated; but some of the thoughts are beautiful, and new. Speaking of Shakspeare's inducement to take the subjects of his dramas from the history and tradition of recent transactions, particularly the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, she observes, "There was not a family so low that had not had some of its branches torn off in the storms of these intestine commotions; nor a valley so happily retired, that at some time the foot of hostile paces had not bruised its flowrets." And again, alluding to the influence of fashion upon the language of the same poet, she says, with greater beauty and truth, "An obscurity of expression was thought the veil of wisdom and knowledge; and that mist, common to the Morn and Eve of literature, which, in fact, proves that it is not at its high meridian, was affectedly thrown over the writings, and even the conversation, of the learned."

Bishop Heber mentions a Persian proverb, that a letter is half a meeting; and when we hear Cowper inviting his cousin to Olney, or playfully gossiping to his friend, Mr. Unwin, we perceive the truth of the saying. Hayley thought that the charm of his letters might be referred to their delicacy, which has been defined to mean the union of the graceful and the beautiful with the just and the good. The letters of Cowper are his autobiography; they reflect his features, under every varying shade of expression, with a clearness and natural truth, of which Racine's letters to his son, and Madame de Sévigné's correspondence with her daughter, had furnished the only previous examples. The French mother, and the English poet, wrote from the fulness of their hearts; and Madame Grignan and Mr. Unwin reaped the advantage. To write letters was the delight of Sévigné; and Cowper has confessed to his dearest friend, "When I write, as I write to you, not about business, nor on any subject that approaches to that description, I mean much less my correspondent's amusement, which my modesty will not always permit me to hope for, than my own." The resemblance between Sévigné and Cowper was, indeed, remarkable; not only in the simplicity and

* *Essay on Shakspeare*, p. 65, fourth edition, ed. 1777. Id. p. 282. The folly of the coldly "correct and classically dull," she illustrates by an apt and lively metaphor. "Poets who suppose their dramas must be excellent because they are regulated by Aristotle's clock."—*Introduction*.

grace of style, which seem to have come to them as naturally as numbers to Pope,—for Sévigné wrote with elegance at twenty, and the earliest epistle of Cowper is not less flowing than the last,—but in the art possessed by both, in a very rare degree, of communicating the commonest occurrence with an air of engaging sweetness and humour. Voltaire pronounced Madame de Sévigné unrivalled *pour conter des bagatelles avec grâce*; and Horace might have heard in the poet's summer-house at Olney, echoes of that urbane pleasantry, which had long been familiar to the Sabine Farm.

A collection of ingenious sentiments has been made from the letters of Sévigné, and the poetry of Cowper's prose would still better reward the industry of an editor. Writing to Charlotte Smith, he says, "I was much struck by an expression in your letter to Hayley, where you say that you will endeavour to take an interest in green leaves again. This seems like the sound of my own voice reflected to me from a distance, I have so often had the same thought and desire. A day scarcely passes, at this season of the year, when I do not contemplate the trees, so soon to be stript, and say, 'Perhaps I shall never see you clothed again*.' " The "reflection of the voice" may have been suggested to him unconsciously by a poem of the "ingenious Cowley," whom, in youth, he delighted to read, and longed to have known. But while possessing abundantly that seductive negligence of style, which D'Alembert commended in the compositions of Sévigné, Cowper often ventured upon hazardous phrases with a happy audacity unknown to his female rival. Expressing to Unwin his indignation at Johnson's treatment of Milton, he exclaims, "Oh! that I could thresh his old jacket, till I made his pension jingle in his pocket!" Madame de Sévigné had more anecdotes to tell than Cowper, but never relates them in a livelier manner. The reader will recollect his story of Sam Cox, the counsel, who, having been observed wandering along the sea-shore, in deep abstraction, was asked the subject of his meditation. "I was wondering," he said, "how such an infinite, and almost unwieldy element, should produce a sprat!"

Of one of the most copious of English letter-writers, I have been unable to introduce any specimen in the present volume.

Miss Seward's censure of Hervey for dressing up in his *Meditations* trite ideas "in the flowery nothingness of external declama-

* To Unwin, Nov. 26, 1787.

† October 26. 1793.

tion," may not unfairly be transferred to her own prose*. Mr. Wilberforce, who met her in the summer of 1796, at Buxton, has the following entry in his Diary:—"She seems to have cultivated the acquaintance of all persons of any note,—literary, social, or of any other kind; when separated from them, a correspondence sprang up; hence her 144 quarto volumes of letters, between 1784 and 1810. She really had talents and reading; but how much more usefully and honourably would she have been employed, had she, like Hannah More, been teaching the poor, or still more in writing such books as Hannah More." Miss Seward's elocution was very beautiful. Sir Walter Scott says, that in "reciting or reading, her eyes, which were auburn, appeared to become darker, and, as it were, to flash fire!" Mrs. Siddons entertained the same admiration of her varying and animated countenance. Miss Seward attributes a similar charm to the "burning eyes" of her friend Hayley. Her literary performances, with one or two exceptions, are neither useful nor ornamental. The pupil of Darwin was not likely to entertain a love of the unaffected graces of composition. The *Task* was overshadowed by the *Botanic Garden*. With less wit, she had more poetry than Miss More; and a ray of genuine imagination often breaks through her redundant phraseology. A sonnet upon a December Morning possesses great merit.

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
 Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,
 And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
 Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
 Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
 With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom,
 That slow recedes; while yon grey spires assume,
 Rising from their dark pile, an added height
 By indistinctness given. Then to decree
 The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
 To friendship or the muse, or seek with glee
 Wisdom's rich page! Oh, hours more worth than gold,
 By whose bless'd use we lengthen life; and, free
 From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

The letters of Hannah More, written during her earlier visits to London, abound with recollections of that distinguished circle

* See the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. i. p. 57.

of literature and art, respecting whom time seems only to quicken our curiosity. She lived in familiar intercourse with Johnson, with Burke, and with Reynolds, having recommended herself to their favour by the vivacity and enthusiasm of her disposition. These were her most celebrated friends; but she had others who connected that age of authorship with the preceding, and carried her into immediate contact with Pope, and Bolingbroke, and Swift. We see her by the side of Mrs. Delaney, who overflowed with anecdotes of the *Tatler*, and to whom the *Spectator* was a modern book; reading the manuscript letters of the Dean; or chatting with the charming Duchess of Portland, "the noble, lovely, little Peggy" of Prior; or dining with Mrs. Dashwood, the Delia of the elegiac Hammond.

In concluding a discursive preface, something should be said of a writer, whose eloquence, and varied information, will never be forgotten by those who have had the honour and the privilege of his acquaintance and his correspondence,—Sir James Mackintosh. Mr. Wilberforce, who was always delighted with his conversation, considered him an extraordinary man. His public life afforded no adequate testimony to the originality of his talents, or the extent of his attainments. He imparted to philosophy the charm of imagination, and to logic the interest of romance. Parr said that, like Burke, his taste in morals, and his taste in literature, were equally delicate. The correspondence of these eminent persons is probably open to the same objection. It has a studied and didactic air, and seems to be the offspring of the intellect, more than of the heart. But a lofty and animating strain of thought characterizes both. The letters of Mackintosh to Robert Hall are full of interest. During the presence of the calamity, which, for a season, overshadowed the genius of Hall, his physician one day inquired how he felt himself. "Oh, sir!" replied the patient, "I've been with Mackintosh; but it was the Euphrates pouring into a tea-cup*."

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

KENSINGTON,
March 9, 1839.

* All the Notes, not distinguished by any signature, have been contributed by the Editor.

LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LETTER I.

Anne Bullen to Henry VIII.

SOME curious particulars respecting the early history of this unfortunate lady, were discovered in a MS. of Sir Roger Twysden, 1623, of which a few copies were printed for private circulation, in 1808. Anne Bullen, it will be recollected, was one of the Maids of Honour to Queen Catherine, and it was during her residence at the Palace that Henry's passion was awakened. An attachment already subsisted between Anne and Lord Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland; and to his interruption of their hopes, Wolsey's downfall may be in great measure attributed.

Anne Bullen had only enjoyed her elevation about three years, when the beauty of Jane Seymour kindled a new flame in the bosom of the king. The queen was arrested by his command, as she was coming up to London in her barge from Greenwich, and carried to the Tower, "about five o'clock in the afternoon, on the second of May." The pathetic appeal to the heart of her husband, was printed in the *Life and Reign of Henry VIII.*, 1649, by Lord Herbert, who adduced no testimony in support of its genuineness, except a rumour of its having been found among the papers of the Secretary Cromwell. Lodge thinks it evidently the work of a wiser head, and a later age.

Mr. D'Israeli relates a very affecting incident in the last hours of Anne Bullen, from Houssaie's *Mémoires*: "Anne Bullen being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying, that she had no fear of death. All that the divine, who assisted at her execution, could obtain from her, was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them every moment, and that the executioner was fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He

drew off his shoes, and approached her silently ; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face away from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes” of the sufferer. The executioner is said to have been a native of Calais, and it has been conjectured that this story may have been traditionally preserved in France.

Sir,

Your Grace’s displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you sent unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy ; I no sooner received this message from him, than I rightly conceived your meaning ; and if, as you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen ; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace’s pleasure had been so pleased. Never did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find : for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace’s fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad

counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot upon your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, (for my truth shall fear no open shame,) then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God, or you, may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment upon me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am; whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general Judgment-Seat, where both you and I must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, (whatsoever the world may think of me,) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther;

with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, the sixth of May.

Your most loyal, and ever faithful wife,

ANNE BULLEN.

LETTER II.

Sir Philip Sidney to his Brother.—Advice.

THE life of Sidney has been called poetry put into action; he lived with the applause of his contemporaries, and died with the admiration of the world. No incident in history rises more frequently to the recollection, than the exhausted warrior resigning the cup of water to a fainting soldier, whose need, he said, was greater than his own. Nor were his virtues confined to the nobler sentiments of the heroic character. The bravest champion in the tournament, was also the gentlest son in the social relations of life. His father declared him to be the most pure and amiable person he had ever known. He was equally illustrious for moral qualities and intellectual genius. The earliest notes of music in our prose came from the lips of Sidney: the "*Apologie for Poetrie*" was worthy of the friend and patron of Spenser. Among the tasks which contributed, as he writes to his brother, to close up his eyes with overwatching, the letter, in which he dissuaded Elizabeth from a marriage with the Duke of Anjou, may have been numbered. It bears the date of 1580.

Robert Sidney did not disregard the injunctions of his brother; he was brave, learned, prudent, and gentle-hearted. Ben Jonson has recorded his domestic virtues with an ardour and tenderness of sentiment which he was always ready to devote to friendship. In the verses "to Penshurst," after describing the beauties of the domain, and the economy of the family, he alludes to the children of Robert Sidney, then Lord Lisle.

They are, and have been taught religion ; thence
 Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence :
 Each morne and even they are taught to praye
 With the whole household ; and may every day
 Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.—*The Forest.*

In the Mr. Savile mentioned by Sir Philip Sidney, will be recognised the celebrated tutor of Queen Elizabeth ; and Nevyle was a person of considerable learning, who successively filled the situation of secretary to Archbishops Parker and Grindal. His paraphrastic translation of the *Œdipus* of Seneca, produced in his sixteenth year, is considered by Warton vigorous and poetical.

My dear Brother,

For the money you have received, assure yourself, (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability you will find it ; if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to N. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father which we must bear with reverence ; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove ; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany ; in Italy your greatest expense must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin), and hold up your heart in courage and virtue ; truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you ; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savell ; I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man ; and there may, if you list, pass good exercises betwixt you and Mr. Nevyle, there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large ; you may read him, and gather out of many words some matter. This I think in haste : a story is either to be considered as a story or a treatise, which besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament ; as a story, it is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof ; in that kind

your method must be to have *seriem temporum* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Languet, and such other, will help you to. Then to consider * * * by that * * * * as you, not yourself * * * * Xenophon to follow Thucidides, so doth Thucidides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of wars, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit; and an orator, yea, a poet, sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations *e re nata*, which are to be marked, but marked with the notes of rhetorical remembrances; a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which, though in disputation, one might say were true; yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked; for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point which tends to teach profit, is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti*; and that is it which makes me and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenor of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in showing the causes and benefits of law; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing which the

story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precepts of war, both offensive and defensive; and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him, he deals with all arts, which because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves; so as the great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians, so do soldiers, and even philosophers, and astronomers: but that I wish herein is this, that when you read any such thing, you strait bring it to his head, not only of what art, but by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so as in a table, be it witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences, of which Livy; or similitudes, whereof Plutarch; strait to lay it up in the right place of his storehouse, as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters; and such a little table you may easily make, wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study, (if I do not find some book that satisfies,) I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savile will with ease help you to set down such a table of remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able, I will deserve it of him; one only thing, as it comes into my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note; as Dion Nicæus, in searching the secrets of government; Tacitus, in the pithy opening the venom of wickedness, and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely; Stephen can tell

you who stands with me while I am writing. Now, dear brother, take delight likewise in the mathematical; Mr. Savell is excellent in them: I think you understand the sphere; if you do, I care little for any more astronomy in you. Arithmetic and geometry I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure, you might have a feeling and active judgment; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world; but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt*. My toyful books I will send, with God's help, by February, at which time you shall have your money: and for 200*l.* a year assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it; use it to your best profit. My lord of Leicester sends you 40*l.*, as I understand by Stephen; and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least; then that is above commons; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in troth, I have good proof that he means to be every way good unto you; the odd 30*l.* shall come with the hundred, or else my father and I will jarl. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music; you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship, when you exercise it, read *Crison Claudio*, and a book that is called *La Gloria del Cavallo*, withal, that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month than others in a year, and mark the biting, saddling, and curing of horses. I would, by the way, your worship would learn a better hand; you write worse than I, and I write evil enough. Once again, have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion; remember *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus*. Now,

sir, for news I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how we look on our neighbour's fires, and nothing has happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost; and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again, commend me to Mr. Nevyle, Mr. Savile, and honest Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed, ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs; and use as well the blow as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First, in any case, practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord! how I have babbled! Once again, farewell dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother.

At Leicester House, this 18th of October, 1580.

LETTER III.

Lord Brooke to a Lady, upon some Conjugal Infelicities.

LORD BROOKE was the relative, the schoolfellow, the friend, and the biographer, of Sir Philip Sidney, who bequeathed to him half of the books which the diligence of many years had collected. Brooke has descended to posterity as the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the counsellor of King James, the friend of Sidney, the master of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and the patron of Lord Egerton, and Bishop Overall. Camden says, that he was "no less

esteemed for the sweetness of his temper, than the dignity of his station." Lord Brooke survived Sir Philip Sidney forty years, and finally perished by the hand of a domestic. His genius appears to have been meditative and profound. Southey has pronounced him the most thoughtful of poets; and the following letter received the applause of Coleridge. "I do not remember," he says, in the *Table Talk*, "a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke (Fulke Greville) to a lady of quality, on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such, that it might have been written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart, and so exquisite a taste." The letter, which appeared in the folio edition of his works, in 1633, is divided into four chapters, and was left by the author unfinished. Being too long to transfer without abridgment, the latter portion has been omitted.

Right honourable Lady,

You are desirous, in regard of the trust you put in me, to understand mine opinion, how you should carry yourself through that labyrinth wherein, it seems, time and mischance have imprisoned you. It was a wisdom among our ancestors, not to deal between the bark and the tree, otherwise than with confessors, shrifts, and such like superstitious rites, as discharging ourselves, did vainly charge others with our desires. But the twine is so strong, wherewith your worth and favour have bound me, as I will imagine our predecessors' aphorisms in that point, to be rather a modesty out of sloth, or ignorance, than any precept fit to govern our loves, or lives by. For first, the liberality of knowledge makes no man poorer; and then the charity is much more meritorious that relieves distressed minds, than distressed bodies. Therefore to break through these mists, (with how little wisdom soever, yet with reverent good will,) I will first compare the state you were in, with that wherein you stand now: then your nature with your lord's: and lastly, the privileges of a wife, with the authorities of a husband.

When you married him, I know for your part, he was your first love; and I judge the like of him. What the freedom and simplicity of those humours were, every man is a witness that hath not forgotten his own youth. And though it be rather a counsell of remorse than help, to lay before you your errors past; yet because they teach you to know, that time is it that maketh the same thing easy, and impossible, leaving withall an experience for things to come; I must in a word lay occasion past before you.

Madame! in those near conjunctions of society, wherein death is the only honourable divorce, there is but one end, which is mutual joy; and to that end two assured ways. The one, by cherishing affection with affection; the other, by working affection, while she is yet in her pride, to a reverence, which hath more power than itself. To which are required advantage, or at least equality; art, as well as nature. For contempt is else as near as respect, the lovingest minds being not ever the most lovely. Now though it be true that affections are relatives, and love the surest adamant of love; yet it must not be measured by the untemperate lean of itself, since prodigality yields fulness, satiety a desire of change, and change repentance; but so tempered even in trust, enjoying, and all other familiarities, that the appetites of them we would please may still be covetous, and their strengths rich. Because the decay of either is a point of all huswifery, and they that are first bankrupt shut up their doors. In this estate of minds, only governed by the unwritten laws of nature, you did at the beginning live happily together. Wherein there is a lively image of that golden age which the allegories of the poets figure unto us. For there equality guided without absoluteness, earth yielded fruit without labour, desert perished in reward, the names of wealth and poverty were strange; no owing in particular, no private improving of humours; the traffic being love for love; and the exchange, all for all: exorbitant abundance being never curious

in those self-seeking arts which tear up the bowels of the earth for the private use of more than milk and honey. Notwithstanding, since in the vicissitudes of things and times, there must of necessity follow a brazen age; there ought to be a discreet care in love: in respect the advantage will else prove theirs that first usurp, and breaking through the laws of nature, strive to set down their own reaches of will.

Here, Madame! had it been in your power, you should have framed that second way of peace, studying to keep him from evil, whose corruption could not be without misfortune to you. For there is no man but doth first fall from his duties to himself, before he can fall away from his duty to others. This second way is that, where affection is made but the gold, to hold a jewel far more precious than itself—I mean Respect and Reverence; which two powers, well mixed, have exceeding strong and strange variety of working. For instance, take Coriolanus, who (Plutarch saith) loved worthiness for his mother's sake. And though true love contain them both, yet because one corruption hath, by want of differences, both confounded words and beings, I must vulgarly distinguish names as they are current. The ways to this respect and reverence, (as shadows to the body of worth,) are placed not in the sense, but understanding; where they stand upon diverse degrees and strengths of reason, not to be approached with the flattering familiarity of inferior humours; as having no affinity with desire and remorse; high, or low estate. Whence we see kings sometimes receive them not from their vassals, but rather pay them as tributes to them. In this mystery lies hidden that which some call (applying it to matters of Estate) the Art of Government; others the Art of Men; whereby equality is made unequal, and freedom brought into subjection. Example all sovereign estates commanding over other men, born as free as their rulers; and those sovereigns ruled again, by the advantage of worth in their inferiors.

Into this superiority, Noble Lady, it seems your husband hath stept before you, not by any counsel of worth, which with a natural motion draws respect and reverence upward; but by a crafty observing the weakness of men, wherewith men are best acquainted. For as our desires are more untemperately earnest than women's; so are our repentances more strange, and easily inclined to change, if not to loathing. Of which forbidden tree when the affections have once tasted, presently, as in the brazen age, naked Eve must hide her shame, sowe that she will reap, and no more enjoy the full measure of reciprocal love, but be stinted with the unconstant proportions of power and will. Because the knowledge of evil doth ever teach the first offender to seek advantage; and so when they have sinned against the true equalities of love, to take privilege in the false sanctuaries of place, person, sex, or time; deceiving the truth with that which should defend it. Here division draws out her unreconciled parallels, to make the unity of man and wife to become less one; and then it follows, that they which yield most do not command most, as before in the laws of natural affection: but contrariwise, they that give, enrich them that take; they that love must suffer, and the best is sure to be worst used. Because the ends of society are no more now to love, or equally participate, but absolutely to rule; and where that is the contention, what need statutes, or recognizances, to tie those humble natures, that pass away the fee-simple of themselves, either with self-lovingness, or superstitious opinion of duty? For it is with them, as with the rivers that run out their waters into the sea Caspium; the more goodness, the less return.

Upon this step, it seems, your husband stood, when he began to think of something more than mutual enjoying; as drawing the familiarity of native affections under the affected absoluteness of a husband's power. Here flesh-pleasure (which springs and withers with ourself,) began, as gluttony doth, to kindle new appetite with variety of meats.

Here comes in change of delights, and delight in change; the riches of desire in that it hath not; the triumphs of opinion, which though the flesh of any one be a true map of all flesh, yet doth it rack us still with idolatrous longing after strange and ugly images of it. For the restless confusion of Error hath this plague, that her peace must be still in the power of others, where Nature hath placed both the way and guide of true peace within ourselves. But who are they that can walk this milky way? Not those unconstant spirits which are wandered into the wilderness of desire; nor those, whose ugly prospect is unrepentant horror; whose senses are Spies of Conscience upon their faults; their reasons purchased into bondage by offers of their servant-affections; and whose informing Consciences stand, like Tormentors with stained tables, to give in evidence of secret deformity. No, Madam; this milky way (is) for those single and simple spirits, who foolish, and ignorant in evil, think the passage to it hard, if not impossible; or when they idly slip, do yet recover, with a regenerate industry; not joying, as those other vagabond souls, after they have deceived themselves, to stray abroad and deceive others. This is a general description of the fall of minds; wherein there is, notwithstanding, an infancy and a man's estate; because, as easy as the evil is, yet no man grows by and by to her extremities. Besides, there are degrees, and differences, according to the state, frame, and mixture of humours in the body; some inclined to one frailty, some to another; some languishing, some violent; some proper to ages, fortunes, times, with such expectations as are in particulars under all universal rules.

And, Madame! now that we have done with this fleshly prospect, if we consider the world, we shall find that to be unto a man, like a sea to an island, full of storms, uncertainties, violence; whose confusions have neither justice, nor

mercy in them. If we examine the motives that caused the man to make Art his Nature, and to borrow wooden feet to walk over her moving waters; we shall find them to have been necessity, covetousness, curiosity, ambition, and some such other enemies to rest, as with false greatnesses (while men could not endure little things) inforced them through pain and danger to suffer all the torments of uncertainty. To apply which comparison, Madame, you shall see the same impotent humours are they, who, having first wearied us within, do after persuade us to seek peace in the world without; where we being forced to wrestle with others, because we could not overcome ourselves, instead of one evil are constrained to encounter many. And justly; since where in all inward ways to peace, man needs no laws but God's, and his own obedience; if he once go into traffic with the world, his desires are there bound with the snares of custom, the heavy hand of power, the trammels of authority, which conceal (as the poets say) under the golden garments of Pandora all the venom of her brazen tun. And in that bottomless pit of humours shall we not find deceit as infinite as desire; honour, but the throne of care; prosperity both the child and mother of labour? To be short, we shall there find, (though too late,) that all fortunes, and misfortunes, are but moulds of momentary affections, spun out with proportion, or disproportion of time, place, and natures. So as since no estate can privilege this life from death, sickness, pain, (power itself being alike feared, and fearful,) must we not think to gather our roses among thorns, and consequently the world to be a flattering glass, wherein man rather sees how to change, or adorn his evils, than any way to reduce, or amend them?

Through this false paradise, Noble Lady, we must therefore pass, as Ulysses did by the enchanted deserts of Circe; stopping our ears, and closing our eyes, lest our rebellious senses, as apt to flatter, as to be flattered, chance to take part with the diversity of beguiling objects, and to lead our misty

understandings captive to perdition. The company of Ulysses, (like multitudes strange in sense, and weak in reason,) by making love to their own harm, were, with open ears and eyes, transformed into sundry shapes of beasts; the poets figuring to us, in them, the diverse deformities of bewitching frailties, wherewith, for lack of Divine Grace, or human caution, they get power to insnare us. And in this captivity, let no ignorance seem to excuse mankind; since the light of truth is still near us; the tempter and accuser at such continual war within us; the laws that guide, so good for them that obey; and the first shape of every sin so ugly, as whosoever does but what he knows, or forbears what he doubts, shall easily follow Nature unto Grace; and if he in that way obtain not the righteousness of eternity, yet shall he purchase the world's time, and eternity, by moral fame. For obedience, not curiosity, as in heavenly, so in earthly things, is the most acceptable sacrifice of mankind. Because this inherent tribute of Nature unto Power (like a revealed light of universal Grace,) refines man's reason, rectifies his will, turns his industries and learnings inward again, whence they came, joins words with things, and reduceth both of them to their first beings. To conclude, this is that inward fabric, by which we do what we think, and speak what we do.

Now, Madame, in this narrow path, your helps, both against inward assaults and outward temptations, must be those moderate sweet humours, which I have known to be in you, and some of yours. This moderation of desires being a far freer, and surer way, than the satisfying of them can be; repentance following the one, and peace the other; the one course making nature go as well too fast back, as forwards; and so must consequently offend others with that which first offended themselves; whereas these moderate affections do with a natural harmony please themselves; and then must not the air of that untroubled world naturally yield peace to every creature that breathes in or about it? Besides, this

moderation brings forth few desires; strong humbleness to pay the tributes of power; patience, as an armour against oppression; truth, as a sacrifice; whereby the world which gives but what it hath, and the evil of others that desires to oppress or infect, can the hardlier find means to trouble them, or colour, why they should study to do it. My counsel is therefore, madame, that you enrich yourself upon your own stock; not looking outwardly, but inwardly, for the fruit of true peace, whose roots are there; and all outward things, but ornaments, or branches, which impart their sweet fruits with the humble spirit of others.

Now that we have shaken our hopes, the next chief engine of power is terror; a breath which seemeth to pierce nearer and nearer, and not to leave us safe or free within ourselves. Because it hath slander at commandment, spies, accusers, violence and oppression; which fools understand not, and base men give over-much reverence unto. And against these I can only say this; that they be the fires in whose heat worthiness is re-purified: and by whose light the glories of it are farthest seen. So as for these violences of temptations, I persuade you to make Job your example; a type whom God gave the devil leave to persecute in his goods, his children, and in his person, with such infirmities of body as had both pain and loathsomeness in them. And mark again in the same afflicted Job in whom the excellent wisdom of constancy is figured: he neither did sacrifice to his evil angel, nor studied amends or relief at the hands of his tempter, but walled his flesh with patience, and his conscience with innocency; leaving to the devil that which was his; I mean his body and fortune, subject by Adam's discretion to the Prince of sensuality.

LETTER IV.

Donne to a Friend.—Tenderness to his Wife.

ALL the characteristics of the poetry and the prose of Donne will be found in his letters; the same eccentricity of expression, originality of thought, and liveliness of illustration, surprise the reader in every page. The commonest remark is invested by the writer with an air of novelty. "It may be," he says to Lady Bridget White, "so many of my letters are lost, that it is time one should come, like Job's servant, to bring word that the rest were lost." But his letters are also interesting as developements of personal feelings, and descriptions of his situation and prospects. Many of them were written amid the perplexities into which an improvident marriage had plunged him. Soon after his return to England, Donne had obtained the appointment as secretary to Lord Ellesmere, in whose family he formed an attachment to the daughter of Sir George More. A clandestine marriage occasioned Donne's dismissal from the situation; and to the letter, communicating the intelligence to his wife, he subscribed himself,

John Donne, Ann Donne, Un-Done.

Donne's Letters were published by his son, in 1654. The allusion to his wife, in the following letter, is particularly touching.

A. V.(uestra) Merced. (To your Grace.)

Sir,

I write not to you out of my poor library, where to cast mine eye upon good authors kindles or refreshes sometimes meditations not unfit to communicate to near friends; nor from the high way, where I am contracted, and inverted into myself; which are my two ordinary forges of letters to you. But I write from the fire-side in my parlour, and in the noise of three gamesome children; and by the side of her, whom because I have transplanted into a wretched fortune, I must labour to disguise that from her by all such honest devices, as giving her my company and discourse; therefore I steal from her all the time which I give this letter, and it is therefore that I take so short a list, and gallop so fast over it.

I have not been out of my house since I received your packet. As I have much quenched my senses, and disused my body from pleasure, and so tried how I can endure to be mine own grave, so I try now how I can suffer a prison. And since it is but to build one wall more about our soul, she is still in her own centre, how many circumferences soever fortune or our own perverseness cast about her. I would I could as well entreat her to go out, as she knows whither to go. But if I melt into a melancholy whilst I write, I shall be taken in the manner: and I sit by one too tender towards these impressions, and it is so much our duty, to avoid all occasions of giving them sad apprehensions as St. Hierome accuses Adam of no other fault in eating the apple, but that he did it, *Ne contristaretur delicias suas.* &c., &c.

LETTER V.

To Sir H.(enry) G.(oodyere).—Letters.

Sir,

In the history or style of friendship, which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both, is a mixed Parenthesis. It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being, yet to the verdure and freshness thereof. Letters have truly the same office as oaths. As these, amongst light and empty men, are but fillings, and pauses, and interjections; but with weightier, they are sad attestations; so are letters to some compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalf, (for if it were officious in him, it might be worse in me;) so I allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent; for in them I may speak to you in your chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear myself. They shall

therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemperateness of the fountain whence they are derived. And as wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in the very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend, and an honest man. Of what general use, the fruit should speak, and I have none; and of what particular profit to you, your application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing: yet even of barren sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemensies, or sudden showers, made you need so shadowy an example or remembrancer. But, Sir, your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that they make all kind of fruits useless unto you. Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing. All this, though perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Mitcham, 15 August, 1607.

LETTER VI.

To the same.—Allusions to Himself.

Sir,

Every Tuesday I make account that I turn a great hour-glass, and consider that a week's life is run out since I writ. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the spider in my window. The primitive Monks were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation and manufactures; and they ought the world no more, since they consumed none of her sweetness, nor begot others to burden her. But for me, if I

were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not only not to wound my soul in any minute by actual sin, but not to rob and cozen her by giving any part to pleasure or business, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltiness: as the eagle were very unnatural, if, because she is able to do it, she should perch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majesty and glory of the sun, and let her young eaglets starve in the nest: Two of the most precious things which God hath afforded us here, for the agony and exercise of our sense and spirit, which are a thirst and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed and putrefied, and stray into a corrupt disease: for as God doth thus occasion and positively concur to evil, that when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him choose a less sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that; so the devil doth not only suffer but provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtilty, because herein we have the deceitful comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spy our error, because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is, with the desire of the next life: which though I know it is not merely out of a weariness of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than now: yet I doubt worldly incumbrances have increased it. I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something;

but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to choose, is to do; but to be no part of anybody, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons are but great wens and excrescences; men of wit and delightful conversation, but as moles for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I began early, when I undertook the study of our laws: but was diverted by the worst voluptuousness, which is an Hydroptique immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments to great fortunes; but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entered well into, when I submitted myself to such a service as I thought might have employed those poor advantages which I had. And there I stumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or so little, that I am scarce subject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear, that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be less, that is dead. You, Sir, are far enough from these descents; your virtue keeps you secure, and your natural disposition to mirth will preserve you. But lose none of these holds; a slip is often as dangerous as a bruise, and though you cannot fall to my lowness, yet, in a much less distraction, you may meet my sadness; for he is no safer which falls from an high tower into the leads, than he which falls from thence to the ground; make therefore to yourself some mark, and go towards it *alegrement*. Though I be in such a planetary and erratic fortune, that I can do nothing constantly, yet you may find some constancy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend,

J. DONNE.

LETTER VII.

Sir Walter Raleigh to his Wife; written the night before he expected to be beheaded at Winchester, 1603.

RALEIGH had been indicted at Staines, September 21st, 1603, for an alleged conspiracy, with Lords Grey and Cobham. The plague raging in London at that time, the term was held at Winchester, whither Raleigh was removed on the 10th of November. A full account of the accusations against him may be seen in his Life by Birch. The jury, after deliberating for a quarter of an hour, pronounced him guilty of treason; although some, according to Osborne, subsequently besought his pardon upon their knees. After being detained at Winchester nearly a month in daily expectation of death, Raleigh was removed to the Tower on the 15th of December, where his wife was soon allowed to join him. During his confinement, he composed his History of the World, and at length obtained his release, after an imprisonment of more than twelve years, upon the 17th of March, 1615-16.

You shall now receive (my dear wife) my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, (dear Bess,) let them go to the grave, and be buried with me in the dust; and seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself. First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and cares taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less: but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days; but by your travail, seek to help your miserable fortune and the right of your poor child; thy mourning cannot avail me, I am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed (*bonâ fide*)

to my child; the writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve months; my honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberie too can remember somewhat therein: and I trust my blood will quench their malice, that have thus cruelly murdered me; and that they will not seek also to kill thee and mine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, (as God knows,) that, being thus surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate: God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or that I could have purchased by selling it; half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy; but God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that worketh all in all; but if you live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity; love God, and begin betimes to repose your trust on him; therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed and wearied your thoughts, over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him; and then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him—a husband and a father which can never be taken from you. Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrian Gilbert six hundred pounds. In Jersey, also, I have much money owing me; besides, the arrearages of the wines will pay my debts; and howsoever you do, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought for by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich: but take heed of the pretences of men and their affections, for they last not but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this, (God knows,) to dissuade you from marriage, for it will

be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine, death has cut us asunder ; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose you, and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters (if it be possible) which I writ to the lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life ; but is true that I disdain myself for begging it ; for know it, (dear wife,) that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his mishapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much ; God he knoweth how hardly I steal this time while others sleep ; and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee, and either lay it at Sherborn (if the land continue), or in Exeter church, by my father and mother : I can say no more ; time and death call me away.

The everlasting God, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable ; that Almighty God which is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet again in his glorious kingdom ! My true wife, farewell ! bless my poor boy ; pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas !) overthrown.

Yours that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEGH.

LETTER VII.

Ben Jonson to the Two Universities.—A Defence of Poetry.

THE reader who has compared the structure and the pauses of Jonson's blank verse with those of Milton, will not be surprised to discover in the noble dedication of *THE FOX*, the peculiar characteristics of Milton's prose. The relationship between the dramatist and the epic poet, may be traced not only in their intellectual, but in their moral features. They were equally learned ; equally confident in their own powers ; equally regardless of the acquirements of others. Both delighted in Attic and Latin idioms, and both occasionally rose into the loftiest flights of eloquence and passion. The following composition of Jonson is not inappropriately included in a volume of letters. It belongs to a species of writing, which a revolution of taste has banished from our literature. To the practice of addressing the powerful and opulent in a laudatory epistle, we owe some of the most beautiful passages of Taylor, of Hall, and of De Foe ; and the earliest specimens of English criticism are contained in the eloquent adulation of Dryden. Each of the three divisions of Taylor's *Great Exemplar* is inscribed to a separate individual ; an engine of harmless flattery, which in the words of his biographer, "he was too grateful, or too poor, to omit any opportunity of employing." The comedy of the *Fox*, to which this dedicatory epistle is prefixed, was represented at the Globe Theatre in 1605, and printed in 1607, having been previously represented before the Universities with great applause. It has been considered the master-piece of Jonson ; and Cumberland pronounced his portrait of Mosca, the parasite of Volpone, to be equal to the happiest delineation of antiquity. Mr. Gifford, however, preferred the *Alchemist*, whose plot, in the opinion of Coleridge, was absolutely perfect ; he coupled it, in this particular, with the *Tom Jones* of Fielding, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.

NEVER, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself ; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the careful to provide well towards these

accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act; to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it hear so ill on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much license of poetasters in this time, hath much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her; but for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill, (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands,) to fall into the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a good poet, without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine, no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind; this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps;—that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offence to God and man, is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some

men's abortive features, (and would they had never boasted the light,) it is over true; but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think towards the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride or lust to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? what public person? whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed, (I speak of those that are entirely mine,) look into them; what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies worthy to be taxed? Yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes. I know that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I bear mine own innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the deciphering of every thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice, under other men's simplest meaning. As for those that will, (by faults which charity hath raked up, or common honesty concealed,) make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they

intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival for me! I choose rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who providing the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes, and nations: for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,

— Sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit.

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their miscelline interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? Where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turn the blood of a Christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned, are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great mark, is, through their insolence, become the lowest scorn of the age; and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my renown approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to

inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise; I desire the learned and charitable critic to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry: for, with what case I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here insert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, &c.; I took the more liberty; though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out of whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gentle affections: to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.

For the present, most revered Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affections past, and have made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits; wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it an high point of policy to keep her in contempt, with their declamatory and windy invectives; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farther than their marrow into their fames; and not Cinnamus, the barber, with his art, shall be able to take out the brands;

but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.

From my House in the Black-Friars, this 11th day of February, 1607.

LETTER VIII.

Lord Bacon, after his disgrace, to James the First.

THE most affecting eulogy upon the fallen Chancellor, was pronounced by his friend Ben Jonson, in one of those majestic fragments of prose, upon which he bestowed the name of *Explorata*, or *Discoveries*:—"My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place, or honours; but I have, and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." The *Discoveries* appeared in the folio of 1641. Bacon died, April 9th, 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. The parliamentary sentence, under which he had suffered more than three years, was remitted in the beginning of 1624, by the command of James, who expired at Theobalds in the spring of the following year. A very ample and interesting narrative of the proceedings against Lord Bacon, and of the evidence adduced to support the charge of bribery, may be seen in Basil Montagu's edition of his works, vol. xvi. (*Life*.) After his fall, his annual income appears to have comprised a pension from the crown of 1200*l.*, 600*l.* from the Alienation Office, and 700*l.* from his own estate. The pension he retained unto his death. From the king he probably derived pecuniary assistance; and Buckingham, in one of his letters, communicates the consent of James "to yield unto the three years' advance." But his disposition was munificent, and his embarrassments frequent.

This address to James is supposed to have been written above eighteen months after Bacon's retirement.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,

In the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that since the time I had the first vote of the Commons House of Parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion, (which two were my first and last services,) I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands. Neither of which points I can anyways take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and a cistern, to draw forth and conserve; yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years' prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature; which is, that in those offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one that had special relation to your majesty, or any of your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God: so with the servants of kings there are offences more immediato against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king. Unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty otherwise than as all faults are; so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service. Whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts,

a great deal of serenity and clearness to me your majesty's now prostrate and cast-down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my services, lay claim to your princely grace and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time, far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times: thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were, indeed, the painfullest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honour, if I had been wise. Neither was your majesty's immediate liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for anything arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery, than in my past services; save that the same your majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And, indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath been over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near I was! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrariwise often overjoyed, when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business "*suavis modis*," which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious

speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things which are now vanished? but only the better to express my downfall. For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any whom you once loved should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through mine own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty, are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty, so far as to say, *Si deseris tu, perimus*.

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly laid open; so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think that I committed Cain's fault if I should despair. Your majesty is a king whose heart is as inscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are creator-like, factive, not destructive: you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that savoured of a hard heart; as, on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot the name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God above, (of whose

mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have had great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulnesses might have averted them,) will dispose your princely heart already prepared to all piety. And why should I not think, but that thrice noble prince who would have pulled me out of the fire of a sentence, will help to pull me (if I may use that homely phrase) out of the mire of an abject and sordid condition in my last days: And that excellent favourite of yours, the goodness of whose nature contendeth with the greatness of his fortune, and who counteth it a prize, a second prize, to be a good friend, after that prize which he carrieth to be a good servant, will kiss your hands with joy for any work of piety you shall do for me. And as all commiserable persons, (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice,) are apt to think that all men pity them; I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me; for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin; for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies; not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty, (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness,) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses

measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way: only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with those words which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity me so far as I that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter after a long silence. God of heaven ever bless, preserve, and prosper your majesty. Your majesty's poor ancient servant and beadsman.

FR. ST. ALB.

LETTER IX.

*James Howell to the Countess of Sutherland.—
The Assassination of Buckingham.*

HOWELL was born in 1594, and from the free school of Hereford was sent to Jesus College, Oxford, from whence, in 1613, he came to London, as Wood says, with his fortune to make. In 1629, he visited the continent, in the capacity of agent to a glass manufactory. His route lay through France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and the Netherlands. "Thank God," he used to say, "I have this fruit of my travels, that I can pray to Him every day of the week in separate languages, and upon Sunday in seven!" After a life of chequered fortunes, Howell found himself in the Fleet prison. Having at length obtained his release, he was appointed to the office of historiographer to Charles the Second. He did not, however, long enjoy his appointment; he died in 1666, and was buried in the Temple church. Howel, during many years of his life, was an author by profession, and numerous works, chiefly upon temporary topics, show that he only wrote to live. His *Familiar Letters* are alone remembered. Thomas Warton considered them, after Bishop Hall, the second published correspondence in the language; discovering a variety of literature, and abounding with agreeable and instructive information. Respecting Felton, Mr. D'Israeli has communicated some interesting particulars. He says

that his passage to London, after the assassination of the duke, resembled a triumph; women held up their children to behold him; and one old woman exclaimed, "God bless thee, little David."

Madam,

Stamford, 25 Aug, 1628.

I lay yesternight at the Post-House at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's head and told me the duke of Buckingham was slain: my faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my lord of Rutland, (your brother,) riding post towards London, it pleased him to alight and show me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy. Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hands, (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while,) he went to breakfast attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubize came unto him and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the duke going out, Colonel Fryer stepped before him, and stopping him upon some business, one Lieutenant Felton being behind, made a thrust, with a common ten-penny knife, over Fryer's arm, at the duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife and threw it away, and laying his hand on his sword and drawing it half out, said, "The villain has killed me!" (meaning as some think Colonel Fryer,) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bed-chamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail,

and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed that it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly that he knew he was despatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the king, four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your ladyship, and tell you he was going to comfort your niece, (the duchess,) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to despatch for my lord in the way: so I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant.

J. H.

LETTER X.

Bishop Hall to Lord Denny.—An Account of his Manner of Life.

HALL was not justified in calling himself the first English satirist, for he had been preceded by Lodge in 1593; but he introduced a precision, a force, and a harmony, of which few previous examples had been given. His claim, however, to the earliest publication of Epistles in our language cannot be disputed. "Further," he says in the Dedication to Prince Henry, "which these times account not the least praise, your grace shall herein perceive a new fashion of discourse by Epistles; new to our language; usual to all others: and so as novelty is never without plea of use, more free, more familiar. Thus we do but talk with our friends by our pen, and express ourselves no whit less easily; somewhat more digestedly." The Latin Letters of Ascham do not of course interfere with the bishop's priority.

Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich, was the bountiful patron to whom Hall was indebted for the living of Waltham, where he passed more than twenty years of his laborious and Christian life.

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated; whence it is, that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves: let me tell your lordship how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred; that you, (or whosoever others overhearing me,) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors; to whom is the account of my hours either more due, or more known? All days are his who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some he hath made ours; not to command, but to use. In none may we forget him; in some we must forget all, besides him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I

must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body, or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travail; and as he gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after some while meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of him to whom all my studies are duly referred; without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions; wherein I am not scrupulous of age. Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients, whom the church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose volumes I confess not to open, without a sacred reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical: always to God's Book. That day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those Divine Monuments: others, I turn over out of choice; these, out of duty. Ere I can have sate unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions, not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety.

Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while, mine eyes are busied; another while my hand; and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both; wherein I would imitate the skillfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy: histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, oftner for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day, (as ringers use,) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome; these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake: neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end; so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all

proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour, or desires, either succeed not, or continue not.

After my latter meal my thoughts are slight: only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And, now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably which, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind; God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: "*Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years!" These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away,—time. Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet, because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist,—This is the day which the Lord hath made. Now, I forget the world, and in a sort

myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion; easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and, according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I show your Lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak; my actions, to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses, to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

LETTER XI.

Oliver Cromwell to Col. Hacker.—Religious Soldiers.

It was in this year, 1650, that the resignation of Fairfax opened to Cromwell the path to supreme power. The brief communication to Colonel Hacker is highly characteristic of the writer.

Sir,

I have the best consideration I can for the present, in this business; and although I believe Capt. Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the commission I had given to Capt. Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment. I pray let Capt. Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But, indeed, I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, that he was a better preacher than a fighter, or soldier, or words to that effect. Truly I think, that he that prays and preaches

best, will fight best. I know nothing will give like courage and confidence, as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged by all Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Capt. Empson lovingly. I dare assure you he is a good man, and a good officer. I would we had no worse.

I rest, your loving friend,

Dec. 25, 1650.

O. CROMWELL.

LETTER XII.

*Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.—Consoling him
for the loss of his Children.*

BISHOP HEBER was unable to trace the origin of the friendship between Taylor and Evelyn; the earliest notice of Taylor in his Diary, occurs April 15, 1654:—"I went to London to hear the famous Dr. Jeremy Taylor, (since Bishop of Down and Connor,) at St. Greg., on Matt. vi. 48, concerning evangelical perfection." On the 18th of March 1655, we find him visiting London, "on purpose to hear that excellent preacher, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, on Matt. xiv. 17, showing what were the conditions of obtaining eternal life; also concerning abatements for unavoidable infirmities, how cast on the account of the Cross." On the 31st of the same month, he visited Taylor, "to confer with him about some spiritual matters, using him thenceforward," as his ghostly father. That Taylor derived pecuniary aid from Evelyn, is apparent from his own correspondence. In a letter dated May 15, 1657, he thanks him "for a letter and a token: full of humanity and sweetness," he says, "that was; and this of charity. I knew," he adds, "it is more blessed to give than to receive; and yet, as I no way pine at that Providence which gives me to receive; so neither can I envy that felicity of yours, not only that you can, but that you do give."

When Taylor addressed the following consolation to his friend, he was confined in the Tower, through the indiscretion, as Heber

notices, of his bookseller Royston, who, by prefixing to the Collection of Offices a print of our Saviour in the attitude of prayer, had subjected Taylor to fine and imprisonment, under the provisions of an act recently passed. He probably owed his release to the intervention of Evelyn; and we read of his visiting Says Court on the 25th of February. Taylor, in the July of the previous year, had communicated to Evelyn the death of one of his own children: "I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orb, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is."

Dear Sir,

If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow, not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss, are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn: so certain it is that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joining mine to yours, I do but increase the flame. "*Hoc me malè urit,*" is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But, sir, I cannot choose, but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you—it is already burning in your heart; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lanthorn, you have enough within you to warm yourself, and to shine to others. Remember, sir, your two boys are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and, amongst other things, one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome

even this just and reasonable grief; and, indeed, though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers, but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffered for their interest; you [would] have suffered them to go from you to be great princes in a strange country; and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you command your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God; and He that so smites here, will spare hereafter; and if you, by patience and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is in some sense chosen, and therefore, in no sense insufferable. Sir, if you do not look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy, which time will do alone. And if you consider, that of the bravest men in the world, we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the Apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons that sound most in story, died childless: you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments, and reasonings. If the breach be never repaired, it is because God does not see it fit to be; and if you will be of his mind, it will be much the better. But, sir, if you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage

and bravery; and that I may see that God never displeases you, as long as the main stake is preserved; I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want, that is some degrees of comfort, and a present mind; and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and
obliged friend and servant,

Feb. 17, 1657-8.

JER. TAYLOR.

LETTER XIII.

Cowley to Mr. S. L.—The Danger of Procrastination.

IF Sprat, to whom Cowley bequeathed by his will, the revision and collection of his works, had given to us the familiar letters of his friend, we might have reaped a richer harvest from "those seven or eight years" in which he was "concealed in his beloved obscurity." But Sprat was determined, to borrow his own metaphor, that the soul of the poet should not appear undressed; and the world has been defrauded of some of the tenderest and purest sentiments which ever flowed from a human heart. One of his letters is printed in the correspondence of Evelyn; Mr. D'Israeli has recovered another, and the following appears in the folio edition of his works. Of such a writer, nothing should be lost;—his verse, with all its extravagancies of principle, abounds in beautiful images, and ingenious novelties of fancy; but his prose is almost perfect; clear, animated, unaffected, and eloquent. Nor was the man less admirable than the writer; wherever he went, the love of friends seems to have waited upon him. Evelyn, a severe and a competent judge, mentions his death in terms of affection and sorrow. He says in his Diary:—"1 Aug. (1667,) I received the sad news of Abr. Cowley's death; that incomparable poet, and virtuous man, my very dear friend. 3. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral; his corps lay at Wallington House; and was thence conveyed to Westm'. Abbey in a hearse with 6 horses, and all funeral

decency, neare a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of qualitie following; among these all the wits of the towne, diuer bishops and cleargymen. He was interred next Geffry Chaucer, and neare Spenser."

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless, (you say, which, *But, is ærugo mera*, a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say,) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the sun stay too. But there's no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune, then, is but a desperate after-game; 'tis a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes and recover all, especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a letter to *Idomeneus*, (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person,) to recommend to him who had made so many rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires." The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conueniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a

work that is necessary, especially when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered. Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, the play is not worth the expense of the candle. After having been long tost in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants. *Utere velis, totos pande sinus*. A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig; he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred gentleman who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours,

— Sapere, aude, incipe.

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. *Varro* teaches us that Latin proverb,—*Portam itineri longissimam esse*: But to return to *Horace*,

— Sapere, aude,
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum labitur annis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
 He who defers this work from day to day,
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
 Till the whole stream which stopt him should be gone,
 That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others,) was so far

from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some boats come by to transport you, stay till a bridge be built for you; you had better stay till the river be quite past. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet), has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy.

*Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus. Ecce aliud cras,
Egerit hos annos.*—PERS. SAT. 5.

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think I am even with you, for your *otium cum dignitate* and *festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those as Triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend, and so *vale*.

MART., Lib. 5, Ep. 59.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetcht this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear;
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day itself's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

MART., Lib. 2. Ep. 90.

Wonder not, sir, (you who instruct the town
 In the true wisdom of the sacred gown,)
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
 Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
 Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
 None ever yet made haste enough to live.
 Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
 Omits himself, and reaches to his heir ;
 Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
 And whom his own too never can suffice.
 My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
 Or rooms that shine with ought but constant fire.
 I well content the avarice of my sight
 With the fair gildings of reflected light :
 Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields
 Her living fountains, and her smiling fields.
 And then at home, what pleasure is't to see
 A little cleanly chearful familie :
 Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
 Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer ;
 Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me ;
 Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

LETTER XIV.

*Lord Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville.—
 Contradicting the Report of his Death.*

A VERY striking resemblance may be discovered in the intellectual characters of Rochester and Byron ; a spirit of bitter and malignant scorn seems to have animated both. Of the genius of Rochester it has been observed by Hazlitt,—“ His extravagant heedless levity has a sort of rude passionate enthusiasm in it ; his contempt for everything that others respect almost amounts to sublimity. His poem on ‘ Nothing ’ is itself a great work. His Epigrams were the bitterest, the least laboured, and the truest that ever were written.”

Dear Saville,

This day I received the unhappy news of my own death and burial. But, hearing what heirs and successors were decreed me in my place, and chiefly in my lodgings, it was no small joy to me that those tidings prove untrue; my passion for living is so increased, that I omit no care of myself, which, before, I never thought life worth the trouble of taking. The king, who knows me to be a very ill-natured man, will not think it an easy matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some news from your land of the living, and though I have little curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few friends are so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself

Your faithful, affectionate, humble servant,
Adderbury, near Banbury, Feb. ult. ROCHESTER.

LETTER XV.

Dryden to Dennis.—His own Character.

DENNIS commenced his education for criticism very appropriately at Cambridge by attempting to "stab a person in the dark." For this assault he was expelled the college (Caius). The same impetuosity accompanied him to London, and he is reported to have signalized his first visit to the house of Mr. Montague by overturning the sideboard in the frenzy of intoxication. A supposed insult in the *Spectator* awoke his hostility against Addison, and his attack upon Pope's *Essay on Criticism* obtained for his name the immortality of the *Dunciad*. It may be supposed that the admiration which Dennis professed for Dryden was sincerer than the flattery which the poet lavished upon the critic. Of his *Pindaric Odes*, so vehemently praised, the paraphrase of a part of the *Te Deum* is the best; it is enlivened by a few gleams of fancy, and the versification is not deficient in variety and music.

His prose, notwithstanding its roughness and vulgarity, is often racy and vigorous. Many political effusions have obtained ephemeral popularity, without possessing the animation or truth of his *Essay upon Public Spirit*; and many a periodical writer has fluttered into notice, without displaying more originality or propriety of sentiment, than the reader may find in *The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*.

My dear Mr. Dennis,

When I read a letter so full of my commendation as your last, I cannot but consider you as the master of a vast treasure, who, having more than enough for yourself, are forced to ebb out upon your friends. You have, indeed, the best right to give them, since you have them in propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the reflection of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid commendation at this time of the day, at least for me. If I undertake the translation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will show, at least, that no man is fit to write after him in a barbarous modern tongue: neither will his machines be of any service to a Christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by Tasso, and by Ariosto. 'Tis using them too dully if we only make devils of his gods: as if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of Æolus, with this only difference, of calling him Prince of the Air; what invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not see Virgil through me, and only the same trick played over again by a bungling juggler? Boileau has well observed, that it is an easy matter, in a Christian poem, for God to bring the devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines, in my Preface to Juvenal,

where I have particularly recommended two subjects; one, of King Arthur's conquest of the Saxons; and the other, of the Black Prince in his conquest of Spain. But the Guardian Angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand. A man must be deeply conversant in the Platonic Philosophy to deal with them; and therefore I may reasonably expect that no poet of the age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or if he should, he might, perhaps, be ungrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor. After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. —, that our English Comedy is far beyond anything of the ancients; and, notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our Tragedy. Shakspeare had a genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. R., that genius alone is a greater virtue, (if I may so call it,) than all other qualifications put together. You see what success this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakspeare. Almost all the faults which he has discovered, are truly there; yet who will read Mr. —, or not read Shakspeare? For my own part, I reverence Mr. —'s learning, but I detest his ill-nature and his arrogance. I, indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him; but Shakspeare has not. There is another part of poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal foot with the ancients; and 'tis that we call Pindaric, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley; and of this, sir, you are certainly one of the greatest masters; you have the sublimity of sense as well as sound, and know how far the boldness of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of ode, and reduce it either to the same measure which Pindar used, or give new measures of your own: for, as it is, it looks like a vast tract of land, newly discovered; the soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured, overstocked with inhabitants, but almost all savages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember

poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, "*It was an easy thing to write like a madman.*" "No," said he, "*'tis very difficult to write like a madman, but 'tis a very easy thing to write like a fool.*" Otway and he are safe by death from all attacks; but we, poor poets militant, (to use Mr. Cowley's expression,) are at the mercy of wretched scribblers; and when they cannot fasten upon our verses, they fall upon our morals, our principles of state and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not justify them to you: I know yours are far different. For the same reason I shall say nothing of my principles of state. I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reason, as I in mine do those of my conscience. If I thought myself in an error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil say, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals, betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge; I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man; and for my private conversation, they who see me every day can be the best witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no reason to complain that men of either party shun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen: my visits have, indeed, been too rare to be unacceptable, and but just enough to testify my gratitude for their courtesy; which I have frequently received, but always unasked, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this subject, for I dare say you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal subject of this letter, which is my friend's passion, and his design of marriage, on better consideration I have changed my mind; for having had the honour to see my dear friend Wycherley's letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherley, I confess I love myself so well, that I will not show how

much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment by undertaking anything after him. There is Moses and the Prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tiresias their umpire, in a certain merry dispute which fell out in heaven betwixt them. Tiresias, you know, had been of both sexes, and therefore was a proper judge: our friend, Mr. Wycherley, is as competent an arbitrator; he has been a bachelor, and married man, and is now a widower. Virgil says of Ceneus,

——— Nunc vir, nunc femina Ceneus,
Rursus et in veterem fato resoluta figuram.

Yet I suppose he will not give any large commendations to his middle state; nor, as the sailor said, will be fond, after a shipwreck, to put to sea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good wind, as being his, and am,

My dear Mr. Dennis,

Your most affectionate and most faithful servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

LETTER XVI.

Sir John Suckling to a Nobleman.—Compliments.

THIS letter has been commended by a competent critic, as a perfect specimen of finished courtliness, and superior to any composition of a similar character in Pope's Letters.

My noble Lord,

Your humble servant had the honour to receive from your hand a letter, and had the grace upon the sight of it to blush; I but then found my own negligence, and but now have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever since been upon a march, and the places we have come to, have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets

have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper. If these few lines shall have the happiness to kiss your hand, they can assure you, that he that sent them knows no one to whom he owes more obligation than to your Lordship, and to whom he would more willingly pay it; and that it must be no less than necessity itself that can hinder him from often presenting it. Germany hath no whit altered me; I am still the humble servant of my lord that I was; and when I cease to be so, I must cease to be

JOHN SUCKLING.

LETTER XVII.

*Sir George Etheredge to the Duke of Buckingham.—
History of a German Widow.*

ETHEREDGE, in a recent notice of his life, is said to have painted his own portrait in Sir Fopling Flutter, and that of his friend Rochester in Dorimant; but Lockyer, Dean of Peterborough, an excellent story-teller, and who noted down every thing he heard, considered the poet to have designed Dorimant for his own picture. The comedy was condemned by Steele in the *Spectator*, where it was pronounced to be “nature, but nature in its utmost corruption and degradation.” By his contemporaries he was styled “Gentle George,” and the “refined Etheredge.” His gay and playful humour shines most agreeably in this letter, written from Ratisbon, where he had been appointed Envoy to the Duke of Buckingham. The play of his friend Sir Charles Sedley, which he mentions with such commendation, had nearly caused the death of its author. During the performance of *Bellamira*, we are told, “the roof of the theatre fell in, which produced considerable alarm in the house;” but fortunately Sedley, who was slightly bruised, was the only person who suffered any injury from the accident. This circumstance drew from his merry friend, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the observation, that there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, play-house, and all. “No, no,” replied Sedley, “the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in the ruins.” The praise of Sedley was a welcome topic to

Buckingham, who had often been delighted by his festive wit and conversational brilliancy, in which, according to Shadwell, he was unrivalled.

My Lord,

I never enjoy myself so much as when I can steal a few moments from the hurry of business, to write to my friends in England; and as there is none to whom I pay a profounder respect than to your Grace, wonder not if I afford myself the satisfaction of conversing with you by the way of letter—the only relief I have left me to support your absence at this distance, as often as I can find an opportunity. You may guess by my last, whether I do not pass my time very comfortably here; forced as I am, by my character, to spend the greater part of my time in squabbling and deliberating with persons of beard and gravity, how to preserve the balance of Christendom, which would go well enough of itself, if the divines and ministers of princes would let it alone: and when I come home, spent and weary from the diet, I have no Lord D——ts, or Sir Charles T——ys, to sport away the evening with * * * *. I have been long enough in this town, one would think, to have made acquaintance enough with persons of both sexes, so as never to be at a loss how to pass the few vacant hours I can allow myself; but the terrible drinking that accompanies all visits, hinders me from conversing with the men so often as I would otherwise do * * * *. So that to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy families as we have in this town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted but with one; the gentleman's name was Monsieur Hoffman, a frank, hearty, jolly companion. His father, one of the most eminent wine-merchants of the city, left him a considerable fortune, which he improved by marrying a French jeweller's daughter of Lyons. To give you his character in short, he

was a sensible, ingenious man, and had none of his country's vices, which I impute to his having travelled abroad, and seen Italy, France, and England. His lady is a most accomplished, ingenious person ; and, notwithstanding she is come into a place where so much formality and stiffness is practised, keeps up all the vivacity, air, and good-humour of France.

I had been happy in my acquaintance with this family some months, when an ill-favoured action robbed me of the greatest happiness I had hitherto enjoyed in Germany ; the loss of which I can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur Hoffman, about three weeks ago, going to make merry with some friends at a village some three leagues from this place, upon the Danube, by the unskilfulness or negligence of the watermen, the boat wherein he was, unfortunately chanced to overset, and of some twenty persons, not one escaped to bring home the news, but a boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the rudder, and so by the rapidity of the current was cast upon the other shore.

I was sensibly afflicted at the destiny of my worthy friend, and so, indeed, were all that had the honour of knowing him ; but his wife took on so extravagantly, that she, in a short time, was the only talk of city and country ; she refused to admit any visits from her nearest relations ; her chamber, her ante-chamber, and pro-ante-chamber, were hung with black ; nay, the very candles, her pens, and tea-table, wore the livery of grief ; she refused all manner of sustenance, and was so averse to the thoughts of living, that she talked of nothing but death ; in short, you may tell your ingenious friend, Monsieur de St. Evremont, that Petronius's Ephesian Matron, to whose story he has done so much justice in his noble translation, was only a type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy, German widow.

About a fortnight after this cruel loss (for I thought it would be labour lost to attack her grief in its first vehemence), I thought myself obliged, in point of honour and gratitude to

the memory of my deceased friend, to make her a small visit, and condole with her ladyship upon this unhappy occasion; and though I had been told that she refused to see several persons who had gone to wait on her with the same errand, yet I presumed so much upon the friendship her late husband had always expressed for me, (not to mention the particular civilities I had received from her,) to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her. Accordingly, I came to her house, sent up my name, and word was immediately brought me, that if I pleased I might go up to her. When I came into the room, I fancied myself in the territories of death, every thing looked so gloomy, so dismal, so melancholy. There was a grave Lutheran minister with her, that omitted no arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian disposition of mind. "Madam," says he, "you don't consider, that by abandoning yourself thus to despair, you actually rebel against Providence." "I can't help it," says she; "Providence may even thank itself for laying so insupportable a load upon me." "O fie, Madam," cries the other, "this is downright impiety; what would you say now, if heaven should punish it by some more exemplary visitation?" "That is impossible," replied the lady, sighing; "and since it has robbed me of the only delight I had in this world, the only favour it can do, is to level a thunderbolt at my head, and put an end to all my sufferings." The parson, finding her in this extravagant strain, and seeing no likelihood of persuading her to come to a better temper, got up from his seat, and took his leave of her.

It came to my turn now, to try whether I was not capable of comforting her; and being convinced by so late an instance, that arguments brought from religion were not likely to work any extraordinary effects upon her, I resolved to attack her ladyship in a most sensible part, and represent to her the great inconveniences, not which her soul, but her body received from this inordinate sorrow. "Madam," says

I, to her, "next to my concern for your worthy husband's untimely death, I am grieved to see what an alteration the bemoaning his loss has occasioned in you." These words raising her curiosity to know what this alteration was, I thus continued my discourse. "In endeavouring, Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful woman, I intend a public benefit; for if the public is interested, as it most certainly is, in the preserving of a beautiful face, that man does the public no little service who contributes most to its preservation."

This odd beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general road of compliments, and explain myself more particularly to her. Upon this, (delivering myself with an unusual air of gravity, which, your Grace knows, I seldom carry about me in the company of ladies,) I told her that grief ruins the fairest faces sooner than any thing whatever; and that as envy itself could not deny her face to be the most charming in the universe, so if she did not suffer herself to be comforted, she must soon expect to take her farewell of it. I confirmed this assertion, by telling her of one of the finest women we ever had in England, who did herself more injury in a fortnight's time, by lamenting her only brother's death, than ten years could possibly have done. That I had heard an eminent physician at Leyden say, that tears (having abundance of saline particles in them), not only spoiled the complexion, but hastened wrinkles. "But, Madam," concluded I, "why should I give myself the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the testimonies of our most knowing doctors, when, alas! your own face so fully justifies the truth of what I have said to you."

"How!" replied our disconsolate widow, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart: "and is it possible that my just concern for my dear husband has wrought so cruel

an effect upon me in so short a time?" With that, she ordered her gentlewoman to bring the looking-glass to her; and having surveyed herself a few minutes in it, she told me, she was perfectly convinced that my notions were true; "but," cries she, "what would you have us poor women do in these cases? For something," continued she, "we owe to the memory of the deceased, and something to the world, which expects at least the common appearance of grief from us." "By your leave, Madam," says I, "all this is a mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your lamentation. Besides, could you shed an ocean of tears upon his hearse, it would not do him the least service; much less do you lie under any such obligations to the world, as to spoil a good face, only to comply with its tyrannous customs; so, Madam, take care to preserve your beauty, and then, let the world say what it pleases; your ladyship may be revenged of the world whenever you see fit." "I am resolved," answers she, "to be entirely governed by you; therefore, tell me frankly, what sort of course you would have me steer." "Why, Madam," says I, "in the first place, forget the defunct; and in order to bring that about, relieve nature, to which you have been unmerciful, with the most exquisite meats and the most generous wines."

"Upon condition you will mess with me," cries our afflicted lady, "I will submit to your prescription." But why should I trouble your Grace with a narration in every particular; in short, we had a noble regale that evening; and our good widow pushed the glass so strenuously about, that her comforter (meaning myself) could hardly find the way to his coach. To conclude this farce, (which I am afraid begins to be too tedious to your Grace,) this Phoenix of her sex, this pattern of conjugal fidelity, two mornings ago, was married to a smooth-chinn'd ensign of Count Traumendorf's regiment, that has not a farthing in the world, but his pay, to

depend on. I assisted at the ceremony, though I little imagined the lady would take the matrimonial receipt so soon.

By my last packet from England, among a heap of nauseous trash, I received the *Three Dukes of Dunstable*; which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry Lapland or Livonia had not the honour of producing it; but if I did penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the tune of catecalls. *The Squire of Alsatia*, however, which came by the following post, made me some amends for the cursed impertinence of the *Three Dukes*. And my witty friend Sir C—— S——y's *Bellamira* gave me that entire satisfaction, that I cannot read it over too often.

They tell me my old acquaintance Mr. Dryden has left off the theatre, and wholly applies himself to the study of the controversies between the two churches; pray heaven this strange alteration in him portends nothing disastrous to the state! But I have long since observed, that poets do religion as little service by drawing their pens for it, as the divines do poetry, by pretending to versification.

But I forget how troublesome I have been to your Grace; I shall therefore conclude with assuring you, that I am, and to the last moment of my life shall be, ambitious of being,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, and most obliged servant,

GEORGE ETHEREDGE.

LETTER XVIII.

Sir William Temple to Lord Lisle.—Miscellaneous Remarks.

WHEN Johnson claimed for Temple the merit of being the first writer who gave a cadence to English prose, he showed a forgetfulness of our elder literature, of which the only parallel is afforded by his criticism of Waller. Hume, with greater justice, commends the agreeableness of his manner; and Mackintosh, its modern air. The first, however, admits his negligence, and the second his foreign idioms. Of all his productions, the *Essay on Poetry* is the best known, and most deserving of perusal. The thoughts are frequently beautiful, and the style is easy and harmonious. A passage in this treatise has been pointed out as the probable origin of one of the most exquisite images in the poetry of Gray—

“ Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse’s ray,
With orient hues unborrow’d of the sun.”

“ There must be a sprightly imagination or fancy ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the mind, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.”

Evelyn mentions Temple’s residence at Sheen with great praise in his Diary:—“27th Aug. (1678). I took leave of the duke and dined at Mr. Hen. Brouncker’s, at the Abbey of Sheen, formerly a monastery of Carthusians, there yet remaining some of their solitary cells, with a cross. Within this ample inclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruits, especially Sir Wm. Temple’s (lately ambassador into Holland), and the Lord Lisle’s, son to the Earl of Leicester, who has divers rare pictures; above all, that of Sir Brien Tuke’s, by Holbein.” And again, March 29, 1687. “After dinner we went to see Sir Wm. Temple’s near to it, where the most remarkable things are his orangery and gardens, where the wall-fruit trees are most exquisitely nailed and trained, far better than I ever noted.”

My Lord,

Brussels, Aug. 1657.

I received lately the honour of one from your Lordship, which, after all complaints of slowness and dulness, had

enough to bear it out, though it had been much better addressed, but needed nothing where it was, besides being yours. In my present station I want no letters of business or news, which makes those that bring me marks of my friends' remembrance, or touches at their present thoughts and entertainments, taste much better than anything can do that is common fare.

I agree very much with your Lordship, in being very little satisfied with the wit's excuse of employing none upon relations, as they do in France; and doubt much it is the same temper and course of thoughts amongst us, that makes us neither act things worth relating, nor relate things worth the reading. Whilst making some of the company laugh, and others ridiculous, is the game in vogue, I fear we shall hardly succeed at any other; and am sorry our courtiers should content themselves with such victories as these. I would have been glad to have seen Mr. Cowley, before he died, celebrate Captain Douglas's death, who stood and burnt in one of our ships at Chatham, when his soldiers left him, because it should never be said, a Douglas quitted his post without orders: whether it be wise in men to do such actions or not, I am sure it is so in states to honour them; and, if they can, to turn the vein of wits to raise up the esteem of some qualities above the real value, rather than bring everything to burlesque, which, if it be allowed at all, should only be so to wise men in their closets, and not to wits in their common work and company. But I leave them to be formed by great men's examples and humours; and know very well it is folly for a private man to touch them, which does but bring them like wasps about one's ears. However, I cannot but bewail the transitivity of their fame, as well as other men's, when I hear Mr. Waller is turned to burlesque amongst them while he is alive, which never happened to old poets till many years after their death; and though I never knew him enough to adore him, as many

have done, and easily believe he may be, as your Lordship says, enough out of fashion; yet I am apt to think some of the cold cut-work bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought as any of our new points; and, at least, that all the wit he and his company spent in heightening love and friendship, was better employed than what is laid out prodigally by the modern wits, in mockery of all sorts of religion and government. I know not how your Lordship's letter has engaged me in this kind of discourse; but I know very well you will advise me after it to keep my residence here as long as I can, foretelling me what success I am likely to have among our courtiers, if I come over. The best of it is, my heart is set so much upon my little corner at Sheen, that, while I can keep that, no other disappointment will be very sensible to me; and because my wife tells me she is so bold as to enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there. I am contriving here this summer how a succession of cherries may be compassed from May till Michaelmas, and how the riches of Sheen vines may be improved by half a dozen sorts which are not yet known there, and which I think much beyond any that are. I should be very glad to come and plant them myself this next season, but know not yet how these thoughts will hit. Though I design to stay but a month in England, yet they are here very unwilling that I should stir, as all people in adversity are jealous of being forsaken; and his Majesty is not willing to give them any discouragement, whether he gives them any assistance or not. But if they end the campaign with any good fortune, they will be better-humoured in that, as well as in all other points: and it seems not a very unlikely thing, the French having done nothing in six months past, but harass their army, and being before Lisle, engaged in a siege which may very well break the course of their success. They have not yet made the least advance upon any of the outworks, but been beaten off with much loss in all their assaults; and if the king's design be to bring his nobility

as low as he has done his people, he is in a good way, and may very well leave most of the brass among them in their trenches there.

WM. TEMPLE.

LETTER XIX.

Lady Russell to the Bishop of Salisbury.—Loss of her Sister.

“It is very surprising,” observes Horace Walpole, “how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters by the widow of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and impressive eloquence.” Bishop Burnet declared in one of his letters to Lady Russell, “You have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop from my hand when I begin writing to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain.” Some interesting letters from Lady Russell to her husband, written during their occasional separations, in the fourteen happy years of their union, were published in 1819. Of her feelings upon that event, which over-clouded her earthly enjoyments, nothing has been recorded; but we know, that when the melancholy result of the trial was proclaimed, she neither disturbed the court, nor distracted the attention of her husband. Lady Russell survived her lord many years, dying at the advanced age of 86 years; and that sorrow, which time could not dispel, a sincere and a Christian faith softened and reduced. No mourner ever walked through life with a more affecting resignation, or a more unostentatious dignity of demeanour.

16th October, 1690.

I have, my Lord, so upright a heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have no doubt but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has left me, does join with me to lament my late losses; the one was a just sincere man, and the only son of a sister, and a friend I loved

with too much passion; the other my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly. It pleases me to think that she deserves to be remembered by all those who knew her. But after above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and, indeed, we may be sure, that when anything below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be a matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So, now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks; that surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy, not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed *peaceful* home to all ages to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have *observed* all my life, to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature. A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts; yet I hope I master all murmurings; if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied that

whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done, and shall do, will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle; but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However, it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially your, &c.

LETTER XX.

Sir Matthew Hale to his Children.—Directions for the Employment of their Time.

THE Memoir of Burnet has introduced us into the family of Hale; and a few notes communicated by Baxter, who knew him in advanced life, have also illustrated the simplicity and elevation of his mind. Burnet says, that he divided himself between the duties of religion and the studies of his profession. "He took a strict account of his time, of which the reader will best judge by the scheme he drew for a day. It is set down in the same simplicity in which he writ it for his own private use:—Morning,—to lift up my heart to God in thankfulness for renewing thy life.—Evening:—cast up the accounts of the day. If aught amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee." The same humility marked his actions. Baxter, who was himself notorious for negligence of costume, has noticed the homeliness of his dress, and the humbleness of his residence at Acton. Four letters from Sir Matthew Hale to his children have been published in his moral and religious works: they were written during the brief intervals of leisure afforded to him upon the circuit, and display the natural vigour and practical wisdom by which he was distinguished.

Dear Children,

I intended to have been at Alderley this Whitsuntide, desirous to renew those counsels and advices which I have

often given you, in order to your greatest concernment; namely, the everlasting good and welfare of your souls hereafter, and the due ordering of your lives and conversations here.

And although young people are apt, through their own indiscretion, or the ill advice of others, to think these kinds of entertainments but dry and empty matters, and the morose and needless interpositions of old men; yet give me leave to tell you, that these things are of more importance and concernment to you, than external gifts and bounties, (wherein) nevertheless I have not been wanting to you, according to my ability.

This was my intention in this journey; and though I have been disappointed therein, yet I thought good, by letters and messages, to do something that might be done that way for your benefit, that I had otherwise intended to have done in person.

Assure yourselves, therefore, and believe it from one that knows what he says,—from one that can neither have any reason or end to deceive you,—that the best gift I can give you is, good counsel; and the best counsel I can give you, is that which relates to your greatest import and concernment, religion.

And therefore since I cannot at this time deliver it to you in person, I shall do so by this letter, wherein I shall not be very large, but keep myself within the bounds proper for a letter, and to those things only, at this time, which may be most of present use and moment to you; and by your due observance of these directions, I shall have a good character, both of your dutifulness to God, your obedience to your father, and also of your discretion and prudence; for it is most certain, that as religion is the best means to advance and certify human nature, so no man shall be either truly wise or truly happy without it, and the love of it; no, not in this life, much less in that which is to come.

First. Therefore, every morning and every evening, upon

your knees, humbly commend yourselves to the Almighty God in prayer, begging his mercy to pardon your sins, his grace to direct you, his providence to protect you; returning him humble thanks for all his dispensations towards you, yea, even for his very corrections and afflictions; entreating him to give you wisdom and grace, to make a sober, patient, humble, profitable use of them, and in his due time to deliver you from them; concluding your prayers with the Lord's Prayer. This will be a certain means to bring your mind into a right frame, to procure you comfort and blessing, and to prevent thousands of inconveniences and mischiefs, to which you will be otherwise subjected.

Secondly. Every morning, read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scripture, and acquaint yourself with the history and doctrine thereof: it is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with direction, and principles, to guide and order your life safely and prudently.

Thirdly. Conclude every evening with reading some part of the Scripture, and prayer in your family.

Fourthly. Be strict and religious observers of the Lord's Day. Resort to your parish-church twice that day, if your health will permit, and attend diligently and reverently to the public prayers and sermons. He cannot reasonably expect a blessing from God the rest of the week, that neglects his duty to God, in the due consecration of this day to the special service and duty to God, which this day requires.

Fifthly. Receive the sacrament at least three times in the year, and oftener as there is occasion, in your parish-church. The laws of the land require this, and the law of your Saviour requires it, and the law of duty and gratitude requires it of you. Prepare yourselves seriously for this service beforehand, and perform it with reverence and thankfulness. The neglect of this duty procures great inconveniences and strange-

ness: and commonly the neglect hereof ariseth from some conceited opinion, that people inconsiderately take up; but most ordinarily from a sluggishness of mind, and an unwillingness to fit and prepare the mind for it, or to leave some sinful or vain course that men are not willing to leave, and yet condemn themselves in the practice of.

Sixthly. Beware of those that go about to seduce you from that religion, wherein you have been brought up hitherto, namely, the true Protestant religion. It is not unknown to any, that observes the state of things in the world, how many erroneous religions are scattered abroad in the world; and how industrious men of false persuasions are to make proselytes. There are Antinomians, Quakers, Anabaptists, and divers others: nay, although the laws of this kingdom, and especially the statute of 23 Eliz. cap. 1, have inflicted the severest penalty upon those that go about to withdraw persons to the Romish religion, from the religion established in England, as any man that reads that statute may find; yet there are scattered up and down the world divers factors and agents, that, under several disguises and pretences, endeavour the perverting of weak and easy persons. Take heed of all such persuaders. And that you may know and observe the better, you shall ever find these artifices practised by them. They will use all flattering applications and insinuations to be master of your humour; and when they have gotten that advantage,—they seemed before to serve you,—will then command you.

They will use all possible skill to raise in you jealousy and dislike towards those who may otherwise continue and keep you in the truth: as, to raise dislike in you against your minister; nay, rather than fail, to raise dissension among relations; yea, to cast jealousies and surmises among them, if it may be instrumental to corrupt them. They will endeavour to withdraw the people from the public ministry

of God's word; encourage men to slight and neglect it; and when they have once effected this, they have a fair opportunity to infuse their own corrupt principles.

They will engage you, by some means or other, to them; either by some real, but, most ordinarily, by some pretended kindness or familiarity, that, in a little time, you shall not dare to displease them: you must do and speak what they will have you, because, some way or other, you are entangled with them, or engaged to them; and then they become your governors, and you will not dare to contradict or disobey them.

These are some of those artifices, whereby crafty and subtle seducers gain proselytes, and bring men under captivity.

Seventhly. Be very careful to moderate your passions, especially of choler and anger: it inflames the blood, disorders the brain, and, for the time, exterminates not only religion, but common reason: it puts the mind into confusion, and throws wild-fire into the tongue, whereby men give others great advantage against them: it renders a man incapable of doing his duty to God, and puts a man upon acts of violence, unrighteousness, and injustice to men: therefore keep your passions under discipline, and under as strict a chain as you would keep a curst unruly mastiff. Look to it, that you give it not too much line at first; but if it hath gotten any fire within you, quench it presently with consideration, and let it not break out into passionate or unruly actions: but, whatever you do, let it not gangrene into malice, envy, or spite.

Eighthly. Send your children early to learn their catechism, that they may take in the true principles of religion betimes, which may grow up with them, and habituate them both to the knowledge and practice of it; that they may escape the danger of corruption by error or vice, being antecedently seasoned with better principles.

Ninthly. Receive the blessings of God with very much

thankfulness to him; for He is the root and fountain of all the good you do, or can receive.

Tenthly. Bear all afflictions and crosses patiently: it is your duty; for afflictions come not from the dust. The great God of heaven and earth is he, that sends these messages to you; though, possibly, evil occurrences may be the immediate instruments of them. You owe to Almighty God an infinite subjection and obedience, and to expostulate with him is rebellion; and as it is your duty, so it is your wisdom and your prudence; impatience will not discharge your yoke; but it will make it gall the worse, and sit the harder.

Eleventhly. Learn not only patience under your afflictions, but also profitably to improve them to your soul's good. Learn by them how vain and unprofitable things the world, and all the pleasures thereof are, that a sharp or a lingering sickness renders utterly tasteless. Learn how vain and weak a thing human nature is, which is pulled down to the gates of death, and clothed with rottenness and corruption, by a little disorder in the blood, in a nerve, in a vein, in an artery. And since we have so little hold of a temporal life, which is shaken and shattered by any small occurrence, accident, or distemper, learn to lay hold of eternal life, and of that covenant of peace and salvation, which Christ hath bought for all that believe and obey the Gospel of peace and salvation: there shall be no death, no sickness, no pain, no weakness, but a state of unchangeable and everlasting happiness. And if you thus improve affliction, you are gainers by it; and most certain it is, that there is no more probable way, under heaven, to be delivered from affliction, (if the wise God see it fit,) than thus to improve it: for affliction is a messenger, and the rod hath a voice; and that is, to require mankind to be the more patient, and the more humble, and the more to acknowledge Almighty God in all our ways. And if men listen to this voice of the rod, and conform to it, the rod hath done his

errand; and either will leave a man, or at least give a man, singular comfort, even under the sharpest affliction. And this affliction, which is but for a moment, thus improved, will work for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Twelfthly. Reverence your minister: he is a wise and a good man, and one that loves you, and hath a tender care and respect for you. Do not grieve him, either by neglect or disrespect. Assure yourselves, if there be any person that sets any of you against him, or provokes, or encourageth any of you to despise or neglect him, that person, whoever he be, loves not you, nor the office he bears. And, therefore, as the laws of the land, and the Divine Providence, have placed him at Alderley, to have the care of your souls; so I must tell you, I do expect you should reverence and honour him, for his own, for your, and for his office's sake.

And now I have written this long epistle to you, to perform that office for me that I should have done in person, if I could have taken this journey. The epistle is long; but it had been longer, if I had had more time. And though, perchance, some there may be in the world, that when they hear of it will interpret it to be but the excursions and morose rules of old age; unnecessary, and such as might have been spared; yet I am persuaded it will find better acceptation thereof from you that are my children. I am now on the shady side of threescore years: I write to you what you have often heard me in substance speak. And possibly when I shall leave this world, you will want such a remembrancer as I have been to you.

The words that I now, and at former times have written to you, are words of truth and soberness; and words and advices that proceed from a heart full of love and affection to you all. If I should see you do amiss in anything, and should not reprove you, or if I should find you want counsel and direction, and should not give it, I should not perform the trust of a father; and if you should not thankfully receive

it, you would be somewhat defective in the duty you owe to God and me, as children. As I have never spared my purse to supply you, according to my abilities, and the reasonableness of occasions, so I have never been wanting to you in good and prudent counsels; and the God of heaven give you wisdom, constancy, and fidelity, in the observance of them.

May 20.

I am your ever loving father,

MATTHEW HALE.

LETTER XXI.

Algernon Sidney to Mr. B. Furley.—His Self-devotion.

It was remarked by Coleridge, that the style of Sidney never reminds one of books. It flows from the heart, and awakens in the reader's bosom, in some measure at least, the ardent feelings of the writer. Personal pride seems to have been intimately blended in his disposition with religious enthusiasm. Sir William Temple told Lord Dartmouth that Sidney considered himself specially qualified by heaven to govern the rest of mankind. Of the purity of his patriotism, different opinions will always be entertained. His conduct has found eloquent defenders; and his admirers will recollect the passage in Lord Erskine's Speech on Constructive Treason, in which he alluded, with such violence of invective, to those who took from the file the sentence against Sidney, which should have been left, he said, on record, to all ages, that it might arise and darken in the sight, like the handwriting on the wall before the Eastern tyrant, to deter from outrages upon the subject.

Mr. Benjamin Furley was an English merchant, residing at Rotterdam, and connected with the liberal party of that day. Mr. Blencowe supposes this letter to have been written previously to Sidney's return to England, in 1677, and certainly later than 1664.

Sir,

I have received thy letter, and rejoice in its contents; I hope it is from the Lord. The work in hand is great and good: I am a weak instrument employed in it with others. If I consider myself, I see little ground of hope that I ever shall advance much in it: but he that can make dry bones to live, can, when he pleaseth, fill a dark and weak creature with light, spirit, and power. Not long after the beginning of the great changes, I did examine my own heart, and tried whether I would comply with those in power to exempt myself from the pressures under which I lay, and the persecutions which I thought would follow upon my refusal: I soon found that I could not do it. This persuaded me to absent myself, hoping that my enemies would neglect me, when I was far out of their sight, or that I could more easily find a defence against them in a foreign country, than in my own. By this means, I lived almost three years seldom much disturbed; but in the end I found that it was an ill-grounded peace that I enjoyed, and could have no rest in my own spirit, because I lived only to myself, and was in no ways useful unto God's people, my country, and the world. This consideration, joined with those dispensations of Providence which I observed, and judged favourable unto the designs of good people, brought me out of my retirement into these parts. The spirits of those who understood reasons far better than I, seemed as yet not to be fully prepared: this obliged me again to withdraw myself. I found far less satisfaction in my second retirement than the first, and, by the advice of friends, am once more come upon the stage. I do not know what success God will give unto our undertakings, but I am certain I can here have no peace in my own spirit, if I do not endeavour, by all means possible, to advance the interest of God's people. Others may judge from whence this temper doth proceed, better than I can; if it be from God, he will

make it prosper; if from the heat and violence of my own disposition, I and my designs shall perish. I desire you and all our friends to seek God for me, praying him to defend me from outward enemies, but more especially from those that are within me; and that he would give me such a steady knowledge of truth, as I may be constantly directed in seeking that which is truly good. This being obtained, all other things will follow; I shall know what, when, and how I am to act; and shall be prepared either to act, or suffer, according to the will of my Maker.

I am,

Your friend.

LETTER XXII.

Richard Baxter to the Rev. Richard Allestree.—

Some passages in his own history.

WATTS said, that he would sooner have written the *Call to the Unconverted*, than *Paradise Lost*; few religious appeals have obtained such immediate and extensive celebrity. The heartiness and sincerity of Baxter's manner more than compensate for the acrimonious pungent style, which his friend Sylvester, (to whom he intrusted the publication of his autobiography,) supposed him to have contracted "by his plain dealing with desperate sinners." The following letter refers to a transaction detailed at greater length in his own interesting *Memoirs*. It appears to have originated out of a report, injurious to the character of Baxter, which he supposed to have been promulgated by Allestree, from whom Sylvester has printed a note, dated December 13, 1679, in the Preface to the *Life of Baxter*. Of Allestree, who had been his schoolfellow at Mr. John Owen's, Baxter relates an anecdote:—"When my master set him up into the lower end of the highest form, where I had long been chief, I took it so ill, that I began to talk of leaving the school; whereupon my master, gravely, but very tenderly rebuked my pride, and gave me for my theme,—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" (*Life*, part 1, p. 3.)

The following passage from his *Memoirs*, will illustrate some of

the circumstances mentioned in the letter. "As soon as I came to the army, Oliver Cromwell coldly bid me welcome, and never spake one word to me more while I was there: nor once all that time vouchsafed me an opportunity to come to head-quarters, where the councils and meetings of the officers were, so that most of my design was thereby frustrated; and his secretary gave out that there was a reformer come to the army to undeceive them, and to save Church and State, with some other jeers; by which I perceived that all that I had said but the night before to the committee, was come to Cromwell before me. (I believe by Col. Purefoy's means.) But Col. Whalley welcomed me, and was the worse thought on for it by the rest of the cabal."

Sir,

Dec. 20, 1679.

As your ingenuity giveth me full satisfaction, I am very desirous to give you such just satisfaction concerning myself, that you may think neither better nor worse of me than I am; we old men are prone to have kinder thoughts of our childish old acquaintance than of later, and to value most their esteem, whom we most esteem; and the current report of your honesty, as well as knowledge, commandeth a great estimation of you from us all. I was, before the war, offended much at the multitude of ignorant, drunken readers, who had the care of souls, and the great number of worthy ministers who were cast out and ruined, and of serious Christians that were persecuted for praying together, and for little things. I was one of those that were glad that the Parliament, 1640, attempted a reformation of these things, which I expressed, perhaps, too openly. I lived in a town, (Kidderminster,) then famous for wickedness and drunkenness. They twice rose against me, and sought to kill me. Once for saying the infants had original sin, &c.; and, next time, for persuading the churchwardens to execute the Parliament's order, (the king's being yet with them,) for defacing the images of the Trinity on the cross; when they knocked down two strangers for my sake, who carried it to their graves.

Then the old curate indicted me at the assizes, I never heard for what, but I was forced to begone. If any did but sing a psalm, or repeat a sermon in their houses, the rabble cried, "Down with the Round-heads!" and were ready to destroy them; so that the religious part of the town were forced to fly after me to Coventry, where we lived quietly; but having nothing of their own, they were constrained to become garrison soldiers, and I took my bare diet, to preach once a-week, refusing the offered place of chaplain to the garrison. The news of 200,000 murdered by the Irish and Papist strength in the king's armies, and the great danger of the kingdom, was published by the Parliament; my judgment then was, that neither King nor Parliament might lawfully fight against each other; that dividing was dissolving and destroying; and only necessary defence of the constitution was lawful; but that the *bonum publicum* was the essential end of government; and though I thought both sides faulty, I thought that both the *defensive part* and *salus populi* lay on the Parliament's side, and I very openly published and preached accordingly, the Parliament still professing, that they took not arms against the king, but against subjects that not only fled from justice, but sought by arms to destroy the Parliament, &c. In a word, my principles were the same with Bishop Bilson's, (of subjection,) and Jewell's, but never so popular as R. Hooker's. When I had stayed in Coventry a year, my father in Shropshire was plundered by the king's soldiers, (who never was against the king or conformity.) I went into Shropshire, and he was for my sake taken prisoner to Tinshull. I stayed at Longford garrison for two months, and got him exchanged for Mr. R. Fowler. In that time, the garrison being little more than a mile distance, the soldiers on each side used frequently to have small attempts against each other, in which Judge Fienne's eldest son was killed of our side, and one soldier of their side, and no more that I know of. I was present when the soldier was killed, the rest ran away and

left him; and other soldiers hurt him not, but offered him quarter; but he would not take it, nor lay down his arms: and I was one that bid him lay them down, and threatened to shoot him, but hurt him not, he striking at me with his musket, and narrowly missing me. I rode from him; and Captain Holydaye, the governor, being behind me, shot him dead; and it grieved me the more, because we afterwards heard that he was a Welshman, and knew not what we said to him. I never saw man killed but this; nor this, indeed, for I rode away from him. Above twenty prisoners we there took, and all, save two or three, got away through a sink-hole, and the rest were exchanged. I returned to Coventry, and followed my studies another year; all that garrison abhorred sectarian and popular rebellious principles. The Parliament then put out the Earl of Essex, and new modelled their armies; and gave Fairfax a new commission, leaving out the king; when before, all the commissions were to fight for king and Parliament. Naseby fight suddenly followed; being near, I went, some days after, to see the field and army; when I came to them, (before Leicester,) divers orthodox captains told me that we were all like to be undone, and all along of the ministers, who had all, (save Mr. Bowles,) forsaken the army; and the sectaries had thereby turned their preachers, and possessed them with destructive principles against king, parliament, and church. And now they said, God's providence had put the trust of the "people's safety in our hands, and they would, when the conquest was finished, change the government of church and state, and become our lords." This struck me to the heart; I went among them, and found it true. Hereupon they persuaded me yet to come among them, and got Whalley, (then sober, and against those men,) to invite me to his regiment (the most sectarian and powerful in the army.) I went home to Coventry, and slept not till I had called together about twelve or more reverend ministers, who then lived there (divers are yet living), and

told them our sad case; and that I had an invitation, and was willing to venture my life in a trial to change the soldiers' minds. They all consented. I promised presently to go. I asked leave of the committee and government, who consented. Before midnight, the garrison reviled the committee for consenting. They sent for me again, and told me I must not go, for the garrison would mutiny. I told them I had promised, and would go. But I foolishly, to satisfy them, told my reasons, which set Lieutenant-Col. Purefoy in a rage against me, for so accusing the army. The next morning I went, and met with the consequent of my error; for Cromwell had notice of what I had said, and came about before I could get thither: and I was met with scorn, (as one that meant to save church and state from the army.) There I staid a while, and found that being but in one place I could do little good. I got Mr. Cooke to come and help me, (who since helped Mr. G. Booth into Chester for the king, and was imprisoned for it, though now he is silenced.) He and I spent our time in speaking and disputing against the destroyers; and I so far prevailed as to render the seducers in the regiment contemned, except in one troop, or a few more. I told the orthodox parliament men of their danger. But Cromwell frustrated my cherished hope, and would never suffer me to come near the general, nor the head-quarters, nor himself, nor never once to speak to him. When the war seemed over, I was invited home again; but I called near twenty ministers together at Coventry, and told them that the crisis was not now far off; the army would shortly show themselves in rebellion against king, the parliament, and church; and I was unwilling to venture my life to try to draw off as many against them as I could. They voted me to stay. I went back, and it pleased God that the very first day they met at Nottingham in council, to *confederate*, as I foresaw, I was not only kept away, but finally separated from them, by bleeding almost to death, (120 ounces at the nose.) Had not that prevented it,

I had hazarded my life at Triploe-heath, where they broke out, but had done little good; for when the sober part then declared against them, they drew off about 5000 or 6000 men; and Cromwell filled up their places with sectaries, and was much stronger than before. All that I could do after, was to preach and write against them. This is a *true* account of the case of your *old* friend,

R. BAXTER.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir Richard Steele to his Wife.—Her beauty and affection eulogised.

COLERIDGE, who sometimes compared his own early history with that of Steele, preferred him, we are told, to Addison and the Essayists of those days, and commended in particular the letters to his wife. While Steele never approached his friend in the beauty of his criticism, he excelled him in the variety of his characters. The Bickerstaff of the *Tatler* was his own, and the first sketch of the famous Sir Roger de Coverley came from the same pencil. Any effort to attain the musical sweetness of Addison, he openly disclaimed, and he told Congreve that he intentionally adopted "the air of common speech." To be intelligible was his only aim. The animation of his fancy, however, often carried him up to eloquence; and Beattie considered the story of *The Dream*, in the 117th *Tatler*, one of the finest moral tales he had ever read. His criticism possessed the perspicuity without the grace of Addison; but it was, for the most part, just in conception, and beneficial in its application. When the extravagance of Lee, and the gorgeous declamation of Dryden usurped the stage, he laboured to lead back the popular taste to the purer fountains of Shakspeare—and of truth. His good-nature was equal to his imprudence. Young called him the best-natured creature in the world. "Even in the worst state of health he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased." This beautiful letter was prefixed to the third volume of the *Ladies' Library*, published in 1714. Steele alludes to his wife's death with much tenderness, in No. XII. of the *Theatre*.

Madam,

If great obligations received, are just motives for addresses of this kind, you have an unquestionable pretension to my acknowledgments, who have condescended to give me your very self. I can make no return for so inestimable a favour, but in acknowledging the generosity of the giver. To have either wealth, wit, or beauty, is generally a temptation to a woman to put an unreasonable value upon herself; but with all these in a degree which drew upon you the addresses of men of the amplest fortunes, you bestowed your person where you could have no expectations but from the gratitude of the receiver, though you knew he could exert that gratitude in no other returns but esteem and love. For which must I first thank you? for what you have denied yourself, or for what you have bestowed on me?

I owe to you, that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty; and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow. I will not dwell upon this particular; you are so good a wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I can give, when I say anything in your favour to my own disadvantage. Whoever should see or hear you, would think it were worth leaving all the world for you; while I, habitually possessed of that happiness, have been throwing away important endeavours for the rest of mankind, to the neglect of her for whom any other man, in his senses, would be apt to sacrifice everything else.

I know not by what unreasonable prepossession it is, but methinks there must be something austere to give authority to wisdom: and I cannot account for having only rallied many seasonable sentiments of yours, but that you are too beautiful to appear judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise from what is said by so lovely a counsellor. Hard fate, that you have been lessened by your perfections, and lost power by your charms!

That ingenuous spirit in all your behaviour, that familiar grace in your words and actions, has for these seven years only inspired admiration and love; but experience has taught me, the best counsel I ever have received has been pronounced by the fairest and softest lips, and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend, as well as a charming mistress.

Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person; nor shall your eyes, for the future, dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding. I rejoice in this public occasion to show my esteem for you, and must do you the justice to say, that there can be no virtue represented in all this collection for the female world, which I have not known you exert, as far as the opportunities of your fortune have given you leave. Forgive me, that my heart overflows with love and gratitude for daily instances of your prudent economy, the just disposition you make of your little affairs, your cheerfulness in despatch of them, your prudent forbearance of any reflections, that they might have needed less vigilance had you disposed of your fortune suitably; in short, for all the arguments you every day give me of a generous and sincere affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the proofs I have had in those circumstances of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! how often anguish from my afflicted heart! with how skilful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested, to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! how often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation! If there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good

in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife.

But I offend, and forget that what I say to you is to appear in public. You are so great a lover of home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the world even in an applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know is the effect of passion and instinct; that I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason. I am, madam, your most obliged husband, and most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER XXIV.

*Evelyn to Wotton.—Notices of the Life of the Hon.
Robert Boyle.*

THE character of Boyle presents the beautiful union of philosophy with religion; of the profoundest research with the lowliest dependence upon the mercy and providence of God. His memory is alike dear to science and to virtue. Evelyn's eulogy of him—the tribute of a familiar intimacy of forty years—requires no illustration; but his allusion to the charity of Boyle is amply confirmed by Bishop Burnet. "Even those," says he, "who knew all his other concerns, could never find out what he did in that way; and, indeed, he was so strict to our Saviour's precept, that, except the persons themselves, or some one whom he trusted to convey it to them, nobody ever knew how that great share of his estate, which went away, invisibly, was distributed; even he himself kept no account of it, for that, he thought, might fall into other hands." Burnet spoke with authority on the subject, having been the frequent instrument of Boyle's benevolence, and having himself received his aid in the publication of the *History of the Reformation*.

Sir,

I most heartily beg your pardon for detaining your books so unreasonably long after I had read them, which I did with great satisfaction, especially the Life of Descartes. The truth is, I had some hopes of seeing you here again, for methought (or at least I flattered myself with it), you said at parting you would do us that favour before my going to London, whither I am, God willing, setting out to-morrow or next day, for some time; not without regret, unless I receive your commands, if I may be anyways serviceable to you, in order to that noble undertaking you lately mentioned to me: I mean your generous offer and inclination to write the life of our late illustrious philosopher, Mr. Boyle, and to honour the memory of a gentleman of that singular worth and virtue. I am sure if you persist in that design, England shall never envy France, or need a Gassendus or a Baillet to perpetuate and transmit the memory of one not only equalling, but, in many things, transcending either of those excellent, and indeed, extraordinary persons, whom their pens have rendered immortal. I wish myself was furnished to afford you any considerable supplies (as you desired), after my so long acquaintance with Mr. Boyle, who had honoured me with his particular esteem, now very near forty years; as I might have done, by more duly cultivating the frequent opportunities he was pleased to allow me. But so it is, that his life and virtues have been so conspicuous, as you'll need no other light to direct you, or subject-matter to work on, than what is so universally known, and by what he has done and published in his books. You may, perhaps, need some particulars as to his birth, family, education, and other less necessary circumstances for introduction; and such other passages of his life as are not so distinctly known but by his own relations. In this, if I can serve you, I shall do it with great readiness, and I hope success, having some pretence by my wife,

in whose grandfather's house (which is now mine, at Deptford) the father of this gentleman was so conversant, that contracting an affinity there, he left his (then) eldest son with him, whilst himself went into Ireland, who in his absence dying, lies in our parish church, under a remarkable monument.

It is now, as I said, almost forty years since I first had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. Boyle; both of us newly returned from abroad, though, I know not how, never meeting there. Whether he travelled more in France than Italy, I cannot say; but he had so universal an esteem in foreign parts, that not any stranger of note or quality, learned or curious, coming into England, but used to visit him with the greatest respect and satisfaction imaginable. Now, as he had an early inclination to learning, (so especially to that part of philosophy he so happily succeeded in,) he often honoured Oxford, and those gentlemen there, with his company, who more peculiarly applied themselves to the examination of the so long domineering methods and jargon of the schools. You have the names of this learned junto, most of them since deservedly dignified in that elegant History of the Royal Society, which *must* ever own its rise from that assembly; as does the preservation of that famous university from the fanatic rage and avarice of those melancholy times. These, with some others (whereof Mr. Boyle, the Lord Viscount Brouncker, Sir Robert Morray, were the most active), spirited with the same zeal, and under a more propitious influence, were the persons to whom the world stands obliged for the promoting of that generous and real knowledge, which gave the ferment that has ever since obtained, and surmounted all those many discouragements which it at first encountered. But by no man have the territories of the most useful knowledge been more enlarged than by our hero, to whom there are many trophies due. And accordingly his fame was quickly spread, not only among us here in England, but

through all the learned world besides. It must be confessed that he had a marvellous sagacity in finding out many useful and noble experiments. Never did stubborn matter come under his inquisition, but he extorted a confession of all that lay in her most intimate recesses, and what he discovered he as faithfully registered, and frankly communicated; in this exceeding my Lord Verulam, who (though never to be mentioned without honour and admiration) was used to tell all that came to hand without much examination. His was probability; Mr. Boyle's, suspicion of success. Sir, you will here find ample field, and infinitely gratify the curious with a glorious and fresh survey of the progress he has made in these discoveries. Freed from those incumbrances which now and then render the way a little tedious, 'tis abundantly recompensing the pursuit; especially those noble achievements of his, made in the spring and weight of the two most necessary elements of life, AIR and WATER, and their effects. The origin of forms, qualities, and principles of matter: histories of cold, light, colours, gems, effluvias and other his works so firmly established on experiments, polychrests, and of universal use to real philosophy; besides other beneficial inventions peculiarly his; such as the dulcifying seawater with that ease and plenty, together with many medicinal remedies, cautions, directions, curiosities, and arcana, which owe their birth or illustration to his indefatigable recherches. He brought the phosphorus and antelUCA to the clearest light that ever any did, after innumerable attempts. It were needless to insist on particulars to one who knows them better than myself. You will not, however, omit those many other treatises relating to religion, which, indeed, runs through all his writings upon occasion, and show how unjustly that aspersion has been cast on philosophy, that it disposes men to atheism. Neither did his severer studies yet sour his conversation in the least. He was the farthest from it in the world, and I question whether ever any man has

produced more experiments to establish his opinions without dogmatizing. He was a Corpuscularian without Epicurus; a great and happy analyzer, addicted to no particular sect, but, as became a generous and free philosopher, preferring TRUTH above all; in a word, a person of that singular candour and worth, that to draw a just character of him, one must run through all the virtues, as well as through the sciences; and though he took the greatest care imaginable to conceal the most illustrious of them, his charities, and the many good works he so continually did, could not be hid. It is well known how large his bounty was upon all occasions; witness the Irish, Indian, Lithuanian Bibles, upon the translating, printing, publishing of which he laid out considerable sums; the Catechism and Principles of the Christian Faith, which I think he caused to be put into Turkish, and dispersed amongst those infidels. And here you will take notice of the lecture he has endowed, and so seasonably provided for.

As to his relations (as far as I have heard), his father, Richard Boyle, was *faber fortunæ*, a person of wonderful sagacity in affairs, and no less probity, by which he compassed a vast estate and great honours to his posterity, which was very numerous, and so prosperous, as has given to the public both divines and philosophers, soldiers, politicians, statesmen, and spread its branches among the most illustrious and opulent of our nobility. Mr. Robert Boyle, born I think, in Ireland, was the youngest to whom yet he left a fair estate; to which was added, an honorary pay of a troop of horse, if I mistake not. And now, though amongst all his experiments, he never made that of the married life, yet I have been told he courted a beautiful and ingenious daughter of Carew, earl of Monmouth, to which is owing the birth of his SERAPHIC LOVE; and the first of his productions. Descartes was not so innocent. In the meantime he was the most facetious and agreeable conversation in the world among the ladies, whenever he happened to be engaged; and yet so

very serious, composed, and contemplative at all other times; though far from moroseness, for, indeed, he was affable and civil rather to excess, yet without formality.

As to his opinion in religious matters and discipline, I could not but discover in him the same free thoughts which he had of philosophy; not in notion only, but strictly as to practice, an excellent Christian, and the great duties of that profession, without noise, dispute, or determining; owning no master but the divine Author of it; no religion but primitive, no rule but Scripture, no law but right reason. For the rest, always conformable to the present settlement, without any sort of singularity. The mornings, after his private devotions, he usually spent in philosophical studies, and in his laboratory, sometimes extending them to night; but he told me he had quite given over reading by candle-light, as injurious to his eyes. This was supplied by his amanuensis, who sometimes read to him, and wrote out such passages as he noted, and that so often in loose papers, packed up without method, as made him sometimes to seek upon occasions, as himself confesses in divers of his works. Glasses, pots, chemical and mathematical instruments, books, and bundles of papers, did so fill and crowd his bedchamber, that there was just room for a few chairs: so as his whole equipage was very philosophical without formality. There were yet other rooms, and a small library, (and so, you know, had Descartes,) as learning more from men, real experiments, and in his laboratory (which was ample and well furnished), than from books.

I have said nothing of his style, which those who are better judges think he was not altogether so happy in, as in his experiments. I do not call it affected, but doubtless not answerable to the rest of his great and shining parts; and yet, to do him right, it was much improved in his *Theodora*, and latter writings.

In his diet (as in habit) he was extremely temperate and

plain; nor could I ever discern in him the least passion, transport, or censoriousness, whatever discourse the times suggested. All was tranquil, easy, serious, discreet, and profitable; so as, besides Mr. Hobbes, whose hand was against everybody, and who admired nothing but his own, Francis Linus excepted (who, yet with much civility, wrote against him), I do not remember he had the least antagonist. In the afternoons he was seldom without company, which was sometimes so incommodious, that he now and then repaired to a private lodging in another quarter of the town, and at other times (as the season invited) diverted himself in the country, among his noble relations.

He was rather tall and slender of stature, for most part valetudinary, pale, and much emaciated; not unlike his picture in Gresham College, which, with an almost impudent importunity, was, at the request of the society, hardly extorted, or rather stolen, from this modest gentleman, by Sir Edmund King, after he had refused it to his nearest relations:

In his first addresses, being to speak or answer, he did sometimes a little hesitate, rather than stammer, or repeat the same word; imputable to an infirmity, which, since my remembrance, he had exceedingly overcome. This, as it made him somewhat slow and deliberate, so, after the first effort, he proceeded without the least interruption in his discourse. And I impute this impediment much to the frequent attacks of palsy, contracted, I fear, not a little by his often attendance on chemical operations. It has plainly astonished me to have seen him so often recover, when he has not been able to move, or bring his hand to his mouth; and, indeed, the contexture of his body, during the best of his health, appeared to me so delicate, that I have frequently compared him to a chrystal or Venice glass, which, though wrought never so thin and fine, being carefully set up, would outlast the hardier metals of daily use; and he was withal as clear and candid; not a blemish or spot to tarnish his reputation; and he lasted

accordingly, though not to a great, yet competent age; three-score years, I think; and to many more he might, I am persuaded, have arrived, had not his beloved sister, the lady Viscountess Ranelagh, with whom he lived, a person of extraordinary talent, and suitable to his religious and philosophical temper, died before him. But it was then he began evidently to droop apace; nor did he, I think, survive her above a fortnight. But of this last scene I can say little, being unfortunately absent, and not knowing of the danger till he was past recovery.

His funeral (at which I was present) was decent; and though without the least pomp, yet accompanied with a great appearance of persons of the best and noble quality, besides his own relations.

He lies interred (near his sister) in the chancel of St. Martin's Church, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury preaching the funeral sermon, with that eloquence natural to him on such and all other occasions. The sermon, you know, is printed, with the panegyric so justly due to his memory. Whether there have been since any other monument erected on him I do not know, nor is it material. His name (like that of Joseph Scaliger) were alone a glorious epitaph.

And now, sir, I am again to implore your pardon for giving you this interruption with things so confusedly huddled up, this very afternoon, as they crowded into my thoughts. The subject, you see, is fruitful, and almost inexhaustible. Argument fit for no man's pen but Mr. Wotton's. Oblige, then, all the world, and with it,

Sir,

Wotton, 30 Mar. 1696.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

*John Norris to Mrs. Eliz. Cabel and Mrs.
Mary Prowse.—A Dedication.*

OF the amiable successor of Herbert in the rectory of Bemerton, more will be said in another place. The purity of his spirit, the ardour of his devotion, the enthusiasm of his poetry, impart to his character a peculiar charm. His theological works, with some defects of principle, are extremely valuable both for the originality of their views, the clearness of their argument, and the elegance of their composition. The following letter, tinged with the quaintness of his poetry, was prefixed to the fourth volume of his *Practical Discourses*. Norris was born in 1657, and died in 1711.

Give me leave, good ladies, to adorn a book (that does not indeed deserve the honour of such a patronage) with the inscription of those recommending names, which near relation, and a very excelling worth, have combined to endear to me. I have been hitherto paying my addresses abroad, and now, like one that has been travelling some while in foreign parts, find an inclination to make a visit nearer home; but I do not direct these papers to you so much for your improvement either in knowledge, or in life and practice, as to satisfy my own obligations, and to discharge a debt of honour and gratitude; nor, indeed, can I hope to make you much wiser, or better, by anything that is here offered. Your eminent and exemplary practice of your duty shows that you well understand it, and all that have the happiness of your acquaintance know that you live, every day, better sermons than I can preach: and I heartily wish we had more such bright examples of piety, and living systems of morality, to give light and warmth to a benighted and frozen age; and that the rest of the world were but as well enlightened as that sphere is wherein you move. But you would much rather your light should shine out from you, than be returned back to you. I

must not, therefore, commend you, any more than I need instruct you. I pretend, indeed, to do neither, but only send these papers by way of respect and civility to wait on you; and if you please to receive them, or shall think them worthy to make any part of the furniture of your closets, or of the entertainment of your vacant hours, the honour will be equal to the ambition, and beyond the deserts of,

Ladies,

Your most affectionate kinsman,
and most obliged and humble servant,

J. NORRIS.

LETTER XXVI.

*Daniel Defoe to his Son-in-law, Mr. Baker.—
Pathetic complaints of the cruelty of his Son.*

THE most voluminous and the most natural writer in our language might be expected to excel in the familiar communication of his sufferings and hopes, to a near and beloved relation. English literature contains no page of livelier pathos than the following picture of a father, broken-hearted through the cruelty of a child. Mr. Baker, whom Defoe's daughter, Sophia, had married, contributed some valuable papers to natural history. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* died, it is supposed, in insolvent circumstances, April, 1731, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

About two miles from Greenwich, Kent.

Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1730.

Dear Mr. Baker,

I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the first, but not come to my hand until the tenth; where it had been delayed I know not. As your kind manner, and kinder thought from which it flows, (for I take all you say to be as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without guile,) was a particular satisfaction to me; so the stop of

a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, and every relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance. I was sorry you should say at the beginning of your letter you were debarred seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this. I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father *in tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, that it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit; which, as she well knows, has carried me on through greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and, as I am at this time under a weight of heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts of those who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquered, or could conquer me, *Et tu quoque, Brute!* I depended upon him; I trusted him; I gave up my two dear-unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them, and their poor dying mother, to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me, excuse my infirmity,—I can say no more,—my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you, as a dying request: stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged,

while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have anything within you owing to my memory, who have bestowed upon you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel; but that they will, indeed, want, being too easy to be managed by words and promises.

It adds to my grief, that it is so difficult to me to see you. I am at a distance from London, in Kent; nor have I a lodging in London; nor have I been at that place in the Old Bailey, since I wrote to you, I was removed from it. At present I am weak, having had some fits of a fever that have left me low: but those things much more. I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land there is no coach: and I know not what to do.

It is not possible for me to come to Enfield, unless you could find a retired lodging for me, where I might not be known, and might have the comfort of seeing you both, now and then: upon such a circumstance, I could gladly give the days to solitude, to have the comfort of an half hour, now and then, with you both for two or three weeks. But just to come and look at you, and retire immediately, it is a burden too heavy. The parting will be a price beyond the enjoyment. I would say, (I hope,) with comfort, that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum laudamus*. I congratulate you on the occasion of your happy advance in your employment. May all you do be prosperous, and all you meet with pleasant; and may you both escape the tortures and troubles of uneasy life.

May you sail the dangerous voyage of life with a *forcing wind*, and make the port of heaven *without a storm*. It adds to my grief, that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Keep my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.

Your unhappy,

DANIEL DEFOE.

LETTER XXVII.

Dean Berkeley to Pope.—Description of the Island of Inarime.

SWIFT painted a very agreeable portrait of Berkeley in a letter to Lord Carteret. He seems to have possessed the art of attaching to himself all who knew him. Atterbury, after a single interview, declared his opinion of him in these emphatic words:—"So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman." Blackwell, whom he was desirous of taking out as a professor in the proposed college at the Bermudas, has pronounced a similar eulogium. Of the fervour and vivacity of his fancy, an illustration is afforded by a story which Lord Bathurste communicated to Dr. Warton.—"All the members of the Scriblerus Club being met at his house at dinner, they agreed to rally Berkeley, who was also his guest, on his scheme at the Bermudas. Berkeley, having listened to all the lively things they had to say, begged to be heard in his turn, and displayed his plan with such astonishing and animated force of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and, after some pause, rose up all together with earnestness, exclaiming, "Let us all set out with him immediately."

Berkeley accompanied the son of the Bishop of Clogher in a tour through the south of Europe. While at Paris, he visited the phi-

losopher Malebranche, whom he is reported to have found in his cell preparing a medicine in a small pipkin for an inflammation of the lungs, under which he was suffering. The conversation turned upon the non-existence of matter, and Malebranche argued with an impetuosity, which, by aggravating the disorder, occasioned his death a few days after. Sir James Mackintosh regretted that Berkeley had not introduced this dramatic scene into one of his own beautiful dialogues. Berkeley was at this time in his 31st, and Malebranche in his 77th year. Mackintosh has traced a resemblance in the features of their character. They were, indeed, both amply endowed with imagination and invention; but, while Malebranche regarded poetry with invincible disgust, Berkeley not only wrote harmonious verses himself, but possessed the friendship of one of the greatest masters of the art, who, in a famous line, assigned

“ To Berkeley ev’ry virtue under heaven.”

During his residence in Italy, Berkeley accumulated, with great diligence, materials for a history of Sicily, which were lost in the passage to Naples. He had the qualities of a traveller in the highest perfection. Blackwell says, that he travelled over a great part of Sicily on foot, climbing up mountains, and creeping into caverns. To the widest views in knowledge and literature he united the minutest examinations of detail. In the island, to which he gives the name of Inarime, the reader will recognise the modern Ischia.

Naples, Oct. 22, N.S., 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles.

Italy is such an exhausted subject that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who, (in any age,) have come up to that character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably

enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, dales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat, and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut-groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island, (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*;) its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the Promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The Islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the Promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flow-

ing, as your own to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so they are without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got as an alloy to their happiness, an ill-habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door; and yet, by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches, (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera:) they make fire-works almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange,) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as, indeed, no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long since, that, being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shows him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that, whatever relates to your welfare, is sincerely wished, by

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Gay to ———. *A Thunder-storm in Autumn,—
The Village Lovers.*

It was a saying of Swift, that he sometimes read a book with pleasure, although he detested the author; and the reader of Gay will often feel an interest in the writer, while he disapproves of his principles. Johnson portrays him the favourite of an association of wits, who regarded him as a play-fellow, rather than a partner. He certainly possessed none of the qualities of a dictator; and if he had the affection of his friends, cared nothing for their veneration. Pope always mentioned him with the warmest regard. "Would to God," he wrote to Swift, "the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good; but that is a wish for our own sake, not for his." And more tenderly still in another letter to the Dean, "I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, most undesigning poets of our age." Swift's friendship for Gay glows through his misanthropy. When he wished to paint the misery of his residence in Ireland, he called it a banishment from "St. John, Pope, and Gay;" and upon the letter in which Pope communicated to him the death of their gentle companion, he inscribed a most affecting memorandum. Gay was too lazy to be a voluminous correspondent, but his style is easy, natural, and amusing. He had accompanied Pope to the seat of Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, and during his visit the accident occurred, which suggested this beautiful and affecting letter.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 19, 1718.

The only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world; and there is scarce anything can reach me except the voice of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humbler valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern

authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that perished ! for, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man, of about five-and-twenty ; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction : if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand ; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw-hat ; and the posie on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood ; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents ; and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the intervals of their work, they were now talking of the wedding-clothes ; and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon,) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of thunder and lightning ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder : every one was now solicitous for the

safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:—

When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere, the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victim seized.

But, my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Gay to Swift.—With a Postscript by Pope, respecting his Infirmities, &c.

Dec. 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the

post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you.

You may keep as far from us as you please; you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you: I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits; and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected anything. What I have done, is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes, (if I grow richer,) of becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchess, (she is such a downright niggard for me,) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any one who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me, you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end to it; but

the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall sometime or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500*l.*, Mr. Pelham 500*l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l.*, Gen. Hill, 500*l.*, Lord Massam's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me, (the only satisfaction of distant friends.)

P.S.—Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet, what you will think the worst of it is, what should be its excuse, that I write in a headache that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady ——— took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all the scruple about Lord B———'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights—though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part

again. The old lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B——'s, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire at philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries, (for countries are but larger parties.) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxims, pray finish it. I am happy whenever you join our names together: So would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c., to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear that they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headache, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism,) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when

you was here: I pray God you are no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you, and, such as it is, I would not repine at it. All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER XXX.

Swift to Gay.—A Portrait.

WHEN this letter was written, Gay was residing in the family of the Duke of Queensberry. It is an admirable specimen of the Dean's caustic humour, and of his strong practical sense. Of Swift we should know little, but for his journals, and the occasional allusions to his peculiarities in the letters of his friends. "You will understand me," writes Lord Bolingbroke; "and I conjure you to be persuaded, that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of my life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper, more than ever you did in your life*." Swift shared with his friend Pope in the enmity of Lady Wortley Montagu, who undervalued his wit, and found his prototype in Caligula.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I am as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes

* To Swift, October 23, 1716.

the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark: and in the day you may beckon a blackguard-boy under a gate near your visiting place, (*experto crede,*) save elevenpence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find, by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess, yet from my knowledge of you, after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and

to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at backgammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? you are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again, when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news; I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer.

You saw Mr. Pope in health; pray, is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day; my stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like—people of middle understanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

*Swift to Lord Bolingbroke.—Ambitious Hopes ;
Anecdote of his Early Days.*

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious; and as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters: and, my lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the House of Commons. In my con-

science, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill-health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill-health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then, all on a sudden, dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and, I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and

false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my Letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that, when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the complements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me

by my Lord Bolingbroke,) more than all my books besides; because, whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit, or great learning, does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever, on account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Greville's epitaph,—“Here lies, &c., who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney.” And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which, if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXII.

Pope to Wycherley.—Of Dryden, his Character, and Poetical Successors.

POPE has recorded his intimacy with Wycherley, by whose verses, he said, that he was “extremely plagued, up and down, for about two years.” Forty years before his death, Wycherley lost his memory by a fever, and would repeat the same thought two or three times in a single page. He could not retain more than a sentence at a time. Pope's troublesome task of correction

was aggravated by Wycherley's custom of reading himself to sleep, out of Montaigne, Rochefoucault, and Seneca, and of producing a poem on the following morning, into which he had, unconsciously, transplanted the thoughts of his favourite authors. His celebrated friend justly esteemed this habit one of the most singular phenomena in the history of the human mind. Wycherley's vanity could not endure the superior taste of his critic. "We were, however," says Pope, "pretty well together, to the last; only his memory was so totally bad, that he did not remember a kindness done to him, even from minute to minute. He was peevish, too, latterly; so that sometimes we were out a little, and sometimes in. He never did any unjust thing to me in his whole life; and I went to see him on his death-bed." Pope, at the commencement of their correspondence, was sixteen, and Wycherley seventy years old.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704.

It was certainly a great satisfaction to me, to see and converse with a man, whom, in his writings, I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it to hear you, at our first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend, Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him; *Virgilium tantum vidi*. Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him; for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which, the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him. I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party; but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame: and those scribblers who attacked him in latter times were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting. You must not, therefore, imagine, that, when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I

may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion; and, though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour, even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit, as you call it, is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray, help me to a better, as I doubt not you can.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Steele, with Reflections upon early Death, and Allusions to his own Infirmities.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well. Thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

“ The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.”

Then surely sickness, contributing, no less than old age, to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the

inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage, not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures, when a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time; I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour; and, so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of

man, (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom,) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

LETTER XXXIV.

To a Friend.—Upon the Vanity of Human Learning and Ambition.

July 13, 1714.

You mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Phillips said in his foolishness; but I cannot tell from anything in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and, perhaps, for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and, indeed, I have for some years past looked upon all of them as no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at

every little disappointment here, and even in case of no disappointment here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and, of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones; for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled. And at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same, or less industry, might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end, a satisfaction which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (though, in one respect, like fame, not to be had—till after death,) yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes of human vanity. The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry,—long habit, and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme; and I should be sorry and ashamed to go on jingling to the last step, like a wagoner's horse, in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reason, who is measuring syllables and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own

soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy the friendship of such a man as you.

LETTER XXXV.

To Swift.—On his Departure from Twickenham.

“POPE,” writes Lady Montagu, in one of her latest letters, “courted, with the utmost assiduity, all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy,—the duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, &c., and I do not doubt projected to sweep the Dean’s whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to reside in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up.” This was said in the bitterness of her heart, after her quarrel with the poet had obliterated the recollection of his flattery and his song.

Aug. 22, 1726.

Many a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. ’Tis a situation like that of a limb lopped off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you; habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham’s, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my

own garden, or one room in my house, without a phantom of you sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me after your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day, (how far soever off it be,) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him, or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected, which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But, indeed, I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription,) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and, had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink, (or Gay shall drink,) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman

vow for years to come, *Votis X. votis XX*. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

*Pope to Swift.—Gulliver; The Beggars' Opera;
Old Age of his Mother; The Dunciad.*

SWIFT, in his reply to the following letter, gives his friend an account of the comforts he would find at the Deanery. "I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your time and company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper who hath been my wolf above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town. You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement." In another letter, he confessed that he did not "converse with one creature of station or title," but could command the attendance of "a set of easy people," when he desired their company. Four years later he presented Gay with a more melancholy picture of his situation, living in a large house, thankful for the society of a friend, and usually obliged to "hire one" with a bottle of wine. Pope, after many ingenious devices and courtly expressions of regard, finally settled the question of an Irish journey, by expressing his belief that "a sea-sickness would kill" him. Pope's filial affection is the most beautiful feature in his moral character. Who has forgotten his pathetic lines, warm from the heart:—

Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient acts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Langour smile, and smooth the bed of Death.
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England; wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled

very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle), that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pounds; he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live, as we would wish each other to live? Shall we have no annuity: you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar; as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in; nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I despise the world; yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my Dulness, (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*,) how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose; and as Tully calls it, in consuetudine Studiorum; would to God, our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable. I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, some relaxing daily. My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one

who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution, too, has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable; your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants! I am extremely troubled at the return of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind, obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me, in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to. As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of in this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you, was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself,)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This poem will rid me of these insects,—

*Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence those fellows, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Swift.—The Tranquillity of a Philosopher; with a P.S. by Pope respecting his Mother.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against the physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates,) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions, (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other,) are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time, (and am glad it is over,) when about this hour I used to be going

to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle. I leave Pope to speak for myself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you were here; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: the slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. You shall not stay for my next so long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *Munuscula*, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P.S.—My lord has spoken justly of his lady; why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason

to thank God for her continuing so long a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes, very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is, even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through: just pay your hosts their dues, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book*; to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus:

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy.

I am yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

*The Same to the Same.—A beautiful Picture of
Contemplative Life.*

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause, he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate, while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You remember perfectly the two ale-house-

* The *Essay on Man*.

keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity,) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform, and less dissipated than when you knew me, and cared for me. A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly,) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage, but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers,) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I

was ever of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas! I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it, which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perauctus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I

am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed not to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days,) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me; I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must, indeed, with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me: and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.

Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER XXXIX.

Warburton to Hurd.—A Voyage round the Park.

PARR was heard to declare, in the presence of an accomplished living writer, that the fame of Warburton rested upon the "two pillars of his and Johnson's commendation." This was said of an author, of whom Pope had affirmed, that he possessed a genius

equal to his fancy, and a taste equal to his learning. But the polemical fervour, which broke out in the gravest disquisitions of Warburton, is abundantly visible in his correspondence. You see the flashing steel, and hear the sounding bow of the eager disputant. His letters have been analyzed by the ingenious author of the *Diary of a Lover of Literature*.—"Hume is consigned to the pillory in his first curious notice of him (Lett. 6, 1749), and afterwards (Lett. 100, 1757), he is described as possessing a more cruel heart than he ever met with. Johnson's remarks on his commentaries upon Shakspeare (Lett. 175), are full of insolent and malignant reflections. Priestley (Lett. 220), is that wretched fellow. The gloomy and malignant Jortin (Lett. 227), dies of eating his own heart. Evanson (235) is a convicted innovator. Walpole an insufferable coxcomb. Spence, a poor creature; and dunces and blockheads thunder through his epistles without number."—These are the characteristic faults of the writer, for which the fertility of his invention, the affluence of his erudition, and the purity of his intentions, make ample amends. His letters have been justly characterized "as replete with bold and original thoughts, acute criticism, profound reflections, daring paradoxes, boastful exultations, ingenious and frank avowals, fervent demonstrations of friendly regard, strains of manly and indignant eloquence, strokes of true and genuine humour, coarse and contemptuous invectives on his enemies." The following humorous account of a voyage round the Park, is pronounced a fine letter by Hurd, who acknowledges to have made use of it in the *Dialogues on Foreign Travel*.

I agree with you that our friend is a little whimsical, as a philosopher or a poet, in his project of improving himself in men or manners; though as a fine gentleman, extremely fashionable in his scheme. But, as I dare say this is a character he is above, tell him I would recommend him now and then, with me, a voyage round the Park, of ten times more ease, and ten thousand times more profit than making the *grand tour*; whether he chooses to consider it in a philosophico-poetical, or in an ecclesiastico-political light. Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for pastoral, than the cows and the

milk-women at your entrance from Spring Gardens. As you advance, you have nobler subjects for Comedy and Farce, from one end of the Mall to the other; not to say, Satire, to which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity; as you turn to the left, you soon arrive at Rosamond's Pond, long consecrated to disastrous love, and elegiac poetry. The Bird-cage Walk, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of madrigal and sonnet. When we come to Duck-Island, we have a double chance for success in the Georgic, or didactic poetry, as the governor of it, Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of his wild-fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing of their generations. But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place indeed, the reed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of horse and foot guards, the Parade. The place of heroes and demi-gods, the eternal source of the Greek poetry, from whence springs that acmé of human things, an epic poem; to which our friend has consecrated all his happier hours. But suppose his visions for the bays be now changed for the brighter visions of the mitre, here still must be his circle; which on one side presents him with those august lovers of St. James's, which, though neither seemly nor sublime, yet ornament that place where the balances are preserved, which weigh out liberty and property to the nations all abroad; and on the other, with that sacred, venerable dome of St. Peter, which, though its head rises and remains in the clouds, yet carries in its bowels the very flower and quintessence of Ecclesiastial Policy.

This is enough for any one who only wants to study them for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature, in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must first go, and catch her undressed, nay, quite naked, in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she

appears cramped, contracted, and buttoned close up in the straight tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan, or spread out and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm, amongst the Arabs and Saracens; or lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, the citizen of the world to contemplate. The tour of Europe is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but pork differently disguised.

This is enough for our friend. But to you who have, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "large, sound, and round-about sense," I have something more to say. Though, indeed, I perfectly agree with you, that a scholar by profession, who knows how to employ his time in his study, for the benefit of mankind, would be more than fantastical, he would be mad, to go rambling round Europe, though his fortune would permit him. For, to travel with profit, must be when his faculties are at their height, his studies matured, yet all his reading fresh in his head. But to waste a considerable space of time, at such a period of life, is more than suicide; yet, for all this, the knowledge of human nature, (the only knowledge, in the largest sense of it, worth a wise man's concern or care,) can never be well acquired without seeing it under all its disguises and distortions, arising from absurd governments and monstrous religions, in every quarter of the globe. Therefore, I think a collection of the best voyagers no despicable part of a philosopher's library. Perhaps there will be found more dross in this sort of literature, even when selected most carefully, than in any other. But no matter for that. Such a collection will contain a great and solid treasury. The report

you speak of is partly false, with a mixture of truth; and is a thing that touches me so little, that I never mentioned it to any of my friends, who did not chance to ask about it. I have no secrets that I would have such to you. I would have it so to others, merely because it is an impertinent thing, that concerns nobody; and its being in common report, which nobody gives credit to, covers the secret the better, instead of divulging it. The simple fact is only this, that not long since, the D. N. sent word by a noble person, to Mr. Allen, that he had a purpose of asking the K. for the Deanery of Bristol for me, if it should become vacant while he is in credit, as a thing which, he supposed, would not be unacceptable to me, on account of its neighbourhood to this place. And now, my dear friend, you have the whole secret, and a very foolish one it is. *If it comes*, as Falstaff says of honour, *it comes unlooked for, and there's an end*. But he had a good chance, because he did not *deserve* what he was so indifferent about. What my chance is by this scale, I leave to be adjusted between my friends and enemies.

It gives me, my dear friend, a sincere pleasure to hear that your health seems to be re-established; and that the good couple tied together for life, the mind and body, are at peace with one another. As for spirits, it is like love in marriage, it will come after. Should we have the pleasure of seeing you at Christmas, you would likely meet the good company you met last Christmas, I mean Mr. Yorke's. You know, I hope, the true esteem Mr. Allen has for you, and the sincere pleasure your company gives him.

LETTER XL.

Lady Montagu to her Sister.—A Visit to the Vizier's Harem; The beautiful Fatima.

IN 1716, Lady Montagu accompanied her husband, who had been appointed ambassador to the Porte, in his journey to Constantinople; and, during her residence, communicated to her friends those graphic sketches of society and manners, which have conferred so lasting a celebrity upon her correspondence.

Adrianople, April 18, 1717.

I wrote to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though, perhaps, my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that it is absolutely necessary, for my own repose, to give it some vent. Without further preface I will begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the grand vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment, which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretest. I was met at the court-door by the black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed,

were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate, and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer at an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment, praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind civility till dinner came in, which was served one dish at a time to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *Effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but, I own, I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our own manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done; they use a great deal of very rich spice; the soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not

eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing.

The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves, kneeling, *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying, she took no care to accomplish them in that art. I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me, earnestly solicited me to visit the Kiyàya's lady, saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought, indeed, to be looked upon as the first, the grand vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the vizier's *harem*, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than the grand vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery, between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles, that twisted round their trunks, shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was

painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatima*, (for that is her name,) so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely, either in England or Germany. I must own, that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion, unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue!—every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be

suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish before her.

She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her vest. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere, that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue, to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy*. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own, that I took more pleasure in looking on the beautiful Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs.

* Later in life, Lady Mary's enthusiasm seems to have cooled. The following passage occurs in a letter to Mrs. Calthorpe:—"To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender has been, the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them."

I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his idea of English music from the bladder and string, or the marrow-bones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; it is true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady, who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. It is certain, they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served the coffee, upon their knees, in the finest Japan china, with *soucups* of silver-gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me in the most polite, agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the Beautiful Sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my women and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of

Your, &c.

LETTER XLII.

*Lord Hervey to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—
Company at Bath.*

LORD JOHN HERVEY, says Mr. Dallaway, in his Memoir of Lady Montagu, was Vice-Chamberlain and Privy Seal to George II., and well known by his duel with Mr. Pulteney, his writings, and his eloquence in the senate. After he became obnoxious to Pope, both as a politician and a poet, he was satirized under the name of "Sporus*." He was a friend of Lady Mary, who consigned him to perpetual remembrance, in the pleasant saying, "that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys." He was witty and effeminate, and, when asked to take some beef at dinner, is said to have replied, "Beef? oh, no!—Faugh! don't you know I never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things?"

Bath, October 8, 1728.

I had too much pleasure in receiving your ladyship's commands to have any merit in obeying them, and should be very insincere if I pretended that my inclination to converse with you would ever be a second motive to my doing it. I came to this place yesterday, from which you may imagine I am not yet sufficiently qualified to execute the commission you gave me, which was, to send you a list of the sojourners and inmates of this place; but there is so universal an affinity and resemblance among these individuals, that a small paragraph will serve amply to illustrate what you have to depend upon. The Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only people whose names I ever heard, or who, I believe, have any names belonging to them; the rest are a swarm of wretched beings, some with half their limbs, some with none, the ingredients of Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk about, half living remembrancers of mortality, and, by

* Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Prologue to the Satires.

calling themselves human, ridicule the species more than Swift's Yhahoues. I do not meet a creature without saying to myself, as Lady — did of her femme de chambre, "*Regardez cet animal, considérez cet néant, voilà une belle ame pour être immortelle.*" This is giving you little encouragement to venture among us; but the sincerity with which I have delineated this sketch of our coterie at Bath, will at least persuade you, I hope, madam, to think, I can give up my interest to my health, and induce you to believe I never sham the latter, when I assure you, in the strongest terms, I am with the greatest warmth and esteem,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient, humble servant,

HERVEY.

LETTER XLII.

Melmoth to a Friend.—Meditations in a Garden upon a Spring Morning.

WILLIAM MELMOTH, son of the author of one of the most popular religious works to which the eighteenth century gave birth, was born in 1710; and about 1742 published some original letters under the name of Fitzosborne, which are remarkable for the laboured elegance of their style, the justness of their sentiments, and the accuracy of their criticism. His translation of *Pliny's Letters*, in 1747, obtained for him the reputation of a refined and accomplished scholar. He died, at a very advanced age, in 1799.

May 29, 1718.

I esteem your letters in the number of my most valuable possessions, and preserve them as so many prophetic leaves upon which the state of our distracted nation is inscribed. But in exchange for the maxims of a patriot, I can only send you the reveries of a recluse, and give you the stones of the brook for the gold of Ophir. Never, indeed, Palemon, was there a commerce more unequal than that wherein you are contented to engage with me, and I could scarce answer it to

my conscience to continue a traffic where the whole benefit accrues singly to myself, did I not know that to confer, without the possibility of an advantage, is the most pleasing exercise of generosity. I will venture, then, to make use of a privilege which I have long enjoyed; as I well know you love to mix the meditations of the philosopher with the reflections of the statesman, and can turn with equal relish from the politics of Tacitus, to the morals of Seneca. I was in my garden this morning somewhat earlier than usual, when the sun, as Milton describes him,

With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray.

There is something in the opening of the dawn at this season of the year, that enlivens the mind with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and fills it with a certain calm rapture in the consciousness of its existence. For my own part, at least, the rising of the sun has the same effect on me, as it is said to have had on the celebrated statue of Memnon; and I never observe that glorious luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole day. While I was enjoying the freshness and tranquillity of this early season, and considering the many reasons I had to join in offering up that "morning incense," which the poet I just now mentioned, represents as particularly arising at this hour, "from the earth's great altar;" I could not but esteem it as a principal blessing, that I was entering upon a new day with health and spirits. To awake with recruited vigour for the transactions of life, is a mercy so generally dispensed, that it passes, like the other ordinary bounties of Providence, without making its due impression. Yet, were one never to rise under these happy circumstances, without reflecting what numbers there are, who, (to use the language of the most pathetic of authors,) when they said, "my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint," were, like him, "full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day,"

or “scared with dreams and terrified through visions;” were one to consider, I say, how many pass their nights in all the horrors of a disturbed imagination, or all the wakefulness of real pains, one could not find one’s self exempt from such uneasy slumbers, or such terrible vigils, without double satisfaction and gratitude. There is nothing, indeed, contributes more to render a man contented with that draught of life which is poured out to himself, than thus to reflect on those more bitter ingredients, which are sometimes mingled in the cup of others.

In pursuing the same vein of thought, I could not but congratulate myself, that I had no part in that turbulent drama, which was going to be reacted upon the great stage of the world, and rejoiced that it was my fortune to stand a distant and unengaged spectator of those several characters that would shortly fill the scene. This suggested to my remembrance a passage in the Roman tragic poet, where he describes the various pursuits of the busy and ambitious world, in very just and lively colours:—

Ille superbos aditus regum
 Durasque fores, expers somni,
 Colit: hic nullo fine beatus
 Componit opes, gazis inhians,
 Et congesto pauper in auro est.
 Illum populi favor attonitum,
 Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus,
 Aura tumidum tollit inani.
 Hic clamosi rabiosa fori
 Jurgia vendens improbus, iras
 Et verba locat.

and I could not forbear saying to myself, in the language of the same author,

——— Me mea tellus
 Lare secreto tutoque tegat!

Yet this circumstance, which your friend considers as so valuable a privilege, has been esteemed by others as the most

severe of afflictions. The celebrated Count de Bussy Rabutin has written a little treatise, wherein, after having shown that the greatest of men upon the stage of the world are generally the most unhappy, he closes the account by producing himself as an instance of the truth of what he has been advancing. But can you guess, Palemon, what this terrible disaster was, which entitled him to a rank in the number of these unfortunate heroes. He had composed, it seems, certain satirical pieces, which gave great offence to Louis XIV.; for which reason that monarch banished him from the slavery and dependence of a court, to live in ease and freedom at his country house. But the world had taken too strong possession of his heart, to suffer him to leave even the worst part of it without reluctance; and, like the patriarch's wife, he looked back with regret upon the scene from which he was kindly driven, though there was nothing in the prospect but flames. Adieu!

LETTER XLIII.

Matthew Prior to Swift.—A Letter upon Nothing.

PRIOR, who was at this period ambassador at Paris, belonged to a Club of sixteen, who dined every week in rotation at each others' houses. Of this Society, Swift was a member. They were distinguished by the title of Brothers.

Paris, August 16, 1713.

As I did not expect, my good friend Jonathan, to have received a letter from you at Dublin, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. Rosingrave* thinks it may do him service, in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other use imaginable: I have writ letters now above twenty-two

* A celebrated musical performer.

years. I have taken towns, destroyed fleets, made treaties, and settled commerce in letters. And what of all this? why nothing; but that I have had some subject to write upon. But to write a letter, only because Mr. Rosingrave has a mind to carry one in his pocket; to tell you that you are sure of a friendship which can never do you threepence worth of good; and to wish you well in England very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself;—all this, I say, is very absurd for a letter, especially when I have this day written a dozen, much more to the purpose. If I had seen your manuscript*—if I had received Dr. Parnell's poem—if I had any news of Lenden being taken;—why well and good. But as I know no more than that the Duke of Shrewsbury designs for England within three weeks; that I must stay here till somebody else comes, and then brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the *Rehearsal*, who did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am assured of, that I love you very well; and most sincerely and faithfully. Dear sir, your servant and brother,

M. PRIOR.

Lord and Lady Shrewsbury give their service to you. Vanhomrigh† has run terribly in debt, and, being in durance, has sent to his brother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu once more.

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque.——

This is all the Latin and writing I can at present spare you. Pray give my service to your Chancellor‡, and be much acquainted with Judge Nutley, and love him very well for

* Of the *History of the Peace of Utrecht*.

† A brother of the celebrated Vanessa.

‡ Sir Constantine Phipps.

my sake. Adieu.—Once more, find out my cousin Pennyfather and Nutley (if he is not too grave for you); and, according to the laudable custom of your country, drink this lous out, for a token of my generosity, and your sobriety. And now, I think, I have furnished out a very pretty letter.

LETTER XLIV.

Gray to Walpole.—How he spends his own time in the Country; Southern, the Dramatic Poet.

SOUTHERN died at the age of eighty-six, nine years after this letter was written. Gray, we are told by Mason, admired his pathetic powers, but objected to that union of them with farce, which produced Tragi-comedy.

I was hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach-wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it, I arrived safe* at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids his galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mightily cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have, at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest, (the vulgar call it a common,) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above

* At Burnham in Buckinghamshire.

the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb; and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,—

And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate,
In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats, me I* (*il penseroso*,) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old†, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September, 1737.

* The same ludicrous expression is met with in Foote's play of *The Knights*, p. 27, from the mouth of Sir Penurious Trifle,—“And what does me I, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's-Lane,” &c. See also *Don Quixote* by Smollett, vol. iv. p. 30, and Cibber's *Lady's Stake*, vol. ii. Act 1, p. 209.—MITFORD.

LETTER XLV.

*Gray to Wharton.—Account of the Trial of Lords
Kilmarnock, Cromartie, and Balmerino.*

THE reader is recommended to compare with the vivid painting of Gray, the account given of these famous trials by Horace Walpole, in a letter to H. Mann, August 1, 1746. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, appeared an account of Lord Lovat's execution, bearing in Mr. Croker's opinion, strong internal evidence of having been written by Johnson, to whom Mr. Mitford, without sufficient authority, has attributed the severe verses upon Lord Lovat, which were published in the same number. Boswell, indeed, had heard him repeat them with great energy. They have the antithesis, without the finish of his style. The notes marked by the letter M. are copied from Mr. Mitford's new edition of the Works of Gray.

My dear Wharton,

I am just returned hither from town, where I have past better than a fortnight, (including an excursion that I made to Hampton-Court, Richmond, Greenwich, and other places), and am happily met by a letter from you, one from Tuthill, and another from Trollope. As I only run over Dr. Andrew's answers hastily in a coffee-house, all I could judge was, that they seemed very unfavourable on the whole to our cause, and threw every thing into the hands of a visitor, for which reason I thought they might have been concealed, till the Attorney-General's opinion arrived, which will perhaps raise the spirits of such as the other may have damped a little, or leave room at least to doubt, whether the matter be so clear on the master's side as Andrew would have it. You can't suppose that I was in the least uneasy about Mr. Brown's fortitude, who wants nothing but a foot in height and his own hair, to make him a little old Roman : with two dozen such I should not hesitate to face an army of heads, though they

were all as tall as Dr. Adams. I only wish every body may continue in as good a disposition as they were; and imagine, if possible, Roger* will be fool enough to keep them so. I saw Trollope for about an hour in London; and imagining he could not be left in the dark as to your consultations, I mentioned, that I had cast an eye over Andrew's papers, and that it was not so favourable as we hoped. He spoke however with horror of going to law; with great passion of the master; and with great pleasure of himself for quitting a place, where he had not found a minute's ease in, I know not how long: yet I perceive his thoughts run on nothing else; he trembled while he spoke; he writes to me here on the same subject; and after abusing Roger, he adds, *Whartoni rubro hæc subscribe libello*.

My evenings have been chiefly spent at Ranelagh and Vauxhall; several of my mornings, or rather noons, in Arlington-Street†; and the rest at the trial of the Lords. The first day I was not there, and only saw the Lord High Steward's parade in going; the second and third * * * * Peers were all in their robes * * * * by their wearing bag-wigs and hats, instead of coronets. The Lord High Steward was the least part of the show, as he wore only his baron's robe, and was always asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or smiling about to his acquaintance. As to his speech, you see it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses have been altered in the printed copy. Kilmarnock‡ spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong, but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years

* Dr. Roger Long, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

† At Mr. Walpole's.

‡ William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock in Scotland, beheaded on Tower-hill, August 18, 1746.

“Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died!”—*Johnson*. M.

of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie*, (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman,) was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar, he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed; and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching, and well expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. Lady Cromartie†, (who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances,) was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her; which (if true) is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke's, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him, till he promised her all his interest could do; and before, on several occasions, he had been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of 600*l.* a-year from the government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity, that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard perhaps, that the first day, (while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an

* George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromartie.

† Lady Cromartie was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart. "Lady Cromartie went down *incog.* to Woolwich, to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him. I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection."—See *Walpole's Letters to Mann*, vol. ii. p. 156. M.

hour and a half in the bar), he diverted himself with the axe* that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger; and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprised to hear him alledge any thing so frivolous, and that could not possibly do him the least service; he answered, "that as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement." The Duke of Argyle telling him how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause; "My Lord," (says he) "for the two kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving; and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat." The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to old Williamson. "Who is that lawyer that talks to me?" "My Lord, it is Mr. Murray." "Ha! Mr. Murray, my good friend," (says he, and shook him by the hand), "and how does your good mother? oh! she was of admirable service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire. He recommends (he says) his Peggy † ('tis uncertain * * * the favour of the government, for she has * * *

I have been diverted with an account of Lord Lovat ‡ in his confinement at Edinburgh. There was a Captain Mag-

* See *Walpole's Letters to Mann*, p. 161-3; see also his *Letters to G. Montagu*, Letter XIX., XX. M.

† Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.

‡ Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower-hill, the 9th of April, 1747. Thus mentioned in one of *Walpole's Letters*, April 16th, 1747. "You have heard that old Lovat's Tragedy is over. . . . I must tell you an excessive good thing of George Selwyn. Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?" "Nay," says he, "if that was a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again." When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said, "My Lord Lovat, your Lordship may rise." See *Suffolk Letters*, vol. i. p. 189. *Croker's ed. of Boswell*, vol. i. p. 155. *Walpole's Letters to H. Mann*, vol. ii. p. 205. Letter clxxiii. M.

gett, that is obliged to lie in the room every night with him. When first he was introduced to him, he made him come to his bedside, where he lay in a hundred flannel waistcoats, and a furred night-gown, took him in his arms, and gave him a long embrace, that absolutely suffocated him. He will speak nothing but French; insists upon it that Maggett is a Frenchman, and calls him "mon cher Capitaine Magot" (you know *Magot* is a monkey.) At his head lie two Highland women, at his feet two Highland men. He is to be impeached by the House of Commons, because not being actually in arms, it would otherwise be necessary that the jury of Inverness should find a bill of indictment against him, which it is very sure they would not do. When the duke returned to Edinburgh, they refused to admit Kingston's Light Horse, and talked of their privileges; but they came in sword in hand, and replied, that when the Pretender was at their gates, they had said nothing of their privileges. The duke rested some hours there, but refused to see the magistracy. I believe you may think it full time, that I close my budget of stories; Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a good deal more, I suppose, for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor* during the summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly, more than one could expect. You remember a paper in the *Museum* on Message Card†, which he told me was Fielding's, and asked my opinion about; it was his own, and so was the Advertisement on Good Breeding‡, that made us laugh so. Mr. Ashton I have had several conversations with, and do really believe he shows himself to me, such as he really is: I don't tell you I like him ever

* See *Walpole's Letters to Mann*, vol. i. p. 172. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going there for the remainder of the summer. I have taken a small house here within the castle!—M.

† Published in *Walpole's Works*, vol. i. p. 132; and No. ii. of the *Museum*, April, 1746. M.

‡ See *Walpole's Works*, vol. i. p. 141; and No. v. of the *Museum*, May, 1746. M.

the better for it; but that may be my fault, not his. The Pelhams lie very hard at his stomach; he is not forty yet; but he is thirty-one, he says, and thinks it his duty to be married. One thing of that kind is just broke off; she had 12,000*l* in her own hands. This is a profound secret, but I not conceiving that he told me it as such, happened to tell it to Stonhewer, who told it to Lyne, who told it to Ashton again, all in the space of three hours, whereby I incurred a scolding; so pray don't let me fall under a second, and lose all my hopes of rising in the church.

The Muse, I doubt, is gone, and has left me in far worse company; if she returns you will hear of her. You see I have left no room for a catalogue, which is a sort of policy, for it's hardly possible my memory should supply one: I will try by next time, which will be soon, if I hear from you. If your curiosity require any more circumstances of these tryals . . . will see . . . find some . . . My best compliments to the little man of the world.

Adieu my dear Wharton,

Believe me very truly yours,

T. GRAY.

Stoke, Sunday, 13th August, 1746.

LETTER XLVI.

Gray to Nicholls.—Netley Abbey and Southampton.—Beautiful Sunset.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton, and as I would wish to treat everybody according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenious diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly across its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen*. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes), lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and telling his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you, that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen near it) though there was a power of money hid there. From

* See his letter, (describing the southern coast of Hampshire.) to Dr. Wharton, Aug. 6, 1755.

thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more; they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour), I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sand), first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen*. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

* This puts me in mind of a similar description written by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, which I shall here beg leave to present to the reader, who will find by it that the old divine had occasionally as much power of description as even our modern poets. "As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to matins; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns . . .; and still, (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light."—*J. Taylor's Holy Dying*, p. 17. MASON.

LETTER XLVII.

Shenstone to Mr. Jago.—Rural Occupations.

RICHARD JAGO, the friend and correspondent of Shenstone, was born at Bandesert, Warwickshire, his father's living, in 1715, and proceeded from the grammar-school at Solihull, in his native county, to University College, Oxford. Having taken Holy Orders, he successively obtained the livings of Harbury, Snittersfield, in Warwickshire, and Kincote, in Leicestershire. He died upon the 8th of April, 1781. Jago belongs to the lowest form of our minor poets: if, indeed, he can be permitted to retain even that humble position. An *Elegy upon a Blackbird*, published in the *Adventurer*, introduced his name into the miscellanies of the day; and, in 1767, a descriptive poem, in four books, entitled *Edge-Hill*, brought him more prominently forward as a candidate for poetical renown. But of this work nothing can be said to recall the attention of criticism; and the author will continue to be remembered only as the friend of Shenstone.

Dear Sir,

The Leasowes, March 23, 1747-8.

I have sent Tom over for the papers which I left under your inspection, having nothing to add upon this head, but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge. I shall be very glad if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions, in regard to which I will observe any commands which you shall please to lay upon me. I am favoured with a certain correspondence by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate, and I find it very entertaining. Pray did you receive my answer to your last letter, sent by way of London? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post, as often I feel a violent propensity to describe the notable incidents of my life, which amount to about as much as the tinsel of your little boy's hobby-horse. I am on the point of purchasing a

couple of busts for the niches of my hall; and, believe me, my good friend, I never proceed one step in ornamenting my little farm but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it more agreeable to you, and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favour me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Mr. Fancourt when the trees are green, that is, in May; but I would not have you content yourself with a single visit this summer. If Mr. Hardy, (to whom you will make my compliments,) inclines to favour me so far, you must calculate so as to wait on him whenever he finds it convenient, though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my Lord Dudley comes down. I wonder how he would like the scheme I am upon of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish. I have had a couple of paintings given me since you were here; one of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would hardly purchase at five shillings. However, I am endeavouring to make it out to be one of Carlo Maratt's, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonnas; even so as to be nick-named *Cartucciodelle Madonne* by Salvator Rosa. So letters of the cypher (C. M.) agree; what shall I do with regard to the third? It is a small piece, and sadly blackened. It is about the size (though not quite the shape), of the Bacchus over the parlour-door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry; geese, pullets, ducks, &c. I am also somewhat smitten with a black-bird which I have purchased,—a very fine one,—a brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not fail to send me; but, as I said before, one may easily habituate one's self to cheap amusements, that is, rural ones, (for all town amusements are horridly expensive.) I would have you cultivate your garden; plant flowers; have a bird or two in the

hall; (they will at least amuse your children,) write now and then a song; buy now and then a book; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend and affectionate servant.

P.S. I hope you have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter; for I am ashamed to think that you in particular should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago; she can go a little abroad for joy; tell her I should be proud to show her the Leasowes. Adieu!

LETTER XLVIII.

The Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, to Lady Luxborough.—Spring-weather—Thomson's Castle of Indolence—Shenstone's School-mistress.

HANNAH MORE, while pronouncing, very unjustly, the severest censure upon Shenstone's Correspondence, excepted the letters of the Countess of Hertford, which she thought very pleasant and unaffected productions.

Dear Madam,

Piercy Lodge, May 16, 1748.

How long soever your letters are in coming, they never fail to assure their welcome, by being more agreeable and entertaining, as well as breathing more of friendship, than any body's else have the art of doing. I have been here about a month, and find some little improvements, which were ordered when we went to London, completed; and I think they are not quite unworthy of the name. A piece of waste ground, on the lower side of the Abbey-walk, has been turned into a corn-field, and a turf-walk, about eight feet wide round it, close to a flourishing hawthorn-hedge; on one side there is a thatched seat open on three sides, which pretends to no name of greater dignity

than justly belongs to what it represents, namely, a shepherd's hut: before it there is an irregular piece of turf, which was spared for the sake of some old oaks and beeches which are scattered upon it; and as you are sitting down there, you have, under these boughs, a direct view of Windsor Castle. There are sweet-williams, narcissuses, rose-campions, and such flowers as the hares will not eat, in little borders, round the foot of every tree; and I almost flatter myself that you would not be displeased with the rural appearance of the whole. The rains have given us the strongest verdure I ever saw; our lawns and meadows are enamelled with a profusion of daisies and cowslips; and we have the greatest appearance of fruit that has been seen there many years. I conclude you will read Mr. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*; it is after the manner of Spenser, but I think he does not always keep so close to his style as the author of the *School-Mistress*, whose name I never knew, till you were so good as to inform me of it. I think it a charming poem; and was very much pleased with his ballad of Queen Elizabeth's seeing the Milk-maid. She appears at least, in my humble imagination, in a more natural light, than when we hear of her bullying foreign powers; and cutting off the head of an unhappy queen, who fled to her for protection. But to return to the *Castle of Indolence*, I believe it will afford you much entertainment; there are many pretty paintings in it, but I think the Wizard's Song deserves a preference. "He needs no muse who dictates from his heart." Have you met with two little volumes, which contain four contemplations, written by a Mr. James Hervey, a young Cornish or Devonshire clergyman. The subjects are upon Walking among the Tombs, upon a Flower Garden, upon Night, and upon the Starry Heavens. There is something poetical and truly pious. Now I have got into the impertinance of recommending books to one who is a much better judge than myself, I must name an *Essay on Delicacy*, a subject which, if I were not acquainted with you, and one

or two more, I should imagine had no longer an existence upon our globe.

I sincerely sympathize in the pleasure which you must feel, dear madam, from the extreme good character which everybody gives of your son, and which his behaviour to you proves he deserves; may this, with every other blessing, be long continued to you; and may you always look upon me as a sincere though insignificant friend, as well as a most faithful and obedient, &c.

My lord is at present in London, but I hope he will be here time enough to save the postage of this letter. I should be very glad to see anything of Mr. Shenstone's.

LETTER XLIX.

Mrs. Montagu to the Duchess of Portland.—A letter from the Shades.

MRS. MONTAGU, the daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, was born at York, October 2, 1720, and was, from her childhood, remarkable for vivacity and beauty. She became a letter-writer in her eleventh year; and her correspondence at that age with Lady Margaret Harley, has been preserved. She carried into maturer life all the buoyancy of her youth: her friends called her "*La petite Fidget*." Her residence in Portman-square, the resort of the celebrated Blue Stocking Club, was the centre of the most brilliant society in London. Her literary talents were neither extensive nor profound. The Essay upon Shakspeare, which Johnson said consisted of pack-thread, is a pleasing and discursive review of dramatic poetry, such as might easily be written by an accomplished woman, whose learning was inferior to her taste. When Johnson asserted that not a single sentence of true criticism was to be found in her book, he certainly exceeded the legitimate bounds of criticism. She originates nothing, but some of her re-productions are ingenious and appropriate; of the genius of Ben Jonson, whose *Catiline and Sejanus* Mrs. Montagu vehem-

mently censures, her knowledge appears to have been very superficial; but her remarks upon the French Drama are often just and penetrating. Dying in the Autumn of 1800, Mrs. Montagu lived to behold the dawn of a new era in poetry and in art; to find the *Night Thoughts* of her friend Young superseded by a more gorgeous spirit of imagination; and the *Vicar* of Goldsmith, and the *Evelina* of Miss Burney, almost buried by the overflow of a new school of Romance.

Madam,

1739.

As I always acquaint your grace with my motions from place to place, I think it incumbent upon me to let you know I died last Thursday; having that day expected to hear of a certain duchess, and being disappointed, I fell into a vexation, and from thence into a chagrin, and from that into a melancholy, with a complicated *et cetera*, and so expired, and have since crossed the Styx, though Charon was loth to receive me into the boat. Pluto inquired into the cause of my arrival, and upon telling it him, he said, *that* lady had sent many lovers there by her cruelty, but I was the first friend who was despatched by her neglect. I thought it proper to acquaint you with my misfortune, and therefore called for the pen and ink Mrs. Rowe had used to write her letters from the dead to the living, and consulted with the melancholy lovers you had sent there before me, what I should say to you; one was for beginning "Obdurate Fair," one for addressing you in metre, another in metaphor; but I found those lovers so sublime a set of ghosts, that their advice was no service to me, so I applied to the other inhabitants of Erebus. I went to Ixion for counsel, but his head was so giddy with turning, that he could not give me a steady opinion; Sisyphus was so much out of breath with walking up hill, he could not make me an answer; Tantalus was so dry he could not speak to be understood; and Prometheus had such a gnawing at his stomach, he could not attend to what I said. Presently after I met Eurydice, who asked

me if I could sing a tune, for Pluto had a very good ear, and I might release her for ever, for though

Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet singing a tune was victorious.

I told her that I had no voice, but that there was one Lady Wallingford in the other world, who could sing and play like her own Orpheus, but that I hoped she would not come thither a great while. The fatal sisters said they had much fine thread to spin for her yet, and so Madame Eurydice must wait with patience. Charon says the packet-boat is ready, and ghosts will not wait, so I must take my leave of you to my great grief; for, as Bays in *The Rehearsal* says, "Ghosts are not obliged to speak sense." I could have added a great deal more. Pluto gives his service, and Proserpine is your humble servant. We live here very elegantly; we dine upon essence, like the Duke of N——; we eat and drink the soul and spirit of everything; we are all thin, and well shaped; but what most surprised me was, to see Sir Robert Austin,* who arrived here when I did, a perfect shadow; indeed, I was not so much amazed that he had gone the way of all flesh, as to meet him in the state of all spirit. At first, I took him for Sir ——, his cousin; but upon hearing him say how many ton he was shrunk in circumference, I easily found him out. I shall wait patiently till our packet wafts me a letter from your grace: being now divested of passion, I can, as a ghost, stay a post or two under your neglect, though flesh and blood would not bear it. All that remains of me is,

Your faithful shade,

E. ROBINSON.

Written from Pluto's palace, by darkness visible.

* A very fat man.

LETTER L.

The Poet Thomson to Mr. Paterson.—News from Home.

THE following letter, though wanting a date, is supposed, from the allusion to the publication of *The Castle of Indolence*, to have been written in the April of 1748. Paterson, to whom Thomson devoted one of the stanzas of that exquisite poem, had been his companion, and was then his deputy in the office of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Isles. Paterson was accustomed, as we are informed by Murdoch, “to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were required, for the press or for the stage. This gentleman, likewise, courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius, the German hero. But his play, ‘guiltless as it was, being presented for a license, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward and Eleonoa*, than he cried out, ‘Away with it;’ and the author’s profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.” The play alluded to had been offered by Thomson to the theatre in 1739, but its representation was prohibited on account of some political allusions. In little more than four months after the transmission of this interesting letter, the poet of *The Seasons* was no more. Thomson disliked letter-writing, and his prose is deficient in harmony and grace; but it reflects the man, although the author is for a time forgotten.

Dear Paterson,

In the first place, and previous to my letter; I must recommend to your favour and protection, Mr. James Smith, searcher, in St. Christopher’s; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who, in verity, turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance,—honest, honourable, friendly, and generous. If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry selfish affair,—a pitiful morsel in a corner. Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say, the same case happen to us all. That I have not answered several letters of

yours is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my saying any more upon that head; besides, I have very little to say that is worthy of being transmitted over the great ocean. The world either fertilises so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions upon us. Retirement and nature are more and more my passion every day; and now, even now, the charming time comes on. Heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lane. You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain much to the same dimensions you have done yours. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled,—no, no,—paled in, about as much as my garden consisted of before, so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes in the night. I imagine you reclining under cedars, and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north; slumbers rendered awful and divine by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid noon. At other times, I imagine you drinking punch in groves of lime or orange-trees, gathering pine-apples from hedges as commonly as we may blackberries, poetising under lofty laurels, or making love under full spread myrtles. But, to lower my style a little, as I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why do not you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here in the summer, though they cannot perfect their seed sufficiently in this, to them uncongenial climate to propagate? As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best. Be, as you always must be, just and honest; but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself. Mr. Lyttleton told me that the Grenvilles and he had strongly recommended the

person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there was good hope of succeeding. He told me, also, that Mr. Pitt said that it was not to be expected that offices, such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired; and if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper, whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of the natural ones, there are few men so capable of that imperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind, at least, that proceeds from being reasonable and moderate in our desires as you. These are the treasures dug from an inexhaustible mine in our own breasts, which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had. West, Hallet, and I, were all routed in one day; if you know not why — out of compliment to our friend in Argyll-street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored with interest, some time or other. Oh! that “some time or other” is a great deceiver.

Coriolanus has not yet appeared on the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus* towards him who alone can act *Coriolanus*†. Indeed, the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage, for this season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Paterson; nay, let us be cheerful; at last all will be well, at least all will be over—here I mean: God forbid it should be so hereafter! But, as sure as there is a God, that cannot be. Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the *Castle*

* Garrick.

† Quin.

of *Indolence* comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes. You have an apartment in it as a night pensioner, which you may remember I filled up for you during our delightful party at North End. Will ever those days return again? Do you not remember eating the raw fish that were never caught? All our friends are pretty much *in statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Lyttleton: he has had the severest trial a human tender heart can have*; but the old physician, Time, will at last close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting. Mitcheil† is in the House, for Aberdeenshire, and has spoke modestly well; I hope he will be something else soon,—none deserves better: true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart. . . . Symmer is at last tired of gaiety, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith. I am sorry that honest sensible Warrender, who is in town, seems to be stunted in church preferments: he ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last, it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Patrick Murdoch is in town, tutor to Admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hope of another living in Suffolk. Good-natured, obliging Miller, is as usual. Though the Doctor‡ increases in business, he does not decrease in spleen, that is, both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play; I sometimes, too, have a touch of it. But I must break off that chat with you about your friends, which, were I to indulge in, would be endless. As for politics, we are, I believe, on the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring in present in the siege of Maestricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is a pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege, I take it, they mean as their last

* Death of Mrs. Lyttleton, in the January of 1746—7.

† Afterwards envoy to Berlin.

‡ Dr. Armstrong.

flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home and live in some snug corner as happy as the corycian senex, in Virgil's fourth Georgic, to whom I recommend, both to you and myself, as a perfect model of the honest happy life.

Believe me to be ever
Most sincerely and affectionately yours,
JAMES THOMSON.

LETTER LI.

Goldsmith to Daniel Hodson, Esq. at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.—His situation in London; Affecting remembrance of his Native Village.

IF Johnson had fulfilled his intention of writing the Life of Goldsmith, we might have obtained a narrative, not yielding in interest to the story of Savage; and possessing, at the same time, a livelier and juster claim upon our sympathy. After wandering over Europe on foot, without friends or money, Goldsmith arrived in London, early in 1756. Here the biographer loses sight of him for a season; but it is certain that he sought for temporary relief in the miserable situation of usher in a school: of all offices the most menial and degrading. He has recorded his sufferings under this irksome bondage. "I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to receive civility abroad." Abandoning the scholastic profession for the medical, he became an assistant to a chemist on Fish-street Hill; and soon after, with the aid of a few friends, began to practise as a physician in Bank Side, Southwark. At the house of Dr. Milner of Peckham, Goldsmith happened to meet Griffiths, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. The connexion which was soon after formed between the publisher and the poet, did not continue many months. In the mean time, his medical pursuits were not neglected. In 1757, he published an account of Intermittent Fever during 1746-7-8; and, in March

1758, became a member of the College of Physicians. The following letter was written after his secession from the *Monthly Review*. "In the opening passage," says Mr. Prior, "there is some obscurity. He talks of four years having elapsed since his last letters went to Ireland: this can apply only to such as were addressed to Mr. Hodson, which was correct; but he had written from the continent to his brother Henry, to Mr. Contarine, to Mrs. Lawder, and, it is believed, to Mr. Mills of Roscommon."

It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland, and from you in particular, I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintances in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance in being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have the proper name,) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune, to be so much a debtor, and unable to repay. But to say no more of this; too many professions of gratitude are often considered indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply, was the cause of my present establishment in London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country, where being born an Irishman, was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's end, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation: as there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret.

In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well for us if they only left us at the door; the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainments; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve: and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in first floor, or four pairs of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour. Nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection; unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pays*, as the French call it; unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, but common civility: who never brought anything out of it, except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him "unco thoughtful of his wife and bonnie Inverary." But now to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one perhaps. No. There are good company in Ireland. No. Then perhaps, there is more wit and learning among the Irish. Oh, Lord! No. There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Podareen mare there in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity, and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few men who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the

pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flamstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine, but then I had rather be placed upon the little mount before Lishoy gate, and then take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature. Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severe studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you and Mrs. Hodson sometimes sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though upon second thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland; but first believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure, nor levy contributions; neither to excite envy, nor solicit favour. In fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself; but attribute my vanity to my affection, as every man is fond of himself; and I consider you as a second self, and imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. * * * My dear sir, these

things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a thing done in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest I need not say, (you know I am),

Your affectionate kinsman,

Temple Exchange Coffee-house, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Near Temple-Bar,

(Where you may direct an answer.)

December 27, 1757.

LETTER LII.

The same to his Brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.—

Beginning life at thirty-one; The effects of sorrow upon his disposition.

THIS letter, having no date, is supposed to have been written early in February, 1759. The heroi-comical poem never appears to have grown beyond the specimen which he subsequently introduced, with some additions, into the *Citizen of the World*, and, with a few beneficial alterations, into the *Deserted Village*. Henry Goldsmith, the curate of Kilkenny West, will never be forgotten as the good parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year," which, indeed, was the actual amount of his stipend. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age, lamented by all who were acquainted with the Christian meekness and simplicity of his character.

Dear Sir,

Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect, and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lauder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me, is a

sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books*, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have *subscribed*. The money, which will amount to 60*l.*, may be left with Mr. Bradley as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a bag wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool disgusting beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted an hesitating disagreeable manner

* The *Enquiry into Polite Literature*.

of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have brought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? whence this love for every place and every country, but that in which we reside? for every occupation but our own? This desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding-up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure,) he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are these pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, (take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied

human nature more by experience than precept,) take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often, by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch, who did not thank me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habit of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind: even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances, I would not; for to behold her in distress, without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I made in my former. Just sit down, as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper: it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you; for, believe me, my head has no share in all I write: my heart dictates the whole. Pray give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny*: yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

* His sister, Mrs. Johnson. Her marriage, like that of Mrs. Hodson, was private, but in pecuniary matters much less fortunate.—*Prior*.

Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short: you should have given me your opinion of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you: you remember, I intended to introduce the hero of the poem lying in a paltry ale-house. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:—

The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly showed the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The Game of Goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
A rusty grate, unconscious of a fire;
An unpaid reckoning on the frize was scored,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board.

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay;
With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, &c.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose, and, could a man live by it, it were no unpleasant employment to be a poet.

I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up by only telling you, what you very well know already; I mean, that I am your most affectionate friend and brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LETTER LIII.

Johnson to Boswell.—The proper object of Letter-writing.

WHEN Boswell was setting out on his journey to Holland, Johnson testified the sincerity of his regard and esteem by accompanying him to Harwich. They rested the first night at Colchester, and during supper Boswell began, as he confesses, to tease his companion with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. Johnson corrected his folly in a manner peculiar to himself. "A moth having fluttered round the candle and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me, saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn and quiet tone, 'That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell.'" The gloom of Utrecht, contrasted with the gaiety of London, deepened Boswell's depression, and under its influence he addressed a very desponding letter to Johnson, who took no notice of his complaints. A second communication, written in a happier temper, brought the following reply.

Dear Sir,

London, Dec. 8, 1763.

You are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

To tell you that I am or am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we sat last together, and that your acquaintances continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topics with which those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating; but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire, to

rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell. I shall at present expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased, and the pleasure will still be increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful inquiry.

You will, perhaps, wish to ask, what study I would recommend. I shall not speak of theology, because it ought not to be considered as a question whether you shall endeavour to know the will of God.

I shall, therefore, consider only such studies as we are at liberty to pursue or to neglect; and of these I know not how you will make a better choice, than by studying the civil law, as your father advises, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourself; at least, resolve, while you remain in any settled residence, to spend a certain number of hours every day amongst your books. The dissipation of thought, of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind suspended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loses strength.

If you can but kindle in your mind any strong desire, if you can but keep predominant any wish for some particular excellence or attainment, the gusts of imagination will break away, without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any traces left upon the memory.

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to

himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversions, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affection in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannize over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill was harmless; but, when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when he first set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and the tumult of diversion, that knowledge, and those accomplishments, which mortals of the common fabric obtain only by a mute abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life awhile, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue; he then wished to return to his studies, and, finding long habits of idleness and pleasure harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogative, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever.

Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or

long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the inducements that prevailed over you before.

This, my dear Boswell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you must take from your own reflections, if you purpose to do the duties of the station to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will be a favour if you can get me any books in the Frisick language, and can inquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. Thrale.—Old Friends.

THIS is the first letter, Mr. Croker observes, in which we perceive that coldness towards Mrs. Thrale, which had, however, existed for some time. The allusion to the friends he had lost is solemnly pathetic. Johnson was now in his seventy-fourth year; and, looking back upon the brilliant circle in which he had been accustomed to display his wonderful powers of conversation and eloquence, he could not but recal, with sensations of sadness, him whose death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations; and him, of whom he had declared, that he touched nothing he did not adorn. Many years before he had dismissed his *Dictionary* with "frigid indifference," as having no relatives or friends whom his success could gratify. But these feelings of gloomy dissatisfaction never overcame the natural sagacity of his understanding. "If a man does not make new acquaintance," he remarked to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." The moralist realized his own theory.

Johnson had visited, during his tour to Wales, the seat of Lord Kilmurry, of whom mention is made, and significantly noted in his *Journal*, that "he showed the place with too much exultation."

Dear Madam,

London, Nov. 13, 1783.

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for awhile be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, everything heard and everything seen recalls some pleasure communicated or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotton me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurry as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch *. What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remem-

* Sir Lynch Cotton. See Johnson's *Journal of the Tour to Wales*.

and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his want of taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, "Tully had his Marcus." If the sons resembled, as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity, I would be the modest, agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst. I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the Board of Trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk-handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper the other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there was John Price, alias Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Curse-mother, all of Hawkhurst, in Kent. When Miss Harriot is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but new brandy.

As jolly and abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off, as to one born a hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham, to go with her to Vauxhall. I went, accordingly, to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet door stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland. We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned except Sir Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but, alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March,

Mr. Whitehead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him.—“My lord, my lord, why don’t you see us?” We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody. She said, “Do you go with us, or are *you going anywhere else?*” “I don’t go with you, I am going *somewhere else;*” and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Loyd, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, “Poor girls! I am sorry to see them in such bad company.” Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel,—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived, very drunk, from Jenny’s Whim. . . . At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizard of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince

chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we expecting every minute to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty*, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien, arrived from Ireland, who would get the duchess† of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she was still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, "Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry." She replied immediately, "I won't, you hussey:" you may imagine the laugh which this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, "Now anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, 'I won't, you jade.'" In short the whole air of the party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the prince had invited him and Dick Lyttleton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former; then cut, and told them

* Betty Neale, who for many years lived in St. James's-street, in a small house with a bow window, on the western side, afterwards occupied by Martindale. It had not the appearance of a shop, but was exactly as it now is. It had been built by subscription for her, and was, in fact, the rendezvous of the opposition party, who met at her house every day.—Note to *Correspondence*, edition of 1837.

† Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, married to Mr. Hussey.

he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of *losing more than they would like*. Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale, that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's bon-mots.

LETTER LVI.

The same to the same.—The Funeral of George the Second.

Arlington Street, November 13, 1760.

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying to other night: I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, the bells tolling, and minute guns—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one would not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate,

and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part, was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend;—think how unpleasant a situation. He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted with the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.

LETTER LVII.

Sterne to Garrick.—Urging his Return to the Stage.

OF Sterne's correspondence, a curious anecdote is related by one of Hannah More's sisters. "Mrs. Medalle (Sterne's daughter) sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them: among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer that, as there appeared nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works, sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them." We are not informed whether Wilkes complied with this singular request. Literature, however, has not suffered by the loss of so many of Sterne's letters. His epistolary style has all the faults, with very few of the excellencies, of his works; it is full of theatrical starts of passion; and even his expressions of sympathy and regard seem to be spoken in character. When this letter was written, Garrick was upon the continent, where he had been residing since the autumn of 1763. He returned to England in the April of 1765. Powell, to whom Sterne alludes, is described as "a young man from Sir Robert Ladbroke's counting-house in the city; with slender education, few means of study, not striking in his person, but possessing an ardent love for acting, and the faculty of strongly interesting the passions of the audience." Such was the fickleness of the popular taste, that the town, which had begun to weary of Garrick, thronged to see his successor. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that the youthful actor, in the height of his success, remembered and venerated his illustrious master.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you! my dear Garrick!—my dear friend! foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and so full was I of that very sentiment, that my letter had not been put into the post-office ten minutes, before my heart smote me; and I sent to recal it—but failed. You are sadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I

recriminated upon my false delicacy in the affair. Garrick's nerves, (if he has any left,) are as fine and delicately spun as thy own—his sentiments as honest and friendly; thou knowest, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? -Puppy! fool! coxcomb! jackass! &c. &c.; and so I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in your way. I say your way—for it is not stated so much to your honour and credit, as I had passed the account before; for it was a most lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendship meant me, except whilst in Paris. O! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return. Return—return to the few who love you, and the thousands who admire you. The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you, by some magic, irresistible power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever. Nature, with Glory at her back, will light up the torch within you; and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years.

Heaven be praised! (I utter it from my soul) that your lady and Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windsor—full rapturously will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will sacrifice with the purest incense to her; but you may worship with me, or not, 'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion; still, (after all I have seen) I still maintain her peerless.

Powell—good heaven! give me some one with less smoke and more fire. There are, who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking. Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobihorsically—but most sentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours, (that is, if you never say another word about ——) with all the sentiments of love and friendship you deserve from me.

LETTER LVIII.

The Earl of Chatham to his Nephew; Thomas Pitt.—
How to conduct himself at Cambridge.—Religion
the perfection and glory of human nature.*

It was in the Senate, as seen in Cowper's noble description,

With all his country beaming in his face—

that Chatham appeared in the full splendour and majesty of his genius. Lord Chesterfield, one of his acutest and most accomplished contemporaries, declared that the dignity of his action and countenance terrified his opponents; and that even the arms of a Campbell and a Mansfield "fell from their hands, as they shrank under the ascendant which his genius gained over them." Sir Robert Walpole used to say to his friends, that he should be delighted "at any rate to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse." Mr. Pitt, on leaving the University, had entered the army as a cornet in the Blues, and in 1735 was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Old Sarum. The intellectual physiognomy of Chatham was of a severe and commanding order; his genius was eminently practical; and while no person ever surpassed him in the lofty aspirations and generous enthusiasm of patriotism, few have equalled him in their calm and Christian application. His private character shone with a lustre very different from the unhealthy glare of political fame. The recent publication of his Correspondence, presents him under an engaging aspect, and enables the reader to admire the husband and the father, not less than the statesman and the orator.

My dear Nephew,

Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me, before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have writ soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If

* Thomas Pitt was the only son of Mr. Pitt's elder brother. He was born in 1737, was created Lord Camelford in 1783, and died at Florence, in 1793.

anything, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly (and of real misery and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit), which has opened to you at your college; and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheeler*; and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, generous love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions, let this be your rule. Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr. Wheeler, which you have so fortunately begun; and in general be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge; namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty; to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire further information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or, if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which

* Rev. John Wheeler, prebendary of Westminster; the friendship thus commenced, continued until the death of Lord Camelford.

that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as, "begging pardon," "begging leave to doubt," and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity: but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction, which is, to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things, and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truth, prejudices for principles: and when that is once done, (no matter how vainly and weakly), the adhering, perhaps, to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them: and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward estimation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt.

I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn. I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is big with the deepest wisdom:—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and an upright heart, that is understanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger, the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as precious as you will fly, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last, the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember, the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum jus fasque animi, sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you

have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world. I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly I am yours.

LETTER LIX.

Lord Chesterfield to his Son.—How to form a Latin Style.—Unchangeableness of Truth.—Berkeley's Theory of Matter.—Letter-writing.

IF Virgil had selected Bavius to revise and complete the *Æneid*, or Milton had submitted the *Paradise Lost* to the censorship of Waller, they would scarcely have exceeded the folly of Chesterfield, in assigning to Mr. Harte the execution of that Code of Politeness which he had prepared with so much diligence. This gentleman, whom the most polished nobleman in England engaged to superintend the studies of his son, could neither speak nor write with elegance or ease, and was not less insensible to harmony of manners, than to harmony of sounds. His vanity equalled his pedantry. When his *History of Gustavus Adolphus* was on the eve of publication, he quitted London, to escape the anticipated congratulations of delighted criticism.

London, September the 27th, O. S., 1748.

Dear Boy,

I have received your Latin Lecture upon War, which, though it is not exactly the same Latin that Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid spoke, is, however, as good Latin as the erudite Germans speak or write! I have always observed that the most learned people, that is, those who have read the most Latin, write the worst; and that distinguishes the Latin of a gentleman scholar, from that of a pedant. A gentleman has probably read no other Latin than that of the Augustan age; and therefore can write no other; whereas the pedant has read much more bad Latin than good; and consequently writes so too. He looks upon the

best classical books, as books for school-boys, and consequently below him; but pores over fragments of obscure authors, treasures up the obsolete words which he meets with there, and uses them upon all occasions, to show his reading, at the expense of his judgment. Plautus is his favourite author, not for the sake of the wit and the *vis comica* of his comedies, but upon account of the many obsolete words, and the cant of low characters, which are to be met with nowhere else. He will rather use *olli* than *illi*, *optumé* than *optimè*, and any bad word rather than any good one, provided he can but prove that, strictly speaking, it is Latin; that is, that it was written by a Roman. By this rule, I might now write to you in the language of Chaucer or Spenser, and assert that I wrote English, because it was English in those days; but I should be a most affected puppy if I did so, and you would not understand three words of my letter. All these, and such-like affected peculiarities, are the characteristics of learned coxcombs and pedants, and are carefully avoided by all men of sense.

I dipped accidentally the other day into Pitiscus's preface to his Lexicon, where I found a word that puzzled me, and that I did not remember ever to have met with before. It is the adverb *præfisciné*, which means, *in a good hour*; an expression, which, by the superstition of it, appears to be low and vulgar. I looked for it, and at last I found that it is once or twice made use of in Plautus; upon the strength of which this learned pedant thrusts it into his preface. Whenever you write Latin, remember that every word or phrase which you make use of, but cannot find in Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, is bad, illiberal Latin, though it may have been written by a Roman.

I must now say something as to the matter of the Lecture; in which, I confess, there is one doctrine laid down that surprises me: it is this; "*Quum vero hostis sit lenta citave morte omnia dira nobis minitans quocunque bellantibus*

negotium est, parum sane interfuerit quo modo eum obruere et interficere satagamus si ferociam exuere cunctetur. - Ergo veneno quoque uti fas est, &c. Whereas I cannot conceive that the use of poison can, upon any account, come within the lawful means of self-defence. Force may, without doubt, be justly repelled by force, but not by treachery and fraud; for some call the stratagems of war, such as ambuscades, masked batteries, false attacks, &c., frauds or treachery; they are mutually to be expected and guarded against; but poisoned arrows, poisoned waters, or poison administered to your enemy (which can be only done by treachery) I have always heard, read, and thought to be unlawful and infamous means of defence, be your danger ever so great; but *si ferociam exuere cunctetur*; must I rather die than poison this enemy? Yes, certainly; much rather die than do a base or criminal action: nor can I be sure, before-hand, that this enemy may not, in the last moment, *ferociam exuere*. But the Public Lawyers, now, seem to me, rather to warp the law, in order to authorise, than to check, those unlawful proceedings of Princes and States; which, by being become common, appear less criminal; though custom can never alter the nature of good and ill.

Pray let no quibbles of Lawyers, no refinements of Casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason and plain common sense suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be termed, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal. I do not know a crime in the world which is not, by the Casuists among the Jesuits (especially the twenty-four collected, I think, by Escobar), allowed in some, or many cases, not to be criminal. The principles first laid down by them are

often specious, the reasonings plausible, but the conclusions always a lie; for it is contrary to that evident and undeniable rule of justice, which I have mentioned above, of not doing to any one what you would not have him do to you. But, however, these refined pieces of casuistry and sophistry, being very convenient and welcome to people's passions and appetites, they gladly accept the indulgence, without desiring to detect the fallacy of the reasoning; and indeed, many, I might say most, people are not able to do it; which makes the publication of such quibblings and refinements the more pernicious. I am no skilful casuist nor subtle disputant, and yet I would undertake to justify and qualify the profession of a highwayman, step by step, and so plausibly, as to make many ignorant people embrace the profession, as an innocent, if not even a laudable one; and to puzzle people of some degree of knowledge, to answer me point by point. I have seen a book intituled *Quidlibet ex Quolibet*, or the Art of making anything out of anything; which is not so difficult as it would seem, if once one quits certain plain truths, obvious in gross to every understanding, in order to run after the ingenious refinements of warm imaginations and speculative reasonings. Doctor Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, a very worthy, ingenious, and learned man, has wrote a book to prove, that there is no such thing as matter, and that nothing exists but in idea; that you and I only fancy ourselves eating, drinking, and sleeping; you at Leipzig, and I at London: that we think we have flesh and blood, legs, arms, &c., but that we are only spirit. His arguments are, strictly speaking, unanswerable; but yet I am so far from being convinced by them, that I am determined to go on to eat and drink, and walk and ride, in order to keep that *matter*, which I so mistakenly imagine my body at present to consist of, in as good plight as possible. Common sense (which, in truth, is very uncommon), is the best sense I know of; abide by it: it will counsel you best. Read and hear, for your amusement, ingenious systems, nice

questions, subtilly agitated, with all the refinements that warm imaginations suggest; but consider them only as exercitations for the mind, and return always to settle with common sense.

I stumbled the other day, at a bookseller's, upon *Comte de Gabalis*, in two very little volumes, which I had formerly read. I read it over again, and with fresh astonishment. Most of the extravagancies are taken from the Jewish Rabbins, who broached those wild notions, and delivered them in the unintelligible jargon which the Cabalists and Rosierucians deal in to this day. Their number is, I believe, much lessened, but there are still some; and I myself have known two, who studied and firmly believed in that mystical nonsense. What extravagancy is not man capable of entertaining, when once his shackled reason is led in triumph by fancy and prejudice! The ancient Alchymists gave very much into this stuff, by which they thought they should discover the Philosophers' Stone; and some of the most celebrated empirics employed it in the pursuit of the Universal Medicine. Paracelsus, a bold empiric and wild cabalist, asserted that he had discovered it, and called it his *Alkahest*. Why, or wherefore, God knows; only that those madmen call nothing by an intelligible name. You may easily get this book from the Hague: read it, for it will both divert and astonish you; and at the same time teach you *Nil admirari*,—a very necessary lesson.

Your letters, except when upon a given subject, are exceedingly laconic, and neither answer my desires, nor the purpose of letters; which should be familiar conversations between absent friends. As I desire to live with you upon the footing of an intimate friend, and not of a parent, I could wish that your letters gave me more particular accounts of yourself, and of your lesser transactions. When you write to me, suppose yourself conversing freely with me, by the fire-side. In that case, you would naturally mention the inci-

dents of the day; as where you had been, whom you had seen, what you thought of them, &c. Do this in your letters: acquaint me sometimes with your studies, sometimes with your diversions; tell me of any new persons and characters that you meet with in company, and add your own observations upon them; in short, let me see more of you in your letters. How do you go on with Lord Pulteney; and how does he go on at Leipzig? Has he learning, has he parts, has he application? Is he good or ill-natured? In short, what is he; at least, what do you think him? You may tell me without reserve, for I promise you secrecy. You are now of an age, that I am desirous of beginning a confidential correspondence with you; and, as I shall, on my part, write you very freely my opinion upon men and things, which I should often be very unwilling that anybody but you or Mr. Harte should see; so, on your part, if you write me without reserve, you may depend upon my inviolable secrecy. If you have ever looked into the letters of Madame de Sevigné, to her daughter Madame de Grignan, you must have observed the ease, freedom, and friendship of that correspondence; and yet I hope, and believe, that they did not love one another better than we do. Tell me what books you are now reading, either by way of study or amusement; how you pass your evenings when at home, and where you pass them when abroad. I know you go sometimes to Madame Valentin's assembly. What do you there; do you play, or sup, or is it only *la belle conversation*? Do you mind your dancing, while your dancing-master is with you? As you will be often under the necessity of dancing a minuet, I would have you dance it very well. Remember that the graceful motion of the arms, the giving your hand, and the putting on, and the pulling off your hat genteelly, are the material parts of a gentleman's dancing. But the greatest advantage of dancing well, is, that it necessarily teaches you to present yourself, to sit, stand, and walk genteelly; all of which are of real importance to a man of fashion.

I should wish that you were polished, before you go to Berlin ; where, as you will be in a great deal of good company, I would have you have the right manners for it. It is a very considerable article to have *le ton de la bonne compagnie*, in your destination particularly. The principal business of a foreign minister is, to get into the secrets, and to know all *les allures* of the Courts at which he resides ; this he can never bring about, but by such a pleasing address, such engaging manners, and such an insinuating behaviour, as may make him sought for, and in some measure domestic, in the best company and the best families of the place. He will, then, indeed, be well informed of all that passes ; either by the confidences made him, or by the carelessness of people in his company : who are accustomed to look upon him as one of them, and consequently (are) not upon their guard before him. For a Minister, who only goes to the Court he resides at in form, to ask an audience of the Prince or the Minister, upon his last instructions, puts them upon their guard, and will never know anything more than what they have a mind that he should know. Here women may be put to some use. A King's mistress, or a Minister's wife or mistress, may give great and useful information ; and are very apt to do it, being proud to show that they have been trusted. But then, in this case, the height of that sort of address which strikes women, is requisite ; I mean that easy politeness, graceful and genteel address, and that *extérieur brillant*, which they cannot withstand. There is a sort of men so like women, that they are to be taken just in the same way,—I mean those who are commonly called *fine men*, who swarm at all Courts,—who have little reflection, and less knowledge ; but who, by their good-breeding and *train-tran* of the world, are admitted into all companies ; and, by the imprudence or carelessness of their superiors, pick up secrets worth knowing, and easily got out of them by proper address. Adieu.

LETTER LX.

*To the Same.—Good-Breeding ; a Courtier's Advice
how to rise in the World.*

It is well known, that Mr. Stanhope never filled up the outline of his father. Boswell, who met him when he was Envoy at Dresden, says, that without possessing the Graces, he was a decent, sensible, well-behaved person.

London, November the 14th, O.S., 1749.

Dear Boy,

There is a natural good-breeding which occurs to every man of common sense, and is practised by every man of common good-nature. This good-breeding is general, independent of modes ; and consists in endeavours to please, and oblige our fellow-creatures by all good offices, short of moral duties. This will be practised by a good-natured American savage, as essentially as by the best-bred European. But then, I do not take it to extend to the sacrifice of our own conveniencies for the sake of other people's. Utility introduced this sort of good-breeding, as it introduced commerce ; and established a truck of the little *agréments* and pleasures of life. I sacrifice such a conveniency to you, you sacrifice another to me ; this commerce circulates, and every individual finds his account in it upon the whole. The third sort of good-breeding is local, and is variously modified, in not only different countries, but in different towns of the same country. But it must be founded upon the two former sorts : they are the matter ; to which, in this case, Fashion and Custom only give the different shapes and impressions. Whoever has the two first sorts, will easily acquire this third sort of good-breeding, which depends singly upon attention and observation. It is properly the polish, the lustre, the last finishing stroke, of good-breeding. It is to be found only in capitals, and even

there it varies: the good-breeding of Rome differing, in some things, from that of Paris: that of Paris, in others, from that of Madrid; and that of Madrid, in many things, from that of London. A man of sense, therefore, carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good-breeding, what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture; and which the vulgar have no notion of, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally, and not servilely: he copies, but does not mimic. These personal Graces are of very great consequence. They anticipate the sentiments, before merit can engage the understanding: and they captivate the heart, and gave rise, I believe, to the extravagant notions of Charms and Philtres. Their effects were so surprising, that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best-bred men, and the handsomest and genteelest women, give the most Philtres; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well-dressed, but shining in your dress: let it have *du brillant*: I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. The women like and require it; they think it an attention due to them; but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for, surely, by this time, you must have caught a good air in good company. When you went from hence, you were not naturally awkward; but your awkwardness was adventitious and Westmonasterial. Leipzig, I apprehend, is not the seat of the Graces; and I

presume you acquired none there. But now, if you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. Besides, *la belle danse donne du brillant à un jeune homme*. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merit, and Graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*; be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half a dozen women of fashion say, *Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable*. All this I do not mean singly with regard to women, as the principal object; but with regard to men, and with a view of making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women please men; and a man, whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and connect men, much easier and more than he would otherwise. You must be sensible that you cannot rise in the world, without forming connexions, and engaging different characters to conspire in your point. You must make them your dependants, without their knowing it, and dictate to them while you seem to be directed by them. Those necessary connexions can never be formed, or preserved, but by an uninterrupted series of complaisance, attentions, politeness, and some constraint. You must engage their hearts, if you would have their support; you must watch the *mollia tempora*, and captivate them by the *agrémens* and charms of conversation. People will not be called out to your service, only when you want them; and, if you expect to receive strength from them, they must receive either pleasure or advantage from you.

I received, in this instant, a letter from Mr. Harte, of the 2d, N.S., which I will answer soon; in the mean time I return him my thanks for it through you. The constant good accounts which he gives me of you, will make me suspect him of partiality, and think him *le médecin tant mieux*. Consider, therefore, what weight any future deposition of his against you, must necessarily have with me. As, in that case, he will be a very unwilling, he must consequently be a very important witness. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

Lowth to Warburton.—A Vindication of his Conduct.

No quarrel of authors ever awakened a livelier sensation in the republic of letters, than the controversy between Warburton and Lowth. It arose out of a very trifling circumstance. Lowth, in the Supplement to his *Prælectiones*, had mentioned the punishment of idolatry under the patriarchal œconomy, in the families, and under the sovereignty, of Abraham, Melchisedec, Job, and others. Warburton took offence at an opinion which he regarded as intentionally hostile to his own. His displeasure, however, apparently subsided before the temperate and dignified explanation of Lowth. But the fire only smouldered, and, in a new edition of *The Divine Legation of Moses*, the flame broke out with great violence. In reply to the accusations of his unexpected antagonist, Lowth produced that famous *Letter*, which will always occupy a prominent place in polemical literature. Gibbon commended the polish and poignancy of the style, and said that it obtained the victory even by "the silent confession of Warburton and his slaves." Lowth considered himself a master of the English language; and he was entitled to think so. In this noble vindication he combined, with the earnest simplicity of Swift, a purity of sentiment, and a propriety of expression, not always associated in the pages of the Dean of St. Patrick's. His striking attitudes of defiance, while they display the nervous proportions of his intellectual stature, rarely degenerate into contortions; and, while he lashes his opponent with a giant's strength, he seems to do so from a giant's

elevation. Throughout the Letter he wears the calm and graceful demeanour of conscious superiority, and appears, as Dryden said of Horace, to make his most "desperate passes with a smile."

When the grave had closed upon Warburton, Lowth, and Jortin, and Hurd already lingered upon the verge of three-score years and ten, the recollection of their early contention was revived by the publication, in 1789, of *Tracts by Warburton*, and a *Warburtonian*; to which Dr. Parr prefixed a Dedication to Bishop Hurd, which a very sagacious and reflective critic, whose judgments upon books were the fruit of tranquil study, has numbered with Burke's Speech to the Electors of Bristol, and Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare. It is undoubtedly composed in a strain of lofty and impassioned declamation; the invective is bitter; and the portraits of Warburton and Hurd, of Leland and Jortin, are painted with great vigour of pencil, and great brilliancy of colouring. The parallel between Warburton and his friend is written with extraordinary power, acuteness, and injustice. "He blundered against grammar, and you refined against idiom. He, from defect of taste, contaminated English by Gallicism, and you, from excess of affectation, sometimes disgraced what would have risen to ornamental and dignified writing, by a profuse mixture of vulgar or antiquated phraseology. He soared into sublimity without effort, and you, by effort, sunk into a kind of familiarity, which, without leading to perspicuity, borders upon meanness. He was great by the energies of nature, and you were little by the misapplication of art. He, to show his strength, piled up huge and rugged masses of learning, and you, to show your skill, split and shivered them into what your brother critic calls *ψηγματα και απαυωματα**. He sometimes reached the force of Longinus, but without his elegance, and you exhibited the intricacies of Aristotle, but without his exactness."

The virulence of Parr's reproaches against Hurd is not to be justified; but the reader's resentment may be mitigated by the remembrance, that he wrote under an inaginary sense of personal insult, and that gratitude for the patronage of Lowth, who had made him a prebendary of St. Paul's, naturally enrolled him among the opponents of Warburton.

* Longinus, Sect. 10.

Dear Sir,

Winchester, Sept. 9, 1756.

Our good friends, Dr. C. and Mr. S., have, agreeably to your desire, communicated to me some particulars of the conversation, which you have lately had with them relating to me ; from which I collect, that you think you have reason to be offended with me on account of some things which I have said in my Prelections on the subject of the Book of Job, which you look upon as aimed against you ; and that you expect that I should explain myself on this head. I am much obliged to you for the regard which you have been pleased to express for me, and for your candid and generous manner of dealing with me on this occasion ; and I shall endeavour to return it by dealing as fairly and as openly with you.

The reasons for my treating of the Book of Job in the manner which I have done, lest they should be mistaken, I have there given ; and, that I might not give offence, have prefaced those Lectures with an Apology, which was perhaps unnecessary. Having examined and considered the subject as well as I was able, I found myself obliged to differ in opinion from several writers of great authority in the republic of letters ; such as Grotius, Le Clerc, Bishop Hare, yourself, and many others : it was not my business, and much less was it my desire, to enter into a formal dispute with any one ; all I had to do was to declare in a few words my own sentiments, and to explain my hypothesis, so far as to make myself understood when I came to treat of the subject which it was absolutely necessary for me to treat of, as being a principal and essential part of my plan. I thought the Book of Job the most ancient extant, that it had no relation to the affairs of the Israelites, that it was neither allegorical, nor properly dramatic ; in all which I disagreed not only with you, but with one, or other, or all, of the authors above mentioned, and a hundred others, whom I need not name to you now, nor was it at all more necessary for me to name them then. You

seem to think I ought to have quoted you, or referred to your book; and a friend of yours charges me with writing against you, and being afraid of you. Your friend is mistaken in both these particulars, and the ground of your complaint I cannot possibly comprehend. Why should I single out you, and attack you for opinions, which were common to you with twenty other authors of note? would this have been a mark of respect to you? would it not rather have argued a busy and litigious spirit in me? There were several living writers, of great learning and eminence, who stood just in the same situation with regard to me, that you did. What should I have done? Should I have agreed with you all? That was impossible. Should I have complimented you all, or should I have contended with you all? To have done either would have been equally unnecessary and impertinent. I have never heard that any of those gentlemen were angry with me, for acting with respect to them just in the same manner as I have done with respect to you.

But you, too, it seems, think that I have written against you; that is, that I have aimed at you in particular, and attacked opinions that are peculiarly yours. I have upon this occasion taken a review of your Dissertation, and of my own Lectures, and cannot find upon what it is that you ground this charge. I have marked the passages in the latter which seem most likely to have given you umbrage, and beg you would give yourself the trouble to turn to them, p. 312. *Nunquam in dubium, &c.* This cannot possibly be understood of you, being plainly restrained to those who conclude, that if the poem be parabolical, therefore the story is fictitious; the absurdity of which you yourself expose. In p. 319, I refer to the dispute on the text supposed to relate to the Resurrection; to the bishop of London, Dr. Hodges, &c. I believe I had not you then in my thoughts; however, if I had, I see nothing that should offend you or any one. Page 320, observe, that I speak of the opinion, that the Poem is

dramatic, as what has for some time almost universally prevailed among the learned. Besides, I do not see how the question whether the Poem be strictly dramatic or not, at all affects your main argument. So that Discourse upon the whole cannot be supposed to be directed against you. In the next page I point out more particularly the authors whom I have in view, by using their own expressions, *loquuntur enim*, &c. To give you full satisfaction here, and at the same time to save you and myself the trouble of a multitude of references, I beg leave to refer you only to two short passages in Bishop Hare's note at the end of the 107th Psalm; and Calmet's Preface to Job, about the middle; the passage begins with, *Mais sans nier*, &c., where you will find enough to account for everything I have there said, and even for every expression which I have used. If there are any other passages which offend you as meant of you particularly, I assure you most sincerely that they have escaped my notice: be so good as to point them out to me, and I will endeavour to give you further satisfaction. Upon the whole, I did not mean to offend; neither do I think I have given any cause of offence. The subject lay at least as much in my way as it did in yours: I had as good a right to pursue my subject, and to deliver my sentiments with freedom, as you had. I could not have spoken upon it at all without dissenting from you in conjunction with many others, and I don't know how I could have signified my dissent more inoffensively. I cannot have misrepresented your particular notions, for I never intended to represent them at all, nor had I anything to do with them. Nay, as far as I can recollect, I verily believe, that at the time I wrote those Lectures, I had not your book before me; so far was it from my intention to cavil at your Dissertation. In a word, my Lectures, and every expression in them, might have stood just as they do now, though your Dissertation on Job had never been written.

I beg the continuance of that regard and esteem, which

you have been so kind as to express towards me ; I will not now tell you how highly I shall prize it ; your friend above mentioned, the author of the *Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship**, has stopped my mouth, and makes me very cautious of saying anything that may be construed into flattery or fear of you. I call him your friend, because I suppose he pretends to be so: what your opinion of him is, I cannot tell: but I think you owe him little thanks for his pains. He has at least shown more zeal than discretion in the undertaking, and more malevolent wit, than good sense or honest intention in the performance; the manifest tendency of which is to sow strife, and to foment discord ; and its natural effect, if it has any, must be to lessen the number of those who wish well to you and your designs ; and I say so much of it in order to assure you that it will not have that effect with me.

As to my opinions, if they stand at all in your way, and if you should think them worthy of your notice, I ask not your favour for them ; you will treat them as you shall think your own cause, and the cause of truth, requires. I do not as yet see any reason to depart from them ; but am not so fond of them as to be inclined to enter into a dispute with any one in defence of them. I shall be offended with no man merely for differing from me in sentiment upon any subject, much less upon points so very doubtful, and upon which no two persons, out of all that examine and judge for themselves, either ever have agreed, or probably ever will perfectly agree. As to the manner in which you shall treat of them, I leave it entirely to your own consideration ; I shall be very little concerned about it. If you use me otherwise than I deserve, your own character will suffer, and not

* The *Delicacy of Friendship*, a Seventh Dissertation ; addressed to the Author of the Fifth, printed 1755, and supposed to have been written by Hurd. It was an attack upon Jortin, who had previously published "Six Dissertations on Different Subjects," which kindled against him the wrath of Warburton.

mine. Lay aside all regard to me upon this occasion; but respect Yourself and the Public.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
R. L.

LETTER LXII.

Beattie to the Hon. Charles Boyd.—His own Character delineated.—Pope.

No person has written of Beattie with a sincerer interest, or with a fresher glow of sympathy, than Cowper. In a letter to his friend Mr. Unwin, he says, "Beattie, the most agreeable and amiable man I ever met with; the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination that makes even the driest subjects and the leanest a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease, too, that his character appears in every page; and, which is very rare, we see, not only the writer, but the man; and that man so gentle, so well-tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely." This is, indeed, a very beautiful portrait, which could have been painted only by one of similar taste and disposition. He who delights in the *Task*, will be equally attached to the *Minstrel*; for both poems speak to the heart, and all its tenderest affections. Cowper, musing along the lanes of Weston, might well recall the young enthusiast sitting among the tombs of Laurence-kirk, or waiting upon the uplands for the dawn of day. The exquisite picture which Beattie gives of himself in the *Minstrel*, has all the life and beauty of Cowper—

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.—

But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

The *Minstrel* was the favourite companion, in his walks, of Wilberforce, when a child; and Southey has noticed the affection existing for Beattie, among a certain class, and during a certain period of life; that class, he says, a high one; and that stage, perhaps, the most delightful in their pilgrimage.

Mr. Boyd, (we are informed by Sir William Forbes,) the second son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, was a very accomplished scholar, possessing considerable humour, and writing verses with facility. His friendship and correspondence with Beattie continued till his death, in the August of 1782.

Aberdeen, 19th November, 1766.

Of all the chagrins with which my present infirm state of health is attended, none afflicts me more than my inability to perform the duties of friendship. The offer which you were generously pleased to make me of your correspondence, flatters me extremely; but, alas! I have not as yet been able to avail myself of it. While the good weather continued, I strolled about the country, and made many strenuous attempts to run away from this odious giddiness; but the more I struggled, the more closely it seemed to stick by me. About a fortnight ago the hurry of my winter business began; and, at the same time, my malady recurred with more violence than ever, rendering me at once incapable of reading, writing, and thinking. Luckily, I am now a little better, so as to be able to read a page, and write a sentence or two, without stopping, which, I assure you, is a very great matter. My hopes and my spirits begin to revive once more. I flatter myself I shall even get rid of this infirmity; nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming a *great man*. For, have I not head-aches like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes, (for fear of corns,) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes, (though not of *lippitude*,) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing, invested with a garment not less

ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air). I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rozinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. This last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great: I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other *great men*; but if Fortune is not influenced in my favour, by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thought of soliciting her patronage on the score of my resembling great men in their good qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject, that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well-rounded period; and, you know, a short ill-turned speech is very improper to be used in an address to a female deity.

Do not you think there is a sort of antipathy between philosophical and poetical genius? I question whether any one person was ever eminent for both. Lucretius lays aside the poet when he assumes the philosopher, and the philosopher when he assumes the poet. In the one character he is truly excellent, in the other he is absolutely nonsensical. Hobbes was a tolerable metaphysician, but his poetry is the worst that ever was. Pope's *Essay on Man*, is the finest philosophical poem in the world; but it seems to me to do more honour to the imagination than to the understanding of its author: I mean, its sentiments are noble and affecting, its images and allusions apposite, beautiful, and new; its wit transcendently excellent; but the scientific part of it is very exceptionable. Whatever Pope borrows from Leibnitz, like most other metaphysical theories, is frivolous and unsatis-

fyng ; what Pope gives us of his own, is energetic, irresistible, and divine. The incompatibility of philosophical and poetical genius is, I think, no unaccountable thing. Poetry exhibits the general qualities of a species ; philosophy, the particular qualities of individuals. *This* forms its conclusions from a painful and minute examination of single instances ; *that* decides instantaneously, either from its own instinctive sagacity, or from a singular and unaccountable penetration, which at one glance sees all the instances where the philosopher must leisurely and progressively scrutinize, one by one. This persuades you gradually, and by detail ; the other overpowers you in an instant by a single effort. Observe the effect of argumentation in poetry ; we have too many instances of it in Milton ; it transforms the noblest thoughts into drawling inferences, and the most beautiful language into prose : it checks the tide of passion, by giving the mind a different employment in the comparison of ideas. A little philosophical acquaintance with the most beautiful parts of nature, both in the material and immaterial system, is of use to a poet, and gives grace and solidity to poetry, as may be seen in the *Georgics*, the *Seasons*, and the *Pleasures of Imagination* : but this acquaintance, if it is anything more than superficial, will do a poet rather harm than good ; and will give his mind that turn for minute observation, which enfeebles the fancy, by restraining it, and counteracts the native energy of judgment, by rendering it fearful and suspicious.

LETTER LXIII.

Hannah More to Mrs. Gwatkin.—Picture of Hampton Court.—Pope's Villa at Twickenham.—Garrick's House.

HANNAH MORE visited London, accompanied by two of her sisters, in 1773 or 4, and was soon after introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. She remained in London about six weeks. Mrs. Gwatkin resided near Bristol, and is described as one of Miss More's earliest and firmest friends. The letter is without a date.

My dear Madam,

Hampton Court.

At length I have the pleasure of being well enough to be suffered to gratify my inclination to pay a visit to this most charming and delightful place. I have been here these three days, but till this morning could not venture to visit the palace, which, to a weak person, is a very great undertaking, and I cannot but felicitate myself upon having accomplished it without the least fatigue. I think, madam, I have heard you say you have never seen this palace; but I hope, if you come to town in the spring, as you sometimes promise, your curiosity will excite you to it. It is the second sight (the museum was the first,) that ever, with me, more than satisfied a raised expectation.

This immense edifice is rather like a town than a palace, and I would not pretend to venture out of the apartment we are in without a clue of thread in my hand to bring me back by. The private apartments are almost all full; they are all occupied by people of fashion, mostly of quality; and it is astonishing to me that people of large fortune will solicit for them. Mr. Lowndes has apartments next to these, notwithstanding he has an estate of 4000*l.* a-year. In the opposite one lives Lady Augusta Fitzroy. You know she is the mother of the duke of Grafton.

I must now say a word about the place I am in. My extreme ignorance does not permit me to judge of this magnificent building according to the rules of architecture or taste. Yet that cannot destroy the pleasure I receive in viewing it. I need not tell you, my dear madam, that it was built by the ambitious Wolsey, not for a royal palace, but for his own use; and is a striking monument of his presumption, luxury, and riches. The grand state apartments are all that they show; and these are six-and-twenty in number, and for magnificence of every kind, are, indeed, admirable. I except the furniture, which the iron tooth of time has almost totally destroyed. This brings to my mind the fable of Æsop, where the old woman, smelling to the lees of the brandy-cask, cries out, "Ah! dear soul! if you are so good now that it is almost over with you, what must you have been when you were in perfection?" It is a false report that this place was stripped of the fine paintings to adorn Buckingham House, as there were none removed but seven of the cartoons; six of these glorious pieces having been burnt. What shall I say of these paintings? I was never more at a loss. A *connoisseur* would be confounded at their number and beauty; what, then, can I do, who scarcely know blue from green, or red from yellow? I will only say, that they are astonishingly beautiful; they are the originals of the greatest master of the Italian School, and, consequently, of the whole world. The staircase is superb, light, and modern, richly ornamented with the *finest* paintings, I should have continued to think, if I had not seen *finer* afterwards. The Muses, and Apollo, gods, devils, and harpies, (I forget by what hand,) ten thousand pieces, I believe, in different rooms, by Vandyke, Lely, Rubens, Guido, Baptiste, Rousseau, Kneller, and every other name that does honour to this divine science. In the grand council-chamber, nothing can surpass the ceiling; yet something can, too,—King William's writing-closet is prettier. It is Endy-

mion and the moon; so sweet the attitudes—so soft the colouring—such inimitable graces!

I do not know a more respectable sight than a room containing fourteen admirals, all by Sir Godfrey. Below stairs, is what they call the beauty-room; this is entirely filled with the beauties of King William's time, his queen at the head, who makes a very considerable figure among them, and must have been very handsome: but no encomiums can do justice to the labours of this industrious princess; her tapestry and other works being some of the finest ornaments here. The other tapestry is immensely rich, the ground gold; but what surpass everything of this kind, are two rooms hung, the one with historical pieces of the battles and victories of Alexander, the other with those of Julius Cæsar. The celebrated cynic, and his no-less celebrated tub, is worthy of the highest admiration. The contempt and scorn that animate his countenance, in addressing himself to the victorious Macedonian, delighted me extremely. You have the character of Clytus in the lines of his face. These famous pieces of tapestry were done at Brussels, from the paintings of Le Brun at Versailles. Another room, and what is esteemed one of the finest, is hung round with the defeat of the Spanish armada, with an inimitable piece of Lord Effingham Howard, then lord-high-admiral. It would be endless to aim at recounting the numberless curiosities with which the palace abounds; but I must not omit mentioning an ordinary-room, full of the original furniture of the cardinal. It is curious chiefly for its antiquity, consisting of cane tables, chairs, &c. I have not yet seen the play-house, chapel, and gardens. Every day this week is destined to pleasure, of which I shall plague you with an account in the next sheet. This day, had we been in town, we should have had tickets for the birth-night; but you will believe I did not much regard that loss, when I tell you I have visited the mansion of the tuneful Alexander: I have

rambled through the immortal shades of Twickenham : I have trodden the haunts of the swan of Thames. You know, my dear madam, what an enthusiastic ardour I have ever had to see this almost sacred spot, and how many times I have created to myself an imaginary Thames ; but, enthusiasm apart, there is very little merit in the grotto, house, or gardens, but that they once belonged to one of the greatest poets on earth. The house must have been originally very small ; but Sir William Stanhope, who has bought it, has added two considerable wings, so that it is now a very good residence. The furniture is only genteel,—all light linen,—not a picture to be seen ; and I was sorry to see a library contemptibly small, with only French and English authors, in the house where Pope had lived. The grotto is very large, very little ornamented, with but little spar or glittering stones. You know, madam, the garden is washed by the Thames, without any enclosure : it is beautiful. This noble current was frozen quite over ; the reason, I suppose, we saw no naiades : every hamadryad was also congealed in its parent tree. I could not be honest, for the life of me : from the grotto I stole two bits of stone, from the garden a sprig of laurel, and from one of the bed-chambers a pen : because the house had been Pope's, and because Sir William, whose pen it was, was brother to Lord Chesterfield. As our obliging friend will not let us pass over anything that is worth seeing, we went to Lord Radnor's, now Mrs. Henley's. This is within a hundred yards of Mr. Pope's ; consequently the situation, the water, and the gardens, are much the same. It is fitted up in a whimsical taste : there is a pretty picture-gallery,—the pieces mostly Dutch ; the apartments are small, and rather oddly than magnificently furnished. I believe there is no such thing as a large room in this part of the world, except in this palace : a room the size of one of your parlours would be accounted a wonder. You will easily believe, madam, that I could not leave Twickenham without paying a visit to the

hallowed tomb of my beloved bard. For this purpose I went to the church, and easily found out the monument of one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey. The inscription, I am afraid, is a little ostentatious; yet I admire it, as I do the epitaph, which I will not transcribe, as I am sure it is as fresh in your memory as in mine. I imagine the same motive induced him to be interred here which made Cæsar say, he “had rather be the first man in a village than the second at Rome:” Pope, I suppose, had rather be the first ghost at Twickenham than an inferior one at Westminster Abbey. I need not describe the monument to you, as you have seen it as well as his father’s.

This day I have been to see

Esher’s groves, and Claremont’s terraced heights,

As the sweet poet of the *Seasons* calls them. I need not tell you, madam, that this famous Claremont is the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; but, alas! this is an unpropitious season for parks, gardens, and wildernesses. You have undoubtedly seen Claremont, so I shall not describe it: it commands thirty miles prospect, St. Paul’s among the rest. The park is vast, and I like it better than Bushy-park, of which Lord Halifax is ranger: it is almost close to Hampton-park, not quite twenty miles from London. On our return, we went to see Mr. Garrick’s; his house is repairing and is not worth seeing, but the situation of his garden pleases me infinitely: it is on the banks of the Thames,—the temple about thirty or forty yards from it. There is the famous chair, curiously wrought out of a cherry-tree, which really grew in the garden of Shakspeare, at Stratford: I sat in it, but caught no ray of inspiration. But what drew and deserved my attention was, a noble statue of this most original man, in an attitude strikingly pensive; his limbs strongly muscular, his countenance expressive of some vast conception, and his whole form seeming the bigger from some

immense idea with which you suppose his great imagination pregnant. This statue cost five hundred pounds.

Adieu, my dear Madam,

With grateful respects,

H. MORE.

LETTER LXIV.

Miss Sally More to the Family at Home.—A Visit to Dr. Johnson.

“IF there be any persons remaining,” says Mr. Roberts, “who were in habits of social intercourse with the family of Mrs. H. More, they will readily bear testimony to the originality of humour and playfulness of imagination which enlivened the conversation and letters of this lady, Miss Sally More, who possessed also talents of another kind; some of the most valuable of the cheap repository tracts being the productions of her pen.” Hannah More’s first introduction to the Doctor was exceedingly auspicious; having been prepared by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose house the interview took place, to expect a silent reception, she was delighted, upon entering the room, to see Johnson advance towards her with good humour in his countenance, Sir Joshua’s macaw on his hand, and a verse, from one of her own poems, upon his lips.

London, 1774.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She has sent Dr. Percy, (Percy’s *Collection*,—now you know him,) who is quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and delightful of women, (Miss Reynolds,) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson’s *very own house*;—yes, Abyssinia’s Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler’s, Idler’s, and Irene’s Johnson! Can you picture to yourself the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, just going to the

press, (*The Tour to the Hebrides*), and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, “She was a *silly thing*.” When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, (as it rained,) to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua’s, Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention that, not finding Johnson in his little parlour, when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her, it was a chair in which he never sat. He said, it reminded him of Boswell and himself, when they stopped a night at the spot, (as they imagined,) where the Weird Sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest; however, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

LETTER LXV.

Hannah More to her Sister.—Lord Spencer’s Seat at Wimbledon.—Anecdote of Lord Cobham.

RETURNING from Bristol, in the December of 1779, Hannah More took up her abode with Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton. Their mode of life she has very agreeably described,—“Hampton is very clean, very green, very beautiful, and very melancholy; but the ‘long dear calm of fixed repose’ suits me mightily, after the hurry of London. We have been on the wing every day this week; our way is to walk out four or five miles, to some of the prettiest

villages, or prospects, and when we are quite tired, we get into the coach, which is waiting for us, with our books, and we come home to dinner as hungry as Dragon himself."

London, 1780.

My being obliged to walk so much, makes me lose seeing my friends who call upon me; and, what is worse, it makes me lose my time, which will never call on me again. Yesterday I spent a very agreeable day in the country. The Bishop of St. Asaph and his family invited me to come to Wimbledon-Park, Lord Spencer's charming villa, which he always lends to the bishop at this time of the year. I did not think there could have been so beautiful a place within seven miles of London. The park has as much variety of ground, and is as *un-Londonish* as if it were an hundred miles off; and I enjoyed the violets, and the birds, more than all the *maréchal powder* of this foolish town. There was a good deal of company at dinner, but we were quite at our ease, and strolled about, or sat in the library, just as we liked. This last amused me much, for it was the Duchess of Marlborough's, (old Sarah,) and numbers of the books were presents to her from all the great authors of her time, whose names she had carefully written in the blank leaves; for I believe she had the pride of being thought learned, as well as rich and beautiful. I drank tea one day last week with our bishop, (Newton,) whom I never thought to see again on this side heaven; he has gone through enough to kill half the stout young men, and seems to be patched up again for a few months. They are superabundantly kind to me.

The gentlemen of the museum came on Saturday to fetch poor Mr. Garrick's legacy, of the old plays and curious black-letter books. Though they were not things to be read, and are only valuable to antiquaries for their age and scarcity, yet I could not see them carried off without a pang. I was the other night at Mrs. Ord's. Everybody was there; and in

such a crowd, I thought myself well off to be wedged in with Mr. Smelt, Langton, Ramsay, and Johnson. Johnson told me he had been with the king that morning, who enjoined him to add Spenser to the *Lives of the Poets*. I seconded the motion: he promised to think of it, but said the booksellers had not included him in their list of the poets. I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's the other day, very pleasantly; for Berenger* was there, and was all himself, all chivalry, and blank verse, and anecdote. He told me some curious stories of Pope, with whom he used to spend the summer at his uncle's, Lord Cobham, of whom Pope asserts, you know, that he would feel "the ruling passion strong in death," and that "save my country, Heaven†," would be his last words. But what shows that Pope was not so good a prophet as a poet, (though the ancients sometimes express both by the same word,) was, that in his last moments, not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, he was in such a passion, feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly, glass, and all, into Lady Chatham's face, and expired!

Instead of going to Audley-street, where I was invited, I went to Mr. Reynold's, and sat for my picture. Just as he began to paint, in came Dr. Johnson, and staid the whole time, and said good things, by way of making me look well. I did not forget to ask him for a page for your memorandum-book, and he promised to write, but said you ought to be contented with a quotation; this, however, I told him you would not accept.

* Miss More says that this gentleman was everybody's favourite, even Dr. Johnson's. He was equerry to George III.

† And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
 Such in those moments as in all the past;
 "Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

Moral Essays, Ep. 1.

Warton observes, in a note upon this passage, that the expression "Ruling Passion" was first employed by Roscommon.

LETTER LXVI.

Hannah More to her Sister.—The Author of Leonidas and Lord Littelton.—Horace Walpole.

WHEN Cowper contributed an elaborate criticism upon the *Athenaid* to the *Analytical Review*, he rendered due justice to the talents and taste of Glover. "There are in it," he said, "many strokes of genius, and many passages so well written, that they were hardly susceptible of much improvement. In short, with all its defects, which are for the most part such as the author would probably have amended, had he lived to revise it, we may venture to pronounce it the work of a man of considerable poetical merit, and of much classical information." Cowper, when he wrote these lines, had already obtained for himself a name among the most popular poets of his country. Several passages were introduced into the review, but he particularly commended the following description of the temple of Neptune, and of its situation in the island of Tzenæ, as being picturesque and pleasing.

The heroes land, where, opening to their sight,
An elevation of the ground, attired
In flower-enamelled turf, displayed the fane
Of structure vast in marble ; brass the gates
Refulgence cast : a peristyle sustained
The massy roof ; huge columns on their heads
The crisped foliage of acanthus bore,
And high o'erlook'd th' impenetrable shade
Which screen'd the island round. Perennial springs
Supplied melodious currents through the woods,
Inartificial beds of pearly conchs,
Along the sea-beat margin cull'd by nymphs,
The temple's chaste attendants. Unrestrain'd,
Here flowed the native waters ; there, confined
By marble fountains, win the enchanted eye
To shady-skirted lawns, to opening glades,
Or canopies of verdure : all the founts
Were graced by guardian images of gods,
The train of Neptune.

Notwithstanding the amusing instance of poetical absence, related by Miss More, Glover was a person of great commercial acuteness and sagacity. His Speech at the bar of the House of Commons, in January, 1741-2, and his evidence before the House of Lords, in 1774, respecting Foreign Linen, were warmly applauded at the time. The independence of his mind was displayed in the rejection of a legacy of 1000*l.*, bequeathed to him by the Duchess of Marlborough. His character was drawn in a contemporary journal* with great liberality of praise; and he was there pronounced second to none of our English poets, since Milton, in a discriminating and accurate acquaintance with ancient and modern literature. His classical pictures are usually correct, often forcible; but the colours are seldom brought out by the sunshine of his own imagination.

Glanvilla †, June 16, 1785.

We left Teston on Monday. Poor Lady Middleton still in bed with a fever! the only drawback from a visit which was otherwise so delightful. It is a charming mansion. We spent the morning with Miss Hamilton, who, I imagine, will have another name by the time you get this letter. I was much amused with hearing old Leonidas Glover sing his own fine ballad of "Hosier's Ghost," which was very affecting. He is past eighty. Mr. Walpole coming in just afterwards, I told him how highly I had been pleased. He begged me to intreat for a repetition of it. I suppose you recollect that it was the satire conveyed in this little ballad, upon the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, which is thought to have been a remote cause of his resignation‡. It was a curious cir-

* See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LV. p. 992.

† The seat of Mrs. Boscawen.

‡ Burke, in his *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*, numbers Glover among the most eminent men of the time. "Sir Robert Walpole was forced into the war of 1739, by the people, who were inflamed to these measures by the most leading politicians, by the first orators, and the greatest poets of the times. For that war, Pope sung his dying notes. For that war, Johnson, in more energetic strains, employed the force of his early genius. For that war, Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his merit was the most natural and happy."—See Coxe's *Memoirs of Walpole*, Vol. I. p. 684.

cumstance to see his son listening to the recital of it with so much complacency. Such is the effect of the lapse of time.

I have rarely heard a more curious instance of the absence of mind produced by poetic enthusiasm, than that which occurred when the author of *Leonidas* made one of a party of literati assembled at the house of Mr. Gilbert West, at Wickham. Lord Littelton, on opening his window one morning, perceived Glover pacing to and fro with a whip in his hand, by the side of a fine bed of tulips, just ready to blow, and which were the peculiar care of the lady of the mansion, who worshipped Flora with as much ardour as Glover did the Muses. His mind was at the instant teeming with the birth of some little ballad, when Lord Littelton, to his astonishment and dismay, perceived him applying his whip, with great vehemence, to the stalks of the unfortunate tulips; all of which, before there was time to awaken him from his reverie, he had completely levelled with the ground; and, when the devastation he had committed, was afterwards pointed out to him, he was so perfectly unconscious of the proceeding, that he could with difficulty be brought to believe it. I spent a couple of evenings, the last week I was in town, with only Mr. Walpole and Miss Hamilton; the former read some productions of his own to us. He is gone down to Strawberry-Hill, where is his printing-press, to collect all his works, which, when bound, are to be sent after me to Bristol, to help towards making a library at Cowslip-Green. He likes the name, and says it is a relation, a cousin at least, to Strawberry-Hill. He likes the plan and drawing mightily; and so does Mr. Smelt, with whom I spent a pleasant evening a day or two before I set out. The cottage has travelled about to them all in turn, so that they all know every creek and corner of the little mansion.

LETTER LXVII.

*Junius to the Duke of Bedford.—Indignant
Condemnation of his Conduct.*

THE Peace of 1763, negotiated by the Duke of Bedford, occasioned much popular displeasure, which in several instances broke out into acts of open insurrection. The rumour was promulgated, and for some time credited, that the Peace had been purchased by the liberal distribution of bribes, on the part of France, among several distinguished individuals. Upon the death of Lord Egremont, Lord Bute, notwithstanding their previous disagreement, found it expedient to obtain the interest and support of the Duke of Bedford; who, it is said, "conscious of his importance, exacted not only from Lord Bute, but from the King himself, a submission to whatever terms" he determined to impose. Among his other demands, was the dismissal from office of Lord Bute's brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie. Impatient of this tyranny, the King applied to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Rockingham. But the relief was only temporary. The Chatham ministry beheld the introduction into the cabinet of the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, who remained after the resignation of their chief. In this crisis of the public affairs, Junius, who commenced his political crusade in the January of 1769, addressed his famous letter to the Duke of Bedford.

19th September, 1769.

My Lord,

You are so little accustomed to receive any remarks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious therefore of giving offence, where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends

have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are, indeed, a very considerable man. The highest rank; a splendid fortune; and a name, glorious till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first you derived, a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last excited a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope, which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer in England; the noble independence which he might have maintained in parliament, and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in parliament, but through the whole kingdom; compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and though you may not regret the virtues, which create respect, you may see with anguish, how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country—then reflect for one moment upon what you are. If it be possible

for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be.

Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as the guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself, or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself with the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in parliament, he would be heard, by the most profligate minister, with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as to their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune*, he would submit to the shock with feeling, but not without dignity. He would consider the people as his children, and receive a generous, heartfelt consolation, in the sympathizing tears and blessings of his country.

Your Grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described, would never prostitute his dignity in parliament, by an indecent violence either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, and at another basely cringe to the favourite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an inter-

*The Duke's only son had been recently killed by a fall from his horse.

view with the favourite*, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honour of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to the humiliating, dishonest necessity of engaging in the interests and intrigues of his dependents, of supplying their vices, or relieving the beggary, at the expense of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow, in a court of justice, the purchase and sale of a borough. He would not have thought it consistent with his rank in the state, or even with his personal importance, to be the little tyrant of a little corporation. He would never have been insulted with virtues which he had laboured to extinguish, nor suffered the disgrace of a mortifying defeat, which has made him ridiculous and contemptible, even to the few by whom he was not detested. I reverence the afflictions of a good man; his sorrows are sacred. But how can we take part in the distresses of a man, whom we can neither love nor esteem; or feel for a calamity of which he himself is insensible? Where was the father's heart, when he could look for, or find an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son, in consultations and bargains for a place at court, and even in the misery of balloting at the India House?

Admitting, then, that you have mistaken or deserted those honourable principles, which ought to have directed your conduct; admitting that you have as little claim to private affection as to public esteem, let us see with what abilities, with what degree of judgment you have carried your own system into execution. A great man in the success, and

* Lord Bute.

even in the magnitude of his crimes, finds a rescue from contempt.

Your Grace is every way unfortunate. Yet I will not look back to those ridiculous scenes, by which in your earlier days, you thought it an honour to be distinguished;—the recorded stripes, the public infamy, your own sufferings, or Mr. Rigby's fortitude*. These events undoubtedly left an impression, though not upon your mind. To such a mind, it may perhaps be a pleasure to reflect, that there is hardly a corner of any his Majesty's kingdoms, except France, in which, at one time or other, your valuable life has not been in danger. Amiable man!—we see and acknowledge the protection of Providence, by which you have so often escaped the personal detestation of your fellow-subjects, and are still reserved for the public justice of your country. Your history begins to be important at that auspicious period, at which you were deputed to represent the Earl of Bute, at the Court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. Your patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions, without daring to insist upon any honourable condition for his sovereign. Their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility. Belleisle, Goree, Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, Martinique, the Fishery, and the Havanna, are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character, to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made, without some private compensations. Your conduct carries with it an internal evidence, beyond all the legal proofs of a court of justice. Even the callous pride of Lord Egremont was alarmed. He saw and felt his own dishonour in corresponding

* The Duke had been horse-whipped by a country attorney, named Homphrey, upon the course at Litchfield.

with you ; and there certainly was a moment at which he meant to have resisted, had not a fatal lethargy prevailed over his faculties, and carried all sense and memory away with it. I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support an administration which Lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your Grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years' submission, you thought you had collected a strength sufficient to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant, because you had been a slave. When you found yourself mistaken in your opinion of your gracious Master's firmness, disappointment got the better of all your humble discretion, and carried you to an access of outrage to his person, as distant from true spirit, as from all decency and respect. After robbing him of the rights of a king, you would not permit him to preserve the honour of a gentleman. It was then Lord Weymouth was nominated to Ireland, and despatched, (we well remember with what indecent hurry) to plunder the treasury of the first-fruits of an employment which you well knew he was never to execute. This sudden declaration of war against the favourite might have given you a momentary merit with the public, if it had either been adopted upon principle, or maintained with resolution. Without looking back to all your former servility, we need only observe your subsequent conduct, to see upon what motives you acted. Apparently united with Lord Grenville, you waited until Lord Rockingham's feeble administration should dissolve in its own weakness. The moment their dismissal was suspected—the moment you perceived that another system was adopted in the closet, you thought it no disgrace to return to your former dependence, and solicit once more

the friendship of Lord Bute. You begged an interview, at which he had spirit enough to treat you with contempt.

It would now be of little use to point out, by what a train of weak, injudicious measures, it became necessary, or was thought so, to call you back to a share in the administration. The friends, whom you did not in the last instance desert, were not of a character to add strength or credit to government; and at that time your alliance with the Duke of Grafton was, I presume, hardly foreseen. We must look for other stipulations, to account for that sudden resolution of the closet, by which three of your dependents*, (whose characters, I think, cannot be less respected than they are), were advanced to offices, through which you might again control the minister, and probably engross the whole direction of affairs.

The possession of the absolute power is now once more within your reach. The measures you have taken to obtain and confirm it are too gross to escape the eyes of a discerning and judicious prince. His palace is besieged; lines of circumvallation are drawing round him; and unless he finds a resource in his own activity, or in the attachment of the real friends of his family, the best of princes must submit to the confinement of a state prisoner, until your Grace's death, or some less fortunate event shall raise the siege. For the present, you may resume that style of insult and menace, which even a private gentleman cannot submit to hear, without being contemptible. Mr. Mackenzie's history is not yet forgotten, and you may find precedents enough of the mode in which an imperious subject may signify his pleasure to his sovereign. Where will our gracious monarch look for assistance, when the wretched Grafton could forget his obligations to his master, and desert him for a hollow alliance with *such* a man as the Duke of Bedford!

* Lords Gower, Weymouth, and Sandwich.

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear, as well as the hatred of the people: can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame! my lord; let it not be recorded of you, that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider, that, although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps—whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Wooburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter inevitable, no honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and his name. Whichever way he flies, the *Hue and Cry* of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt; his virtues better understood; or at worst, they will not, for him alone, forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene. You can no

more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends, with whose interests you have sordidly united your own; and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum, as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last, and that as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

JUNIUS.

LETTER LXVIII.

Edmund Burke to the Painter Barry.—Affectionate interest in his welfare.

A LARGE portion of Burke's correspondence still remains in manuscript; but had we the whole before us, we could hardly expect to meet with anything more strongly marked by his "uncommon qualities of head and heart," than this letter to the painter Barry, upon the froward temper which had involved him in bickerings with his brethren and the picture-dealers at Rome. It is affectionate, eloquent, prophetic, and perfectly adapted to the character of the person to whom it was addressed. It is, perhaps, to use the words of his biographer, Mr. Prior, "still more admirable for its keen estimate of the importance of temper and conduct to all men, for teaching the truest wisdom in the practical business of living, not merely in the world, but with the world.

"The conclusion," says Allan Cunningham, "of this memorable letter seems dictated by a spirit of inspiration, which looking mournfully and prophetically forward, expressed in a few, clear, and eloquent words, the disastrous career of the object of this solicitude." It might be studied as the summary of the life of this unfortunate painter. Barry was born in Cork, in 1741, and after acquiring in his native city the rudiments of his art, he went, at nineteen, friendless and unknown, to Dublin, to exhibit an historical picture which excited considerable admiration. On this occasion he was introduced to the notice of Burke, who thenceforward extended to him his powerful and generous patronage. He directed his studies, removed him, after an interval, to London, made him known to the principal artists, and subsequently, in conjunction with his brother William, maintained him abroad for five years, that he might perfect his knowledge of art, by the diligent study of the greatest masters.

My dear Barry,

Gregories*, Sept. 16, 1769.

I am most exceedingly obliged to your friendship and partiality, which attributed a silence very blameable on our parts to a favourable cause: let me add in some measure to its true cause, a great deal of occupation of various sorts, and some of them disagreeable enough.

As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one's report for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard anything of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence†. If you have improved these unfor-

* Mr. Burke's seat in Buckinghamshire. It was during a visit to Gregories, that Johnson made the well-known observation—*non equidem invideo—mirror magis*.

† Barry early commenced hostilities, by exposing the quackery of amateurs, and the impositions of the dealers upon the English, who were purchasers to a large extent of cobbled antiques and of daubings, christened

fortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage*. However you may have succeeded in this common attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions,

by the name of this or that master. Two years before the date of this letter (Aug. 24, 1767,) Burke addressed him on the subject of these controversies with his usual wisdom and penetration. "You have given," he says, "a strong, and I fancy, a very faithful picture of the dealers in taste with you. It is very right that you should know and remark their little arts; but as fraud will intermeddle in every transaction of life, where we cannot oppose ourselves to it with effect, it is by no means our duty or our interest to make ourselves uneasy, or multiply enemies on account of it. In particular you may be assured that the traffic in antiquity, and all the enthusiasm, folly, or fraud, that may be in it, never did, nor never can hurt the merit of living artists: quite the contrary, in my opinion; for I have ever observed, that whatever it be that turns the minds of men to anything relative to the arts, even the most remotely so, brings artists more and more into credit and repute; and though now and then the mere broker and dealer in such things runs away with a great deal of the profit; yet, in the end, ingenious men will find themselves gainers, by the dispositions which are nourished and diffused in the world by such pursuits. I praise exceedingly your resolution of going on well with those whose practices you cannot altogether approve. There is no living in the world upon any other terms." Barry's quarrelsome disposition soon broke through the resolution, and in a letter dated July 19, 1768, we find Burke repeating his friendly and wise exhortations. "I must press it upon you to live on the best terms with the people you are with, even dealers and the like; for it will not follow, that because men want some virtues, that they want all. Their society will be of some relief to you, and their intercourse of some advantage, if it were no more than a dispelling of the unsociable humours contracted in solitude which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, either by flying from or quarrelling with them; and Rome, and the trade of Virtu, are not the only places and professions in which many little practices ought to be overlooked in others, though they should be carefully avoided by ourselves."

* He was persuaded his enemies had done him service by their influence in shutting him out from present gains, which led him to concentrate all his powers on his improvement in art, by putting an end to companionship; and for saving him the expense of treats and taverns, and by their satirical criticisms on his colouring, which brought him to the knowledge of the merits of Titian.

the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects upon your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London: for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would, perhaps, be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me.

That you have had subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.

Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must

be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course, ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out for you beforehand.

You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes by a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance to do anything for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined.

Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow citizens, and that in particular, your business is to paint and not to dispute.

If you think this a proper time to leave Rome (a matter which I leave entirely to yourself,) I am quite of opinion you ought to go to Venice. Further, I think it right to see Florence and Bologna: and that you cannot do better than to take that route to Venice. In short, do everything that may contribute to your improvement, and I shall rejoice to see you what Providence intended you, a very great man. This you were, in your *ideas*, before you quitted this; you best know how far you have studied, that is, practised the mechanic, despised nothing till you had tried it; practised dissections with your own hands; painted from nature as well as from the statues, and portrait as well as history, and this frequently.

If you have done all this, as I trust you have, you want nothing but a little prudence, to fulfil all our wishes. This, let me tell you, is no small matter; for it is impossible for you to find any persons anywhere more truly interested for you; to these dispositions attribute everything which may be a little harsh in this letter. We are, thank God, all well, and all most truly and sincerely yours. I seldom write so long a letter. Take this as a sort of proof how much I am, dear Barry,

Your faithful friend,

And humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER LXIX.

Burke to Robertson.—Acknowledging the Present of his History of America.

ROBERTSON must have regarded this letter of Burke as the noblest tribute ever rendered to his talents; in the judgment of many, it will outweigh the censure of another celebrated contemporary, from whose literary sentences that age, at least, rarely permitted any appeal.

Johnson, who regarded the style of Robertson as modelled upon his own, always spoke of his works in depreciating terms. "Robertson," he said, "paints, but you are sure he does not know the people whom he paints: so you cannot suppose a likeness." Upon another occasion, in the course of an ingenious parallel between the Scottish writer and Goldsmith, he observed, of the *History of America*,—"You must look upon Robertson's work as romance, and try it by that standard. History it is not." Mackintosh, in a more temperate spirit of criticism, while admitting the "firmness" of his elegance, and the "stiffness" of his dignity, commended, with becoming warmth, his singular power of interesting narrative, which gradually beguiles the reader of every prejudice. He pronounced him to be the most picturesque narrator among modern historians. Gibbon, whose early study of our language had been directed by Mallet to the writings of Swift and

Addison, remarks, in his Autobiography, that the perfect composition, the well-turned periods, and the nervous diction of Robertson, inflamed him with the hope of one day treading in his footsteps.

I AM perfectly sensible of the very flattering distinction I have received, in your thinking me worthy of so noble a present, as that of your *History of America*. I have, however, suffered my gratitude to lie under some suspicion, by delaying my acknowledgment of so great a favour. But my delay was only to render my obligation to you more complete, and my thanks, if possible, more merited. The close of the session brought a great deal of very troublesome business on me at once. I could not get through your work at one breath at that time, though I have done it since. I am now enabled to thank you not only for the honour you have done me, but for the great satisfaction and the infinite variety and compass of instruction I have received, from your incomparable work. Everything has been done which was so naturally to be expected from the author of the *History of Scotland*, and of the Age of Charles the Fifth. I believe few books have done more than this towards clearing up dark points, correcting errors, and removing prejudices. You have, too, the pure secret of rekindling an interest on subjects that had so often been treated, and in which everything which could feed a vital flame, appeared to have been consumed. I am sure I read many parts of your History with that fresh concern and anxiety which attend those who are not previously apprized of the event. You have, besides, thrown quite a new light on the present state of the Spanish provinces, and furnished both materials and hints for a rational theory of what may be expected from them in future.

The parts which I read with the greatest pleasure, is the discussion on the manners and character of the inhabitants of the New World. I have always thought with you, that we possess at this time very great advantages towards the knowledge

of human nature. We need no longer go to history to trace it in all stages and periods. History, from its comparative youth, is but a poor instructor. When the Egyptians called the Greeks children in antiquities, we may well call them children; and so we may call all those nations which were able to trace the progress of society only within their own limits. But now the great map of mankind is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism, and no mode of refinement, which we have not at the same moment under view: the very different civility of Europe and of China, the barbarism of Persia and of Abyssinia, the erratic manners of Tartary and of Arabia; the savage state of North America and of New Zealand. Indeed, you have made a noble use of the advantages you have had. You have employed philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners you have drawn new resources for philosophy. I only think that in one or two points you have hardly done justice to the savage character.

There remains before you a great field. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ tractas, et incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*

When even those ashes will be spread over the present fire, God knows. I am heartily sorry that we are now supplying you with that kind of dignity and concern, which is purchased to history at the expense of mankind. I had rather by far that Dr. Robertson's pen were only employed in delineating the humble scenes of political economy, than the great events of a civil war. However, if our statesmen had read the book of human nature instead of the journals of the House of Commons, and History instead of Acts of Parliament, we should not by the latter have furnished out so ample a page for the former. For my part, I have not been, nor am I, very forward in my speculations on this subject. All that I have ventured to make, have hitherto proved fallacious. I confess I thought the colonies left to themselves

could not have made anything like the present resistance to the whole power of this country and its allies. I did not think it could have been done without the declared interference of the house of Bourbon. But I looked on it as very probable that France and Spain would before this time have taken a decided part. In both these conjectures I have judged amiss. You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production, made for the occasion of a day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work. But our exchange resembles the politics of the times. You send out solid wealth—the accumulation of ages; and in return you get a few flying leaves of poor American paper. However, you have the mercantile comfort of finding the balance of trade infinitely in your favour; and I console myself with the snug consideration of uninformed natural acuteness, that I have my warehouse full of goods at another's expense.

Adieu, Sir, continue to instruct the world: and whilst we carry on a poor unequal conflict with the passions and prejudices of our day, perhaps with no better weapons than other passions and prejudices of our own, convey wisdom at our expense to future generations.

LETTER LXX.

*Sir William Jones to the Countess of Spencer.—
A Romance about Milton.*

UPON his return from Harrow, in the autumnal vacation of 1769, with his pupil, Lord Althorpe, Sir William, then Mr. Jones, visited his friends at Oxford; and, during his residence among them, he made the excursion to Forest-Hill, which is related with so much animation in the following letter. But a careful investigation of his hypothesis respecting Milton has shown that it cannot be supported. He says, that the poet chose this spot for his abode, after his first marriage; but Milton's union with the daughter of Mr. Powell did not take place until 1643, when he had entered

upon his thirty-fifth year; and he himself expressly alludes to the Collection, in which *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* appeared, as the work of his youthful hand. The poems, moreover, contain internal evidence of having been written in the neighbourhood of the woody scenery about Harefield. But, although Milton did not write these famous poems at Forest-Hill, it is not improbable that he introduced into them some of the features of the beautiful landscape which that spot presented to his eyes; he may have visited it when admitted, in 1635, according to the custom of the age, to the same degree at Oxford which he had previously taken at his own university. That, at a later period of his life, he actually resided at Forest-Hill, may also be admitted, although one of his recent biographers very positively asserts that such a supposition must be given up. Mr. Todd has quoted from a letter of Madame du Bocage, who visited Baron Schutz and his wife at Shotover-Hill, in the June of 1750, a singular confirmation of the local tradition mentioned by Sir William Jones. "They showed me," she says, "from a small eminence, Milton's house, to which I bowed with all the reverence with which that poet's memory inspires me." The same writer notices the observation of the laureate Warton, that a large portion of *Paradise Lost* was composed at Forest-Hill. The question is more curious than important. Both *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* ought, perhaps, to be regarded as fancy-pieces, into which the poet has grouped the most harmonious circumstances of description, as they dwelt upon his memory, without intending to describe any particular situation. We know that the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith was composed in this manner; and the attempts to accommodate every particular in it to some imaginary original, have been more ingenious than successful. Living with his father, in the rural quiet of Horton, one of the most secluded hamlets in Buckinghamshire, Milton would be likely to indulge in that varied strain of contemplative description, of which these poems offer so exquisite an example.

September 7, 1762.

The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my History, prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning, in company with a

friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest-Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauty of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro*.

Sometimes walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.

* * * * *

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures.
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * * *

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks, &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds and see all the objects mentioned in this description ; but by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe ; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects,

the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images: it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides; the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded by trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows, of a grayish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them showed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of the poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage-windows are overgrown with sweetbriers, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow :

Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-brier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet. If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford, in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon. I have, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

The Historian Gibbon to Mrs. Porter ; giving a description of his manner of Life at Lausanne.

GIBBON mentions in his *Memoirs*, that the first rough manuscript of his great history was committed to the press without any intermediate copy, and without undergoing any revision, but his own. He has, however, in an earlier page, furnished the key to this mystery of excellence. "Three times," he says, "did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect." We may conclude that similar difficulties, in successive chapters, were polished down by the same elaboration. He seems to have bestowed equal solicitude upon his correspondence. Dugald Stewart relates, that an exact copy of the letter to Robertson, upon his *History of America*, was discovered among the papers of Gibbon. "I have often wondered," he wrote to Mrs. Gibbon, "why we are not fonder of letter-writing. We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction ; sure that the person whom we address feels an equal, or at least a strong and lively interest, in the consideration of the pleasing subject." No man will write letters with pleasure, who composes them like an author, and is always in search of graceful turns and combinations of imagery, sparkling sentiments, and harmonious periods.

While residing at Lausanne, in the summer of 1753, after the change of his religious creed had closed upon him the gates of Magdalen College, Gibbon formed an acquaintance with Mr. Deyverdun, then "a young man of amiable temper and excellent understanding." Hither, after the lapse of many years, he at length returned, and renewed the intimacy with his youthful companion, which was only terminated by his death. In this retreat, he completed, on the 27th of June, 1787, his celebrated *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which must ever remain an imperishable monument of human learning and human weakness. The arrangements of the two friends were brief and simple; Deyverdun possessed a pleasant residence at the foot of the Alps, and Gibbon undertook the expense of their common house.

The lady to whom this letter was addressed was the historian's aunt, and had watched over his infancy and childhood with more than maternal interest. The most affecting account of her is contained in a letter from Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, upon the intelligence of her death. "To her care I am indebted in earliest infancy for the preservation of my life and health. I was a puny child, neglected by my mother, starved by my nurse, and of whose being very little care or expectation was entertained. Without her maternal vigilance I should either have been in my grave, or imperfectly lived, a crooked ricketty monster, a burden to myself and others. To her instructions I owe the first rudiments of knowledge, the first exercise of reason, and a taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life; and though she taught me neither language nor science, she was certainly the most useful preceptor I ever had. As I grew up, an intercourse of thirty years endeared her to me, as the faithful friend and the agreeable companion. You have seen with what freedom and confidence we lived together, and have often admired her character and conversation, which could alike please the young and the old. All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost!"

Dear Madame,

Lausanne, Dec. 27, 1783.

The unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment; and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind, we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating

our sensations to a distant friend. By you, therefore, whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life on every occasion the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand,) by the too-frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber, I don't know how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. . . .

From this base subject I ascend to one which more seriously and strongly engages your thoughts, the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you, with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken, and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two, or five, or even ten years ago. By this time, I might have returned independent and rich to my native country; I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the mean while, and I should have avoided the parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my temper, nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy, you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend; and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you can easily believe that Deyverdun is the man. Perhaps two persons, so perfectly fitted to live together, were never formed by nature and education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects; the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours, we must expect some disagreeable moments; but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mis-

taken if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced, and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties, and will not leave it till the spring; so that you must not yet expect any poetical, or even historical, description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter, we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay; as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling. In this season I rise (not at four in the morning,) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone, in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin*, I perceived no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck-street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half-past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled,) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well-skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation; as for instance, we had excellent mince-pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted

* His English valet de chambre.

by private and numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best-furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life; it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts, the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds, according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite; and, as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners, and (after proper allowances and exceptions,) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful, and the winter, hitherto, mild; but in January we must expect some severe frost. Instead of rolling in a coach, I walk the streets, wrapped up in a fur cloak; but this exercise is wholesome, and, except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days, I never enjoyed better health. I am no longer in Pavillard's house, where I was almost starved with cold and hunger, and you may be assured I now enjoy every benefit of comfort, plenty, and even decent luxury. You wish me happy; acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness, than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons, or five mornings spent at the custom-house. Send me, in return, a fair account of your own situation, in mind and body. I am satisfied your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separation; but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield-place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affect me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine. At length, Madame de — is delivered by her tyrant's death; her daughter, a valuable woman of this place, has made some inquiries, and, though her own circumstances are narrow, she

will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters, yet had I known it, I should have withheld. * * *

LETTER LXXII.

The Poet Burns to his Father.—Melancholy Forebodings.

THE letters of Burns want the simplicity, the heartiness, and the facility of his verse ;—for these deficiencies two excuses have been offered. The first has been found in his comparative ignorance of our language. “Burns, though for the most part he writes with singular force and even gracefulness, is not master of English prose, as he is of Scottish verse,—not master of it in proportion to the depth and vehemence of his matter.” The second, and more important excuse, is discovered in the peculiarity of the poet's social position. “His correspondents are often men whose relation to him he has never accurately ascertained ; whom therefore he is either forearming himself against, or else unconsciously flattering, by adopting the style he thinks will please them. Whenever he writes, as one would ever wish to do, to trusted friends, and on real interests, his style becomes simple, vivid, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful.” Sir Walter Scott found many passages of great eloquence, accompanied by an air of affectation, and a tincture of pedantry ; while Mr. Jeffrey, with more relentless severity, supposed a large portion of his letters to have been composed only with a view to effect. “When Burns wrote this touching letter to his father,” observes Allan Cunningham, in his illustrative note, “he was toiling as a heckler in his unfortunate flax speculation, a dull as well as a dusty employment. On the fourth day after it was penned, the poet and his relation Peacock were welcoming in the New Year ; a lighted candle touched some flax, and there was an end to all their hopes. Of William Burns, the father of the Poet, much has already been said ; he was a worthy and pious man, desirous of maintaining rigid discipline in his house, and solicitous about the future welfare of his children. He was somewhat austere of manners ; loved not boisterous jocularitv ; was rarely himself moved to laughter ; and

has been described as abstemious of speech. His early and continued misfortunes, though they saddened his brow, never afflicted the warm benevolence of his nature ; he was liberal to the poor, and stern and self-denying only to himself. He is buried in Allo-way Kirk-yard, and his grave is visited by all who desire to pay homage to the fame of his eminent son."

Irvine, Dec. 27, 1781.

Honoured Sir,

I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New Year's Day; but work comes so hard upon us, that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder; and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast, produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, I glimmer a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed, my only pleasurable employment is, looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way: I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long—perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

The soul, uneasy and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th of the seventh chapter of Revelations, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would

not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and with wishing you a merry New Year's Day, I shall conclude. I am, honoured sir, your dutiful son,

ROBERT BURNS.

P.S.—My meal is out, but I am going to borrow, till I get more.

LETTER LXXIII.

The Same to Mrs. Dunlop.—His Situation and Prospects.

BURNS arrived at Edinburgh towards the close of November, 1786, and continued in the Scottish capital for several months, the wonder of ever literary *coterie*. "Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop," writes Allan Cunningham, "the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace, of Craigie, was proud of her descent from the race of Elderslie, and proud of her acquirements, which were considerable. Nor should we leave unmentioned, that she had some talent for rhyme. She had been ailing, and the first advantage she took of returning health, was to read the poems of the Ayrshire Ploughman. She was struck with the beauty, natural and religious, of the *Cottar's Saturday Night*." "The Poet's description of the simple cottagers,"

she told Gilbert Burns, "operated on her mind like the charm of a powerful exorcist, repelling the demon *ennui*, and restoring her to her wonted harmony and satisfaction." An express, sent sixteen miles, for half a dozen copies of the book, and an invitation to Dunlop House, attested her sincerity. From this period we must date a friendship, which did not close with the poet's life. The poet's letters to Mrs. Dunlop, are by far the most valuable and interesting in his collected correspondence. They could not fail of being so, having been written, as he confessed, with all the artlessness of truth, and consisting, in his own words, of the "rhapsody of the minute."

Edinburgh, March 22, 1787.

Madam,

I read your letter with watery eyes. A little, very little while ago, I had scarce a friend but the stubborn pride of my own bosom; now I am distinguished, patronised, befriended by you. Your friendly advices, I will not give them the cold name of criticisms, I receive with reverence. I have made some small alteration in what I before had printed. I have the advice of some very judicious friends among the literati here; but with them I sometimes find it necessary to claim the privilege of thinking for myself. The noble Earl of Glencairn, to whom I owe more than to any man, does me the honour of giving me his strictures: his hints, with respect to impropriety or indelicacy, I follow implicitly.

You kindly interest yourself in my future views and prospects; there I can give you no light. It is all

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.

The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it, is my most exalted ambition. Scottish themes and Scottish story, are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which,

heaven knows, I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes. But these are all utopian thoughts. I have dallied long enough with life; 'tis time to be in earnest. I have a fond, an aged mother to care for; and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender. Where the individual only suffers by the consequences of his own thoughtlessness, indolence, or folly, he may be excusable; nay, shining abilities, and some of the nobler virtues, may half sanctify a heedless character; but where God and nature have intrusted the welfare of others to his care—where the trust is sacred, and the ties are dear, that man must be far gone in selfishness, or strangely lost to reflection, whom these connexions will not rouse to exertion.

I guess that I shall clear two or three hundred pounds by my authorship; with that sum I intend, so far as I may be said to have any intention, to return to my old acquaintance the plough; and, if I can meet with a lease by which I can live, to commence farmer. I do not intend to give up poetry; being bred to labour, secures me independence, and the Muses are my chief, sometimes have been my only enjoyment. If my practice second my resolution, I shall have principally at heart the serious business of life; but while following my plough, or building up my shocks, I shall cast a leisure glance to that dear—that only feature of my character, which gave me the notice of my country, and the patronage of a Wallace.

Thus, honoured Madam, I have given you the bard, his situation, and his views, native as they are in his own bosom.

R. B.

LETTER LXXIV.

Arbuthnot to Pope.—A Farewell.

ARBUTHNOT'S last letter to Pope should have followed his friend's. Hayley esteemed it one of the most manly and interesting to be found in the Poet's correspondence, and eulogized the writer "as a man equally distinguished by the moral gaiety of his life, and by his serene preparation for death ;—a man so happily free from all flagrant misconduct, that his greatest fault seems to have been an inattention to his own admirable writings ; for some of them, it is said, he suffered his children to destroy, in the shape of play-things." Pope, in his reply, while promising to observe his friend's request, added,—“ If it be the Will of God (which I know will also be yours), that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend ! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.” Pope, writing to Swift, Dec. 19, 1734, had communicated the declining health of their beloved companion. “ He, himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been.” Arbuthnot died in February, 1734-5, and seems to have realized, in the tranquil resignation of his last hours, the beautiful sentiment of that famous Epistle which Pope had addressed to him:—

On cares like those if length of days attend,
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend ;
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he served a queen.

Whether that blessing be denied or given,
 Thus far was right ; the rest belongs to Heaven.

Hampstead, July 17, 1739.

I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am, and as officiously, served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies ; besides

the assurance of their sincerity, God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundations of my friendship: they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them; and I make it my last Request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety, and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have; pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be yours, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

James Barry to Burke.—A Sketch of his Journey from Paris to Turin.

AMID all the outbreaks of his perverse and fiery temper, Barry never seems to have forgotten his obligations and gratitude to Burke. "I am your property," he wrote to him; "you ought surely to be free with a man of your own making, who has found in you father, brother, friend, everything." Upon another occasion he said,—“Mr. Burke has been, under God, all in all to me.” Of Barry’s intellectual talents Burke thought highly. “Your letters,” he told him, “are very kind in remembering us; and surely as to the criticism of every kind, admirable. Reynolds likes them exceedingly.” Sir Joshua expressed a lively interest in Barry’s welfare, and addressed a letter to him, during his residence in Italy, full of sagacious advice, and refined criticism, upon the pure school of art: exhorting him to visit frequently the Sistine Chapel, for the study of Michael Angelo and Raphael, he observed,—“If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you.” Reynolds spoke from experience; for he has recorded his own disappointment on first entering the Vatican. Barry survived Burke about nine years, and died in 1806.

Turin, Sept. 29, 1766.

My dear Sirs*,

I left Paris the 7th of this month, and had, thank God, a most agreeable journey. The weather being extremely fine, the country of Burgundy, and the other southern parts of France, made a most delicious appearance, being at that time teeming over with all the riches and abundance of autumn. We may in England talk as much as we please of cultivation

* His usual manner of address, signifying his intention of writing to the family collectively.

and plenty, but I must honestly confess, that I never before saw anything but the faint glimmerings of it, compared with this country, where nature seems ambitious of doing everything herself. The people, who are extremely numerous, are (or seemed to me to be) very amply employed in the gathering and storing up of fruits. Methinks, without any great poetical amplification, it is somewhat probable, when Bacchus made his rounds of the earth, that his head-quarters must have been in one of the valleys of Burgundy, where on every side mountain peeps over mountain, and appears clothed in all the variegated hues of the vine, interspersed with sheep, corn, and I may say, with everything. This, and the crowds of busy contented people which cover (as one may say) the whole face of the country, make a strong, but melancholy contrast to a miserable —, which I cannot help thinking of sometimes. You will not be at any loss to know that I mean Ireland; and that I glance at the extensive, unpeopled wastes, where only now and then one is to see some meagre, scared fellow, who has almost a day's journey to drive cattle to a habitation, where his ill-fated family perhaps may make a Christmas dinner upon the offals of those very cattle; very little of which falls to his share out of the market that is made of them for other countries—but hang them all; I have long since given them up, and will go on to give you such accounts of the Alps as I can, though I should repeat, as I often do, what you know already, and have much better information of, than I can possibly give you.

From the confines of France over Mount Cenis, to within about thirty miles of Turin, we have been in one continued ascent, though strictly speaking, it was all the way through Savoy, up and down the horrid ridges of the mountains, and sometimes in the most gloomy vales between them, which would have made it almost impossible to say whether we were upon the rise or fall in general, if it was not for a great river, by the side of which our road lay, and which takes its

rise near Mount Cenis, and tumbles and cascades all the way through rocks and precipices, into France. You may conceive how high its source must be by this observation, (which I think is pretty just), that in every hundred yards taken one with another, it cascades near twenty feet at least ; then taking in the length of the way, you will believe me much nearer heaven upon Mount Cenis than I was before, or shall probably be again for some time. We passed this mountain on Sunday last, and about seven in the morning were near the top of the road over it, on both sides of which the mountain rises to a very great height ; yet so high were we in the valley between them, (where there is a fine and large lake), that the moon, which was above the horizon of the mountains, appeared at least five times as big as usual, and much more distinctly marked than I ever saw it through some very good telescopes. The mountains, sea, &c., were so evident, their lines of separation so traceable, that I would actually have stopped the mule to have made a drawing of them, if I had not been in some apprehensions of a troop of Savoyard soldiers, who were at that time passing, and would doubtless have taken me up as a spy and a dangerous person. I was more than once cautioned how I let any of these people see me drawing, at which I was constantly employed all the way. My friend Barret* was exceedingly out in his notions of Savoy and the Alpine country. The drawings he saw of

* Barret, who, like Barry, was an Irishman, having been born in Dublin in 1728, had been introduced by Burke to the Earl of Powerscourt, and passed a large portion of his youth in painting the scenery about that nobleman's beautiful domain. He died in 1789. Rejecting the repeated exhortations of Burke to study pictures, Barret devoted himself to the study of nature ; and to his most successful landscapes he is thought to have imparted the true colour of English scenery. The vernal freshness of our climate was represented by his pencil with peculiar fidelity. His best work is at Norbury Park, where one "large room is painted with a continued scene entirely round." Friendship aided art in the completion of this picture. Unfortunately for the permanence of Barret's reputation, his colours, originally selected for their beauty and richness, soon began to fade, and the distinguishing charm of his pencil is every day losing more of its power

them might be, as he said, bird's-eye views; but had he been here himself, he would have made a very different work of it; he would have seen, as I did, for above five days together, the most awful and horridly grand, romantic, and picturesque scenes, that it is possible to conceive; he would say everything else was but bauble and boy's play, compared with them. All this tract, down to Grenoble, one sees, was the country *Salvator Rosa* formed himself upon; nobody esteems *Salvator* more than I do, yet I must say, he has not made half the use of it he might have done; the wild forms of his trees, rocks, &c. (for which he is condemned as frantic, by some cold, spiritless artists, whose notions reach no further than the artificial regular productions of their own climes), are infinitely short of the noble phrensy in which nature wantons all over those mountains; great pines, of the most inconceivable diversity of forms, some straight as arrows, others crooked as a horn, some the roots uppermost, are hanging over frightful rocks and caves, and torrents of water rolling amongst them.

But I should lose myself in attempting to speak of them, and shall reserve for the colour and canvass, the observations I have made. Though in the best hands, any of these views, painted singly, must fail in its effect, in comparison of the reality, where the continued succession of them leads on, and enhances the operation. One thing by the way, the people are just the species of figures for such a landscape; though I believe they may be honest, as they are said to be, yet every countenance has that ferocity and assassin look, which *Salvator Rosa* has so truly, and so agreeably to the costume, introduced into his pictures. Lest you may be tired with the length of this letter, I shall keep the king's collection at Turin, and other things, for the next; and am, my dear sir, your's and the family's, with great respect and sincerity,

J. B.

LETTER LXXVI.

*Cowper to the Rev. John Newton.—An Epistle
in Rhyme.*

COWPER, in one of his letters, complained to Mr. Newton of the wanderings of his mind ; his friend acknowledged a similar weakness ;—"Yes," replied the poet, "but you have always a serious thought standing at the door, like a justice of peace, with the riot-act in his hand, ready to disperse the mob." Cowper's correspondence with Newton presents few specimens of this delightful badinage. He loved and respected, but he also feared his friend.

My very dear friend,

July 12, 1781.

I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not; by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before? The thought did occur, to me and to her, as madam and I, did walk and not fly, over the hills and dales, with spreading sails, before it was dark to Weston Park.

The news at *Oney* is little or none; but such as it is, I send it, viz.: Poor Mr. Peace cannot yet cease, addling his head with what you said, and has left parish-church quite in the lurch, having almost sworn to go there no more.

Page and his wife, that made such a strife, we met them twain in Dog-lane; we gave them the wall, and that was all. For Mr. Scott, we have seen him not, except as he pass'd, in a wonderful haste, to see a friend in Silver End. Mrs. Jones proposes, ere July closes, that she and her sister, and her Jones mister, and we that are here, our course shall steer, to dine in the Spinney; but for a guinea, if the weather should hold, so hot and so cold, we had better by far, stay where we are. For the grass there grows, while nobody mows, (which

is very wrong,) so rank and long, that so to speak, 'tis at least a week, if it happens to rain, ere it dries again.

I have writ *Charity*, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the Reviewer should say "to be sure, the gentleman's Muse, wears methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard, for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoidening play, of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and here and there wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, on a new construction. She has baited her trap in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum."

— His opinion in this, will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I have said and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year. I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay,

* Cowper's summer-house still exists, but his favourite Spinney was cut down in 1785. Writing to Newton, he said, "In one year the whole will be a thicket; that which was once the serpentine-walk is now in a state of transformation, and is already become as woody as the rest. Poplars and elms, without number, are springing in the turf. They are now as high as the knee. Before the summer is ended they will be twice as high; and the growth of another season will make them trees. The desolation of the whole scene is such that it sunk our spirits."

till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

P. S. When I concluded, doubtless you did think me right, as well you might, in saying what I said of Scott; and then it was true, but now it is due to him to note, that since I wrote, himself and he has visited me.

LETTER LXXVII.

The Same to the Rev. William Unwin.—His Amusements.

COWPER has drawn the portrait of his correspondent, in that letter to Lady Hesketh, Sept. 14, 1763, in which he relates his introduction to the Unwin family. "The son is about twenty-one years of age; one of the most unreserved and amiable young men I ever conversed with. He is not yet arrived at that time of life when suspicion recommends itself to us in the form of wisdom, and sets everything but our own dear selves at an immeasurable distance from our esteem and confidence. Consequently he is known almost as soon as seen; and having nothing in his heart that makes it necessary to keep it barred and bolted, opens it to the general view of the stranger." The young man had been interested by the poet's countenance, and ventured at length to speak to him while he was taking a solitary walk under a row of trees. Their conversation terminated in an invitation to drink tea at Mr. Unwin's upon that afternoon, and the friendship then commenced, continued unabated until the premature death of Mr. Unwin, in the flower of his age, and the full career of Christian activity and virtue.

Amico Mio,

Sept. 21, 1779.

Be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two panes designed to receive my pine plants; but I cannot mend the kitchen windows, till, by the help of that implement, I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any Mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in a morning, I find them perched upon a wall, waiting for their breakfast; for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I last week made a trip in a post-

chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hothouse in the most flourishing state, and the orange-trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice.

Our love attends you all.

Yours,

W. C.

LETTER LXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.—Writing upon anything.

My dear Friend,

August 6, 1780.

You like to hear from me: this is a very good reason why I should write. But I have nothing to say; this seems equally a good reason why I should not. Yet, if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me,—“Mr. Cowper, you have not spoken since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?” it would be but a poor reply, if, in answer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand, that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing, just as anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a

journey before him, twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed; not by preconcerted, or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before,—but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say, “My good sir, a man has no right to do either.” But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so, good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns, in the meantime, to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead, as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edging, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people who resembled us so little in their tastes, should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk-stockings,

has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man, at least, has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

W. C.

LETTER LXXIX.

Cowper to Lady Hesketh.—Delightful anticipations of her Visit.—Picture of his Greenhouse.

If the publication of the *Task* had procured for its author no other recompence than the renewal of his intercourse with his most attached and amiable relative, that beautiful poem would not have been written in vain. Lady Hesketh, in her prime, is said to have been a brilliant beauty, attracting every eye at Ranelagh to her charms. No portrait of her has been discovered, and the sketch, given in Southey's edition of Cowper, will certainly not gratify the reader's curiosity. She was a person of lively feelings, and considerable accomplishments. The recovery of her correspondence with the poet would be one of the most interesting events in the history of modern literature. But although we are thus deprived of any immediate acquaintance with her features or her mind, we may agree with Southey, in believing that, "in the best sense of the words, no woman can be better known than Lady Hesketh. She had looked upon her cousin almost as a brother in childhood and in youth, and many years of absence and intermitted intercourse, had in no degree diminished her regard for him." She was now in the seventh year of her widowhood; and her own sorrows might, in a great measure, have accounted for her previous silence, if the last letter addressed to her by the poet, in 1767, did not offer a more satisfactory apology for it. Perusing his second volume, with that letter in her recollection, her heart must, indeed, have rejoiced at the change which had come over the spirit of his dream. His religious sentiments were equally earnest,

but more bright and cheering; and his affection for mankind equally sincere, but breathed with a more brotherly tenderness. The history of *John Gilpin* must have transported her among the “giggling” amusements of Southampton Row. How Cowper felt upon the receipt of her letter, we learn from his own pen: “When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table, a letter franked by my uncle, and when opening that frank, I found that it contained a letter from you; I said within myself,—This is just as it should be—we are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more, are actually returned.” He seemed to overleap the wide and dreary interval that intervened between his present and his early state of existence; and to brood, with all the luxury of memory, upon the commencement of his acquaintance with his cousin. Writing, in June 4 and 5, 1786, he endeavours to persuade her that she will find the Westminster boy at Olney. “Am I not your cousin, with whom you have wandered in the fields of Freemantle, and at Bevis’ Mount? who used to read to you, laugh with you, till our sides have ached, at anything or nothing? And am I in these respects at all altered? You will not find me so; but just as ready to laugh and to wander as you ever knew me. A cloud, perhaps, may come over me now and then, for a few hours, but from clouds I was never exempted. And are not you the identical cousin with whom I have performed all these feats? the very Harriet whom I saw for the first time at De Grey’s, in Norfolk Street. (It was on a Sunday, when you came with my uncle and aunt to drink tea there, and I had dined there, and was just going back to Westminster ——.)” His greenhouse, as it was the only pleasant apartment he possessed, so he always described it to his friends with great enthusiasm and gratification, and never more poetically than in a letter to Mr. Newton. “I might date my letter from the green-house, which we have converted into a summer parlour. The walls hung with garden-mats, and the floor covered with carpet; the sun, too, in a great measure excluded by an awning of mats, which forbids him to shine anywhere except upon the carpet; it affords us by far the pleasantest retreat in Olney. We eat, drink, and sleep where we always did; but here we spend all the rest of our time, and find that the sound of the wind in the trees, and the singing of birds, are much more agreeable to our ears, than the incessant barking of dogs and screaming of children.”

My dearest Cousin,

Olney, Feb. 9, 1786.

I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen, that it was impossible to do it. I sent the General a letter on Monday, that would distress and alarm him; I sent him another yesterday that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologised very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures, and his friend has promised to confine himself, in future, to a comparison of me with the original, so that (I doubt not,) we shall jog on merrily together. And now, my dear, let me tell you once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects,—the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks,—everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June; because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle, every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, As soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast

a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author; it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made. But a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we shall be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him, whether he is sure it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be anything better than a cask to eternity. So, if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu! my dearest, dearest cousin.

LETTER LXXX.

William Wilberforce to his Sister.—A Sabbath in the Country.

MR. WILBERFORCE has recorded an Easter Sunday passed at Mr. Unwin's vicarage. He says in his Journal,—“At Stock with the Unwins—day delightful, out almost all of it—communicated—very happy.” Wilberforce, who was “devoted to Cowper,” delighted to ramble in his footsteps through the rural scenes rounp

Newport Pagnel. "It is quite classic ground to me," he wrote to Lord Muncester. "I have once already, (but the day was bad, and I mean to do it again,) carried some cold meat to a venerable old oak, to which he was much attached." His friend, Mr. Bowdler, has given a pleasing sketch of him at this time. "Mr. Wilberforce," he says, "enjoys his parsonage, I think, as much as possible: to say that he is happier than usual, is very bold; but certainly he is as happy as I ever beheld any human being. He carried me one day to Weston, and we wandered over many a spot which Cowper's feet had trod, and gazed on those scenes which his pen had immortalized. On another day we visited Stowe, a work to wonder at, for we were still in the land of poetry, and of music too, for Mr. Wilberforce made the shades resound with his voice, singing like a blackbird wherever he went." With so much poetical sensibility, he would naturally derive a peculiar gratification from the society of Cowper's favourite correspondent.

Stock, April 16, 1786.

About five o'clock yesterday I put myself into a post-chaise, and in four hours found myself safely lodged with the vicar of Stock. It is more than a month since I slept out of town, and I feel all that Milton attributes to the man who has been

. . . . Long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

I scarce recollect to have spent so pleasant a day as that which is now nearly over. My heart opens involuntarily to Unwin and his wife; I fancy I have been with them every day since we first became acquainted at Nottingham, and expand to them with all the confidence of a twelve years' intimacy. Can my dear sister wonder that I call on her to participate in the pleasure I am tasting? I know how you sympathize in the happiness of those you love, and I could not, therefore, forgive myself if I were to keep my raptures to myself, and not invite you to partake of my enjoyment. The day has been delightful. I was out before six, and made

the fields my oratory, the sun shining as bright and as warm as at Midsummer. I think my own devotions become more fervent when offered in this way amidst the general chorus, with which all nature seems on such a morning to be swelling the song of praise and thanksgiving; and, except the time that has been spent at church and at dinner* * * * and neither in the sanctuary nor at table, I trust had I a heart unwarmed with gratitude to the Giver of all good things. I have been all day basking in the sun. On any other day I should not have been so happy; a sense that I was neglecting the duties of my situation might have interrupted the course of my enjoyments, and have taken from their *totality*; for in such a situation as mine, every moment may be made useful to the happiness of my fellow-creatures. But the Sabbath is a season of rest, in which we may be allowed to unbend the mind, and give a complete loose to those emotions of gratitude and admiration which a contemplation of the works, and a consideration of the goodness of God, cannot fail to excite in a mind of the smallest sensibility. And surely this Sabbath, of all others, is that which calls forth these feelings in a supreme degree; a frame of united love and triumph well becomes it, and holy confidence and unrestrained affection. May every Sabbath be to me, and to those I love, a renewal of those feelings, of which the small tastes we have in this life should make us look forward to that eternal rest, which awaits the people of God, when the whole will be a never-ending enjoyment of those feelings of love, and joy, and admiration, and gratitude, which are, even in the limited degree we here experience them, the truest sources of comfort; when these, (I say,) will dictate perpetual songs of thanksgiving without fear, and without satiety. My eyes are bad, but I could not resist the impulse I felt to call on you and tell you how happy I have been.

* Something appears to have been omitted here in the transcript of the original M.S.

LETTER LXXXI.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald to his Mother.—A Night-Scene in an American Forest.

THE history of this unfortunate and misguided nobleman has caused many tears to flow upon the annals of Ireland. While his public career must ever lie open to censure, his private character shines with unsullied beauty. He was an affectionate son, a tender father, and a steadfast friend. In the duties of social life, the charm of his temper developed itself. His letters have not been praised by his biographer more than they deserve. The verses, quoted by Moore from Beaumont and Fletcher, are happily descriptive of their pleasant and unaffected simplicity :—

There's no art in 'em,
They lie disordered on the paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

The following account of a halting in an American wilderness is one of the most interesting in the collection. "The quiet and affecting picture," remarks Mr. Moore, "of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence, affords one of those instances in which a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it."

St. John's, New Brunswick, July 8, 1788.

My dearest Mother,

Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was: it was more like a campaign than any thing else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the mosquitos, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure; the millions of them are dreadful: if it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these,—the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the

refugees; from the other parts of America: the last seem the most civilized. The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, but lead a very comfortable life: they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy anything. They ought to be the happiest people in the world, but they do not seem to know it. They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it; everything is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with everything, and yet not having a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose-deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard-working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose-skins, by making sugar out of the maple-tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish, who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country,) from 1000*l.* to 3000*l.* The equality of everybody, and their manner of life, I like very much. There are no gentlemen; everybody is on a footing, provided he works, and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he makes himself, or has made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better; the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their

work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and, in a few years, if they work, they will thrive. I came by a settlement along one of the rivers, which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy: they had been there thirty years; they came there with one cow, three children, and one servant; there was not a being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter, all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little old cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meal, &c., from each child, according to the share he got of the land, so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house, which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are, than for gain. I was obliged to stay a day with the old people, on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning: it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way,) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot; you must only help it out with your own imagination. Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with wood—not a house in sight, and there finding a little clean, tidy woman, spinning, with an old man, of the same appearance, weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river, without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying eggs and bacon, both talking a great deal, telling their story, as I men-

tioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and, when either's back was turned, remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time, all kindness, all cheerfulness, and love to each other. The contrast of all this, which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work, sitting quietly at their door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together; the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide, sitting with them all on one log; the difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this corner of the world, to see anything I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps, at their age, discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, &c.,—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment. However, here I am with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I should be with G—— in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well; but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes to say to myself, *Tu l'as voulu*, George Dandin, when I find things disagreeable, but, on the whole, I do not repent coming; he won't believe me,

I know. He will be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the sixtieth; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain and not purchase. Give my love to him; I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush.

LETTER LXXXII.

Charles James Fox to Gilbert Wakefield.—The character of Cicero's Eloquence.—Genius of Ovid.

THE most eloquent tribute to the memory of Wakefield is contained in a letter from Dr. Parr to a private friend, acknowledging the communication of Mr. Wakefield's death. "I loved him," he said, "unfeignedly, and though our opinions on various subjects, both of theology and criticism, were different, that difference never disturbed our quiet, nor relaxed our mutual good will. For my part," he added, "I shall ever think and ever speak of Mr. Wakefield as a very profound scholar, as a most honest man, and as a Christian, who united knowledge with zeal, piety with benevolence, and the simplicity of a child with the fortitude of a martyr." From this eulogy some deductions may be properly made; for Parr knew no middle path, either of censure or of praise. But with all his errors, both of religion and scholarship, Wakefield was undoubtedly a man of genuine talent; with a heart frequently governed by prejudice, and a temper at once irritable and overbearing. His edition of *Lucretius*, the second volume of which he inscribed to Mr. Fox, has been commended by those whose praise possesses an intrinsic value, and will preserve the name of a very original and a very eccentric scholar.

Fox, who was particularly attached to the study of Greek literature, shared Milton's affection for Euripides; an essay upon the beauties of that dramatist was one of his favourite literary projects. He agreed with Milton, also, in his admiration of Ovid, a writer, neglected at our colleges and our schools, but surpassing all the Latin poets in playfulness and brilliancy of imagination; more inventive than Virgil, more tender than Claudian, more earnest

than Tibullus. Dryden praises the prodigality of his wit, by which he meant the fertility of allusion, and ingenuity of application, which we discover in the pages of Moore. His defects flow out of his luxuriânce; and his fancy often runs into grotesque shapes from the very richness of the vine. But Ovid is not only the picturesque embellisher of sentiments; Dryden acknowledged his power in moving the passions; and no person can read his allusion to the death of his parents without confessing that the commendation was deserved.

Sir,

St. Anne's Hill, Oct. 22, 1799.

I believe I had best not continue the controversy about field sports; or at least, if I do, I must have recourse, I believe, to authority and precedent, rather than to argument, and content myself with rather excusing, than justifying them. Cicero says, I believe, somewhere, *Si quem nihil delectaret nisi quod cum laude et dignitate conjunctum foret, . . . huic homini ego fortasse, et pauci, Deos propitios, plerique iratos putarent.* But this is said, I am afraid, in defence of a libertine, whose public principles, when brought to the test, proved to be as unsound as his private life was irregular. By the way, I know no speech of Cicero's more full of beautiful passages than this is, (*pro M. Cœlio*,) nor where he is more in his element. Argumentative contention is what he by no means excels in; and he is never, I think, so happy, as when he has an opportunity of exhibiting a mixture of philosophy and pleasantry; and especially, where he can interpose anecdotes, and references to the authority of the eminent characters in the history of his country. No man appears, indeed, to have had such real respect for authority as he; and, therefore, when he speaks on that subject, he is always natural and in earnest; and not like those among *us*, who are so often declaiming about the wisdom of our ancestors, without knowing what they mean, or hardly ever citing any particulars of their conduct, or of their dicta.

I showed your proposed alteration in the *Tristia* to a very

good judge, who approved of it very much. I confess, myself, that I like the old reading best, and think it more in Ovid's manner; but this, perhaps, is mere fancy. I have always been a great reader of him, and thought myself the greatest admirer he had, till you called him the first poet of antiquity, which is going even beyond me. The grand and spirited style of the *Iliad*; the true nature and simplicity of the *Odyssey*; the poetical language (far excelling that of all other poets in the world,) of the *Georgics*, and the pathetic strokes in the *Æneid*, give Homer and Virgil a rank, in my judgment, clearly above all competitors; but next after them I should be very apt to class Ovid, to the great scandal, I believe, of all who pique themselves upon what is called purity of taste. You have somewhere compared him to Euripides, I think; and I can fancy I see a resemblance in them. This resemblance it is, I suppose, which makes one prefer Euripides to Sophocles; a preference which, if one were writing a dissertation, it would be very difficult to justify.

I cannot conceive upon what principle, or, indeed, from what motive, they have so restricted the intercourse between you and your family. My first impulse was, to write to Lord Ilchester to speak to Mr. Frampton; but as you seem to suspect that former applications have done mischief, I shall do nothing. Did you, who are such a hater of war, ever read the lines at the beginning of the second book of Cowper's *Task*? There are few things in our language superior to them, in my judgment. He is a fine poet, and has, in a great degree, conquered my prejudices against blank verse. I am, with great regard, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. J. Fox.

My hand is not yet so well as to give me the use of it, though the wound is nearly healed. The surgeon suspects there is more bone to come away. I have been here something more than a fortnight.

LETTER LXXXIII.

The Same to Mr. Grey.—The Note of the Nightingale.

AMONG the schemes of intellectual exertion which presented themselves to the mind of Fox, during his repose from the excitement of politics and party, were treatises on Poetry, History, and Oratory; an edition of the works of Dryden; and a Defence of Racine, whom he appears to have admired with the enthusiasm of Gray. But Fox, although the most fluent of speakers, was the slowest and most cautious of writers. He confessed that he was too scrupulous about language. The Fragment upon the History of James the Second, disappointed the curiosity its appearance had awakened. His published correspondence, however, displays the kindness of his heart, the elegance of his taste, and the cultivation of his mind. Lord Holland has printed one of his familiar letters, which is not more interesting in itself, than valuable as an illustration of character. The reader should refer to the "Observations" upon this letter, appended to the History of the Reign of James, where the opinion of Mr. Fox respecting the Nightingale, is very ingeniously examined and refuted.

Dear Grey,

In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it anywhere merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even *he* says, "lamenting *Itys*," and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question, as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the

Odyssey*, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the Odyssey, you will certainly find it; and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the Flower and Leaf, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch in the Flower and the Leaf; in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid that I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

Your's affectionately,

C. J. Fox.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Bishop Horne to a Lady, upon the sudden death of her Father.

WE might naturally expect to derive both delight and improvement from the familiar correspondence of the author of the Commentary on the Psalms; a very small portion of it, however, has been published. His letter to Adam Smith, upon the character and writings of Hume, is written with great vivacity and humour†. Bishop Horne disliked those frivolous and un-

* The passage is in *Od.* xix. 515.

† "One of the severest reflections that ever came from the pen of Dr. Horne, was aimed, as I suppose, at this Mr. David Hume; yet it is all very fair. This philosopher had observed, that all the *devout* persons he had ever met with, were *melancholy*; which is thus answered: 'This might very probably be, for, in the first place, it is most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintance being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of *him* would make a devout person melancholy at any time.'—*Life by Jones*, p. 127.

profitable studies which pass under the name of metaphysical inquiries. It is a science, he said, that seems never to have been of service to true religion, but only to have obscured and darkened all its truths, and thereby rendered them a more easy prey to the adversary. May it not, he added, be compared to the mist or fog, described by Homer, as spread over the tops of the hills—

Ποιμεσιν ουτι φίλην, κλεπτη τε νυκτος αμεινω.—*Il.* iii. 11.

But I have preferred to exhibit him in his more natural and engaging character of a Christian friend; consoling the mourner by his sympathy, and enlivening her faith by his pastoral exhortation.

Canterbury, Nov. 11.

My dear Madam,

Little did I think a letter from —— would afflict my soul; but your's received this morning has indeed done it. Seeing your hand, and a black seal, my mind foreboded what had happened. I made an attempt to read it to my wife and daughter, but it would not do. I got no further than the first sentence, burst into a flood of tears, and was obliged to retreat into the solitude of my study, unfit for any thing but to think on what had happened; then to fall upon my knees, and pray that God would evermore pour down his choicest blessings on the children of my departed friend; and as their "father and their mother had forsaken them," that He would "take them up," and support them in time and eternity. Even so, Amen.

You ask comfort of me, but your truly excellent letter has suggested comfort to me from all the proper topics; and I can only reflect it back to you again. All things considered, the circumstance which first marked the disorder, may be termed a *gracious* dispensation. It at once rendered the event, one may say, *desirable*, which otherwise carried so much terror and sorrow in the face of it. Nothing else in the world could so soon and so effectually have blunted the edge of

the approaching calamity, and reconciled to it minds full of the tenderest love and affection. To complete the consolation, *that* only remained, which we all know to be the fact; Mr. — stood always so prepared, so firm in his faith*, so constant in his Christian practice of every duty, that he could not be taken by surprise, or off his guard: the stroke must be to himself a blessing, whenever, or however, it came. His death was as his birth-day†; and, like the primitive Christians, we should keep it as such, as a day of joy and triumph. Bury his body, but embalm his example, and let it diffuse his fragrance among you from generation to generation; call him blessed, and endeavour to be like him—like him in piety, in charity, in friendship, in courteousness, in temper, in conduct, in word, and in deed. His virtues compose a little volume, which your brother should carry in his bosom; and he will need no other, if that be well studied, to make him the gentleman and the Christian. You, my dear madam, will, I am sure, go on with diligence, to finish the fair transcript you have begun, that the world around you may see and admire.

Do not apologize for writing; but let me hear what you do, and what plan of life your brother thinks of pursuing. With kindest compliments from the sympathising folks here, believe me ever, my dear madam, your faithful friend and servant.

* “When sickness and sorrow come upon a Christian, and order him to prepare for death, he should be able to say, in the words of Æneas,—

Nulla mihi nova nunc facies inopinaque surgit.

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.”—Æn. lib. vi. 104.

Bishop Horne's *Essays and Thoughts*.

† “It was a saying among the Brahmans, that our life ought to be considered as a state of *conception*, and death as a *birth* to a true and happy life. The thought seems just, and capable, on the Christian plan, of being improved into a curious and useful speculation.”—Bishop Horne's *Essays and Thoughts on Various Subjects*, Works, vol. i., p. 303, ed. of 1809.

LETTER LXXXV.

Dr. Parr to Mr. Thomas Moore.—The boyhood of Sheridan.

EVERY Harrovian points with pride to the name of Sheridan, cut in the old hall of that venerable school. Nor is he undeserving of the distinction. Byron said that whatever he did, (or chose to do,) was always the best of its kind: he wrote the best comedy, the *School for Scandal*; the best opera, the *Duenna*; the best farce, the *Critic*; and delivered the most famous oration of modern times. No history ever contained a more touching moral than the narrative of the actions and the misfortunes of Sheridan. With talents that might have dignified the highest station, he nevertheless sank into the most harassing difficulties; and with a disposition naturally generous and affectionate, he was continually outraging every principle of justice and of truth. He lived in the blaze of society, and died in the solitude of neglect.

Dear Sir,

Hatton, Aug. 3, 1818.

With the aid of a scribe, I sit down to fulfil my promise about Mr. Sheridan. There was little in his boyhood worth communicating. He was inferior to many of his schoolfellows in the ordinary business of a school; and I do not remember any one instance in which he distinguished himself by Latin or English composition, in prose or verse. Nathaniel Halhed*, one of his schoolfellows, wrote well in Latin and Greek.

* Sheridan's intimacy with Halhed was resumed after they had quitted Harrow, one for Oxford, and the other for his father's residence at Bath. "There is something in the alliance between these boys," says Mr. Moore, "peculiarly interesting. Their united ages, as Halhed boasts in one of his letters, did not amount to thirty-eight. They were both abounding in wit and spirits, and as sanguine as the consciousness of youth and talent could make them; both inspired with a taste for pleasure, and thrown upon their own resources for the means of gratifying it: both carelessly embarking, without rivalry or reserve, their venture of fame on the same bottom, and both, as Halhed discovered at last, passionately in love with the same woman." But though their projects were numerous, the only production of their literary alliance was the translation of *Aristanetus*.

Richard Archdall, another school-fellow, excelled in English verse. Richard Sheridan aspired to no rivalry with either of them. He was at the uppermost part of the fifth form, but he never reached the sixth, and, if I mistake not, he had no opportunity of attending the most difficult, and the most honourable part of school-business, when the Greek plays were taught,—and it was the custom at Harrow to teach these, at least every year. He went through his lessons in Horace, and Virgil, and Homer well enough, for a time. But, in the absence of the upper master, Dr. Sumner, it once fell in my way to instruct the two upper forms, and upon calling up Dick Sheridan, I found him not only slovenly in construing, but unusually defective in his Greek grammar. Knowing him to be a clever fellow, I did not fail to probe and tease him. I stated his case with great good-humour to the upper master, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world; and it was agreed between us that Richard should be called oftener, and worked more severely. The varlet was not suffered to stand up in his place; but was summoned to take his station near the master's table, where the voice of no prompter could reach him; and in this defenceless condition, he was so harassed, that he at last gathered up some grammatical rules, and prepared himself for his lessons. While this tormenting process was inflicted upon him, I now and then upbraided him. But you will take notice, that he did not incur any corporal punishment for his idleness; his industry was just sufficient to protect him from disgrace; all the while Sumner and I saw in him vestiges of superior intellect. His eye, his countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which, somehow or other, all his school-fellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness, which delighted Sumner and myself; I had much talk with him about his apple-loft, for

the supply of which all the gardens in the neighbourhood were taxed, and some of the lower boys were employed to furnish it. I threatened, but without asperity, to trace the depredators, through his associates, up to their leader. He, with perfect good humour, set me at defiance, and I never could bring the charge home to him. All boys and all masters were pleased with him. I often praised him as a lad of great talents,—often exhorted him to use them well; but my exhortations were fruitless. I take for granted, that his taste was silently improved, and that he knew well the little which he did know. He was removed from school too soon by his father, who was the intimate friend of Sumner, and whom I often met at his house. Sumner had a fine voice, fine ear, fine taste, and therefore pronunciation was frequently the favourite subject between him and Tom Sheridan. I was present at many of their discussions and disputes, and sometimes took a very active part in them—but Richard was not present. The father, you know, was a wrong-headed, whimsical man, and, perhaps his scanty circumstances were one of the reasons which prevented him from sending Richard to the University. He must have been aware, as Sumner and I were, that Richard's mind was not cast in any ordinary mould. I ought to have told you, that Richard, when a boy, was a great reader of English poetry; but his exercises afforded no proof of his proficiency. In truth, he, as a boy, was quite careless about literary fame. I should suppose that his father, without any regular system, polished his taste, and supplied his memory with anecdotes about our best writers in our Augustan age. The grandfather, you know, lived familiarly with Swift. I have heard of him as an excellent scholar. His boys in Ireland, once performed a Greek play, and when Sir William Jones and I were talking over this event, I determined to make the experiment in England. I selected some of my best boys, and they performed the *Ædipus Tyrannus*, and the *Trachinians* of

Sophocles. I wrote some Greek Iambics to vindicate myself from the imputation of singularity, and grieved I am that I did not keep a copy of them. Milton, you may remember, recommends what I attempted.

I saw much of Sheridan's father after the death of Sumner, and after my own removal from Harrow to Stanmore. I respected him—he really liked me, and did me some important services, but I never met him and Richard together. I often inquired about Richard, and from the father's answers, found they were not upon good terms; but neither he nor I ever spoke of his son's talents, but in terms of the highest praise.

LETTER LXXXVI.

The Poet Crabbe to Burke.—An Appeal to his Generosity and Compassion.

MR. CRABBE'S journal of his London life, extending over a period of three months, is one of the most affecting documents which ever lent an interest to biography. Arriving in the metropolis in the beginning of 1800, without money, friends, or introductions, he rapidly sank into penury and suffering. His landlord threatened him, and hunger and a gaol already stared him in the face. In this emergency, he ventured to solicit the notice of three individuals, eminent for station and influence. He applied to Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow, but without success. In a happy moment the name of Burke entered his mind, and he appealed to his sympathy in the following letter. The result is well known. In Burke the happy poet found not only a patron and a friend, but a sagacious adviser and an accomplished critic. Crabbe supposed the following verses to have satisfied Burke of his poetical genius: he is describing Aldborough, his native town:—

Here wand'ring long, amid those frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that nature yields;
Rapine, and wrong, and fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race.

Who only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the lost vessel bend their eager eye,
Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.
As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread,
So waited I, the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from those shores where guilt and rapine reign,
And cried, ah! hapless they who still remain,—
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore,
Till some fierce tide, with more superior sway,
Sweeps the low hut, and all it holds, away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.

During Crabbe's visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Edinburgh, he was almost constantly in the company of Mr. Lockhart, who has communicated to the poet's son some interesting anecdotes respecting him, and one especially, relating to his sojourn in London,—“He told us, that during many months, when he was toiling in early life in London, he hardly ever tasted butcher's meat, except on a Sunday, when he dined, usually, with a tradesman's family, and thought their leg of mutton, baked in a pan, the perfection of luxury. The tears stood in his eyes, while he talked of Burke's kindness to him in his distress; and, I remember, he said, ‘The night after I delivered my letter at his door, I was in such a state of agitation, that I walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until day-light.’”

Sir,

I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however, simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last, I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessities of life, till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only. I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread, they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt. Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford; in consequence of which, I asked his lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His Lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the inclosed proposals.

I am afraid, sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude, that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived

me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live, perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is pain to myself, and every one near and

dear to me, are distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune; and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun: in which (though it ought not to be boasted of), I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

*Lord Byron to his Mother.—Turkish Scenery ;
Visit to Ali Pacha.*

LORD BYRON'S journey through Albania, and other districts of Turkey—a portion of which is related in this animated and characteristic letter—has been more copiously described by the poet's friend and fellow-traveller Sir John Hobhouse. When Byron wrote to his mother, he had begun the composition of his great poem about twelve days, having himself recorded its commencement at Ioannina, October 31, 1809. The picture of the Pacha's residence at Tepaleen, will recall the beautiful stanzas in *Childe Harold*, which are, indeed, only a poetical amplification of it:—

Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court;
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide extending court below:
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door
Some high-capp'd Tartar spur'd his steed away.
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head, and ornamented gun,
 And gold-embroidered garments fair to see :
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon,
 And Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive : the lively, supple Greek,
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son :
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

Are mix'd conspicuous ; some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
 There, some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground.
 Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
 Hark ! from the Mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
 " There is no God, but God !—to prayer—lo, God is great !"

Childe Harold, Canto II.

Prevesa, November 12, 1809.

My dear Mother,

I have now been some time in Turkey ; this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about one hundred and fifty miles, as far as Tepaleen, his highness' country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is Ali, and he is considered a man of the first abilities ; he governs the whole of Albania, (the ancient Illyricum,) Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great influence in Egypt ; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty,

I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary, *gratis*; and though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, &c., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

I rode out on the Vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons. They are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra in Portugal), I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen; our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen, at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind, (with some change of dress, however,) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system.

The Albanians in their dresses, (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it; two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing with despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after

by the Vizier's secretary, "à-la-mode Turquie." The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, &c. The Vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use; but a physician of Ali's, named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake, had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a-day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular, that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultan's, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre; a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this, and a thousand things more, I have neither time nor space to describe.

I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the Saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears, and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or, (as Fletcher pathetically termed it,) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote, (an immense cloak,) and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophize in my travels, and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels; we were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases, Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, (I don't know which,) but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Stranè's, English Consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you; but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the

greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much ; they are not all Turks : some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar, and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago, an Albanian chief, (every village has its chief, who is called Primate,) after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation, but a written paper stating that I was well received ; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, “No,” he replied, “I wish you to love me, not to pay me ;”—these are his words.

It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. When I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the Vizier’s order ; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been half as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the bye, I expect H—— to remit regularly ; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Stranè’s, English Consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and H——’s neglect ; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may, perhaps, cross into

Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks, by the present of eighty piastres from the Vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages, and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from H——, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Nessy Heywood to her Brother.—Fervent Assurances of Love and Confidence.

THE eventful history of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and of Bligh's voyage of four thousand miles over the perilous Atlantic, has been narrated by Sir John Barrow with feeling and impartiality. Among those who remained in the ship, after the expulsion of its commander, was Peter Heywood, a native of the Isle of Man, where his father was seneschal to the Duke of Athol. He was a midshipman of the *Bounty*, and, being the only surviving officer, was probably subjected to a severer scrutiny. He was convicted by a court-martial, but subsequently received the king's pardon, and was restored to the service. It was during the distressing interval, between the accusation and the trial, that his sister, Nessy Heywood, addressed to him this pathetic expression of hope, affection, and pity. She lived, in her own words, to clasp her freed brother once more to her bosom, and to proclaim

herself, in a hasty note to her mother, one of the happiest beings upon earth. But her constitution sank under the violent emotions it had undergone, and she died at Hastings, September 25, 1793, within the year of her brother's liberation. If the tenderest love, the most generous self-devotion, and the liveliest sense of honour and virtue, be some of the noblest endowments of human nature, we shall not hesitate to class Nessy Heywood among Eminent Persons. She appeals for distinction neither to the understanding nor to the fancy, but to the heart.

Isle of Man, 2nd June, 1792.

In a situation of mind, only rendered supportable by the long and painful state of misery and suspense we have suffered on his account, how shall I address my dear, my fondly-beloved brother? how describe the anguish we have felt at the idea of this long and painful separation, rendered still more distressing by the terrible circumstances attending it. Oh! my ever-dearest boy, when I look back to that dreadful moment which brought us the fatal intelligence, that you had remained in the *Bounty* after Mr. Bligh had quitted her, and were looked upon by him as a *mutineer*! when I contrast that day of horror with my present hopes of again beholding you, such as my most sanguine wishes could expect, I know not which is the most predominant sensation, —pity, compassion, and terror for your sufferings, or joy and satisfaction at the prospect of their being near a termination, and of once more embracing the dearest object of our affections. I will not ask you, my beloved brother, whether you are innocent of the dreadful crime of mutiny; if the transactions of that day were, as Mr. Bligh has represented them, such is my conviction of your worth and honour, that I will, without hesitation, stake my life on your innocence. If, on the contrary, you were concerned in such a conspiracy against your commander, I shall be as firmly persuaded that *his* conduct was the occasion of it; but, alas! could any occasion justify so atrocious an attempt to destroy a number of our

fellow creatures? No, my ever dearest brother, nothing but conviction from your own mouth can possibly persuade me, that you would commit an action in the smallest degree inconsistent with honour and duty; and the circumstance of your having swam off to the Pandora, on her arrival at Otaheite, (which filled us with joy to which no words can do justice,) is sufficient to convince all who know you, that you certainly stayed behind either by force, or from views of preservation.

How strange does it seem to me that I am now engaged in the delightful task of writing to you. Alas! my beloved brother, two years ago I never expected again to enjoy such a felicity; and even yet I am in the most painful uncertainty, whether you are alive. Gracious God! grant that we may be at length blessed by your return! but, alas! the Pandora's people have been long expected, and are not even yet arrived. Should any accident have happened, after all the miseries you have already suffered, the poor gleam of hope, with which we have been lately indulged, will render our situation ten times more insupportable than if time had inured us to your loss. I send this to the care of Mr. Hayward, of Hackney, father to the young gentleman you so often mention in your letters, while you were on board the Bounty, and who went out as third lieutenant of the Pandora, a circumstance which gave us infinite satisfaction, as you would, on entering the Pandora, meet your old friend. On discovering old Mr. Hayward's residence, I wrote to him, as I hoped he could give me some information respecting the time of your arrival, and, in return, he sent me a most friendly letter, and has promised this shall be given to you when you reach England, as I well know how great must be your anxiety to hear of us, and how much satisfaction it will give you to have a letter immediately on your return. Let me conjure you, my dearest Peter, to write to us the very first moment,—do not lose a post,—'tis of no consequence how short your letter may be,

if it only informs us you are well. I need not tell you that you are the first and dearest object of our affections; think, then, my adored boy, of the anxiety we must feel on your account; for my own part, I can know no real happiness or joy, independent of you, and, if any misfortune should now deprive us of you, my hopes of felicity are fled for ever.

We are at present making all possible interest with every friend and connexion we have, to insure you a sufficient support and protection at your approaching trial; for a trial you must unavoidably undergo, in order to convince the world of that innocence, which those who know you will not for a moment doubt; but, alas! while circumstances are against you, the generality of mankind will judge severely. Bligh's representations to the Admiralty are, I am told, very unfavourable, and hitherto the tide of public opinion has been greatly in his favour. My mamma is at present well, considering the distress she has suffered since you left us; for, my dearest brother, we have experienced a complicated scene of misery from a variety of causes, which, however, when compared with the sorrow we felt on your account, was trifling and insignificant: that misfortune made all others light, and, to see you once more returned and safely restored to us, will be the summit of all earthly happiness.

Farewell, my most beloved brother! God grant this may soon be put into your hands! Perhaps at this moment you are arrived in England, and I may soon have the dear delight of again beholding you. My mamma, brothers, and sisters, join with me in every sentiment of love and tenderness. Write to us immediately, my ever-loved Peter, and may the Almighty preserve you until you bless with your presence your fondly affectionate family, and particularly your unalterably faithful friend and sister,

NESSEY HEYWOOD.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Bishop Heber to his Mother.—A Picture of Moscow.

ABOUT the middle of 1805, after an academic career of almost unexampled brilliancy and success, Heber left England, accompanied by his early and attached friend, Mr. John Thornton, on a tour through the northern countries of Europe. During his travels, he visited Russia, Norway, Sweden, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany. Some of the most interesting notes in Dr. Clarke's volumes were contributed by Heber. He possessed, in an eminent degree, many of the qualities of a successful traveller. To the painter's eye he united the poet's heart; and described what he saw and what he felt, with delightful ease, vivacity, and elegance. Tender, without the affectation of sentiment, and learned, without the profusion of pedantry, he is one of the most agreeable and instructive of tourists. The reader only regrets that he has not written more.

My dear Mother,

Moscow, Jan. 4, 1806.

Our journey has been prosperous, and, after about ninety hours' continued jolting, we arrived safely at Moscow about eight o'clock last night. Mr. Bayley came with us, and we have found his knowledge of the Russian language and manners of great service to us on the road. Our method of travelling deserves describing, both as being comfortable in itself, and as being entirely different to from anything in England. We performed the journey in Kibitkas, the carriages usually employed by the Russians in their winter journeys; they are nothing more than a very large cradle, well covered with leather, and placed on a sledge, with a leathern curtain in front; the luggage is packed at the bottom, the portmantaus serving for an occasional seat, and the whole covered with a mattress, on which one or more persons can lie at full length, or sit, supported by pillows. In this attitude, and well wrapped up in furs, one can scarcely conceive a more luxurious mode of getting over a country, when the roads are

good, and the weather not intense; but in twenty-four, or twenty-five degrees of frost, Reaumur, no wrapping can keep you quite warm; and in bad roads, of which we have had some little experience, the jolting is only equalled by the motion of a ship in a storm.

In the weather we were very fortunate, having a fine clear frost, about as mild as an English Christmas. Our first forty hours were spent in traversing an unfertile and unlovely country, the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw, with nothing but occasional patches of cultivation, and formal fir woods, without a single feature of art or nature which could attract attention. Once, indeed, from a little elevation, we saw the sun set to great advantage; it was singular to see it slowly sinking beneath the black and perfectly level horizon of the sea of land which surrounded us. The night which followed was distinguished by more jolting than usual; and about sunrise, Thornton drew the curtain, and cried out,—“England!” I started up, and found we were on the summit of a low range of stony hills, with an enclosed and populous country before us, and a large town, Valdai, which, with its neighbourhood, had some little resemblance to Oxford, as seen from the Banbury road. This is, in fact, the boundary of Ancient Russia; all beyond were the territories of Novogorod, Istria, and the other countries they have conquered. The whole plain from Valdai to Moscow is very level, entirely arable, generally common fields, with some shabby enclosures, thickly set with villages and small coppices, in which the firs begin to be relieved by birch, lime, ash, and elm. Tver and Torshok are large towns, but have nothing in them to detain a traveller. During this journey, I was struck by observing the very little depth of snow on the ground, which was not more, nor so much, as we often see in England, and no where prevented my distinguishing the meadows from the stubble-fields. Mr. Bayley said he had often made the same observation, and that it was not peculiar

to the present year. We had our guns with us; and often left the Kibitka in pursuit of the large black grouse, of which we saw several,—a noble bird, as large as a turkey. They were, however, so wild, we could not get a fair shot. We had some hopes of killing a wolf, as one or two passed the road during the first part of our journey; but it was during the night, and, before we were fairly roused and could get our guns ready, they were safe in the wood. In severe winters they are sometimes easily shot, as they keep close to the road-side, and, when very much famished, will even attack the horses in a carriage: they are not considered dangerous to men, except in self-defence. Of the people, we, of course, saw but little; though, having so good an interpreter with us, we asked many questions, and went into several of the cottages, which we found much cleaner than we expected, but so hot that we could not endure to remain in them long. A Russian cottage is always built of logs, cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two stories, one of which is half sunk, and serves as a store-house; two-thirds of the upper story are taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet, where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which, (for the chimney, is only a small flue on the side,) serves as a favourite sitting and sleeping-place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat, and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton: the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or the floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea, and cream,—nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us.

The country people are all alike, dirty, good-humoured

fellows, in sheep-skin gowns, with the wool inwards. The drivers crossed themselves devoutly before beginning each stage, and sung the whole way, or else talked to their horses. A Russian seldom beats his horse, but argues with him first, and at last goes no further than to abuse him, and call him wolf or Jew, which last is the lowest pitch of their contemptuous expressions. Their horses are much larger and better fed than the Swedish, and, when talked to, *secundum artem*, trot very fast. Nothing on our journey surprised us so much as the crowds of single-horse sledges, carrying provisions to Petersburg; it would not be exaggerating to say that we passed, in twenty-four hours, about a thousand. Every article of necessary consumption must, indeed, be brought from a distance, as the neighbourhood of Petersburg produces nothing to "make trade," very little to "make eat." When I have seen the fine fertile country, abounding in everything good and desirable, which Peter deserted for the bogs and inclement latitude of the Neva, I wonder more and more at the boldness and success of his project. It is as if the King of England should move his capital from London to Bamff, and make a Windsor of Johnny Groat's house.

We reached this vast overgrown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight, and consequently saw it to great advantage; though, as we passed along its broad irregular streets, we could not but observe the strange mixture of cottages, gardens, stables, barracks, churches, and palaces. This morning we have been much delighted with a more accurate survey. Moscow is situated in a fine plain, with the river Moskva winding through it; the town is a vast oval, covering about as much ground as London and Westminster. The original city is much smaller; it forms one quarter of the town, under the name of Katai-gorod, the city of Kathay; it has preserved the name from the time of the conquest of Russia by the Tartars, when they seized on the city, and made the Russians quit their houses, and build

without its walls, what is now called Biel-gorod, or White Town. Kitai-gorod is still surrounded by its old Tartar-wall, with high brick towers, of a most singular construction; the gates are ornamented in the old oriental style, and several of the older churches have been originally mosques. But it is in the Kremlin, or palace quarter, that the principal vestiges of the Khans are displayed; their palacestill exists entire, and is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. As I walked up its high staircase, and looked round on the terraces and towers, and the crescents which yet remain in their gilded spires, I could have fancied myself the hero of an eastern tale, and expected, with some impatience, to see the talking-bird, the singing-water, or the black slave with his golden club. In this building, which is now called the treasury, are preserved the crowns of Kasan, Astracan, and Siberia, and of some other petty Asiatic kingdoms. The present imperial apartments are small and mean, and are separated from the Tartar palace by a little court. The first entrance to the Kremlin, after passing the great Saracenic gate, is excessively striking, and the view of the town and river would form a noble panorama. I was, indeed, so well satisfied with what I saw from the court-yard, which is very elevated, that I was not a little unwilling to do what is expected from all strangers,—to clamber up the tower of St. Michael, to see a fine prospect turned into a map. The tower stands in the middle of the court; half-way up is the gallery whence the ancient monarchs of Russia, down to the time of Peter the Great, used to harangue the assemblies of the people. Before it is a deep pit, containing the remains of the famous bell cast by the Empress Anne, and about three times the size of the great bell at Christ Church. It was originally suspended on a frame of wood, which was accidentally burnt down, and the weight of the bell forced it, like the helmet of Otranto, through the pavement, into a cellar. On each side of the Michael tower is a Christianized mosque,

of most strange and barbarous architecture ; in one of which the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and in the other they are buried. The rest of the Kremlin is taken up by public offices, barracks, the archiepiscopal palace, and two or three convents. An immense ditch, with a Tartar wall, surrounds it ; and it is approached by two gates, the principal of which a Russian never passes with his hat on. * * * * The houses, with the exception of some vast palaces belonging to the nobility, are meanness itself. The shops are truly Asiatic, dark, small, and huddled together in long vaulted bazars, and the streets ill-paved and lighted.

January 10th. Of the society, we have seen too little to form any judgment. We have called on the governor, and some other persons to whom we had letters of introduction, and have been civilly received. We have also been at two private concerts, at one of which we met Madame Mara, who is now here with Signor Florio, and who sung but very carelessly. Concerts are fashionable at Moscow ; and cards, as may be expected in a society which, though they will not allow it, is certainly at present provincial, are much more common than at Petersburg. The society consists, in a great measure, we are told, of families of the old nobility, and superannuated courtiers, who live in prodigious state, and, from what we have seen, great and almost cumbersome hospitality. Some of their daughters seem tolerably accomplished, and very good-natured, unaffected girls ; we have seen nothing remarkably beautiful, though the bloom and fresh complexions of Moscow are often envied by the Petersburg belles. We promise ourselves a great deal of amusement and instruction from the number of old officers and ministers who have figured in the revolution, and the busy scenes of Catherine's time. This being Christmas day, according to the Russian calendar, we are going to the grand gala dinner of the governor's ; it is necessary for us to go in full uniform, which, indeed, we must frequently do, as "the old courtiers

of the queen, and the queen's old courtiers," are much more attentive to such distinctions than the circle we have left in Petersburg. The English nation is said to be in high favour here, and we were much gratified by the cordial manner in which many persons expressed themselves towards us. We have been rather fortunate in seeing a splendid Greek funeral, attended by a tribe of priests, deacons, and archimandrites, under the command of one archbishop and two subalterns. The archbishop was a Circassian, and one of the bishops a Georgian. The "Divine Plato*" is not now in Moscow. I am eagerly expecting news from you, which, with some regard to the news from Germany, must decide our future tour.

Believe me, dear Mother, yours affectionately,

REGINALD HEBER.

LETTER XC.

Sir James Mackintosh to Robert Hall, upon his recovery from severe indisposition.

DR. GREGORY obtained from Sir James Mackintosh, a few particulars of his early intimacy with Robert Hall. They were both members of King's College, Aberdeen: Sir James being in his 18th year, and Hall about a year older. Their friendship soon grew close and affectionate. They read together, sat together at Lectures, when they were able, and walked together. Mackintosh explained his attachment, to Hall, by saying, "that he could not

* The Russ we have not attempted, though we have been often amused with its strange and barbarous similarity to Greek. Οἶνος and Φοῖβο, with a true Æolic pronunciation, are vinegar and wine; and, after a range of visits, we order our carriage to drive Δομῶς. I have had plates handed to me by Nestors and Nicons; and, one day, heard a hackey-sledge driver call his friend Athanasius; but all these are exceeded by an introduction we are promised to the divine Plato himself, who is the Archbishop of Moscow, and one of the few learned divines of the Greek Church.—*Letter to Richard Heber, Esq., from St. Petersburg, Dec. 1805.*

help it." Their praise of each other was constant and generous; Mackintosh admired the splendour of Hall's eloquence, and Hall discovered in the mind of Mackintosh, a relationship to the intellect of Bacon*. The occasion of the following letter was the most afflicting calamity to which humanity is subject. When Mr. Hall resumed his ministerial duties at Cambridge, he resided at Foulmire, a situation where he was totally deprived of society and relaxation. Solitude, sleeplessness, and pain, combined to renew the malady which had already interrupted his labours. Complete abstraction from study, and the skilful attention of Dr. Coxe, near Bristol, gradually restored him to health and activity. Writing to a friend, Feb. 1, 1806, he thus alludes to his recovery:—"With the deepest submission I wish to bow to the mandate of that awful, yet, I trust, paternal power, which, when it pleases, confounds all human hopes, and lays us prostrate in the dust. It is for him to dispose of his creatures as he pleases: and, if they be willing and obedient, to work out their happiness, though by methods the most painful and afflictive—it is with the sincerest gratitude that I would acknowledge the goodness of God in restoring me. I am, as far as I can judge, as remote from anything wild and irregular in the state of my mind, as I ever was in

* "Of the literary characters respecting whom we conversed, there was none whom he praised so highly as his friend, Sir James Mackintosh; and the following fragments all convey some idea of Mr. Hall's estimate of that distinguished and lamented person. 'I know no man,' he said repeatedly and emphatically, 'equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced. He is defective only in imagination.' At this last statement I expressed my surprise, remarking that I never could have expected that the author of the eloquent oration for Peltier, was deficient in imagination. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. H., 'I don't wonder at your remark. The truth is, he has imagination too; but with him, imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command; for his memory retains everything. His mind is a spacious repository hung round with beautiful images, and when he wants one, he has nothing to do but to reach up his hand to a peg, and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind, they were imported.' B. 'If he be so defective in imagination, he must be incompetent to describe scenes and delineate characters vividly and graphically; and I should apprehend, therefore, he will not succeed in writing history.' H. 'Sir, I do not expect him to produce an eloquent or interesting history. He has, I fear, mistaken his province. His genius is best adapted for metaphysical speculation; but, had he chosen moral philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer.'"—*Conversational Remarks* of Mr. Hall, in the Appendix, Note A., to Vol. VI. of his Works.

my life; though I think, owing probably to the former increased excitation, I feel some abatement of vigour. My mind seems inert."

My dear Hall,

Bombay, 21st Sept., 1805.

I believe that in the hurry of leaving London, I did not answer the letter that you wrote to me in December, 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend, from whom I have had one letter from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he is. No request of yours could be lightly esteemed by me. It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use), a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five and twenty years are now past since we first met; yet hardly anything has occurred since, which has left a deeper, or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of brilliant fancy, with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and forgotten. It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity which, in a mind preoccupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardour, but which thoroughly detached you from the world, and made you the inhabitant of regions, where alone it is possible to be always active without impurity, and where the ardour of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combination of beauty and excellence.

It is not given us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future should be let into the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising us above the sphere of our usefulness, to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we must submit—are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved. It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present engagements, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity, with which it has pleased Providence to visit you, which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention; and which I consider in you little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind, with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say in this case, in a far grander sense than that in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,—

. And yet
The light that led astray was light from heaven.

On your return to us you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial product which is pure and truly exquisite, in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections, and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt whether for a calamity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men, as to seek to condole with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy

friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of attaining their object. You cannot live *for* men, without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you can do, and the evil you can only lament. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of nature amidst all its imperfections, and employ your moral imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colours with the brighter hues of real experience and excellence; thus brightening their beauty, instead of broadening the shade, which must surround us till we waken from this dream in other spheres of existence.

My habits of life have not been favourable to this train of meditation. I have been too busy, or too trifling. My nature would have been better consulted if I had been placed in a *quieter* situation, where speculation might have been my business, and visions of the fair and good my chief recreation. When I approach you, I feel a powerful attraction towards this, which seems the natural destiny of my mind: but, habit opposes obstacles, and duty calls me off, and reason frowns on him, who wastes that reflection on a destiny independent of him, which he ought to reserve for actions of which he is the master*. In another letter I may write to you on miscellaneous subjects; at present I cannot bring my mind to speak of them. Let me hear from you soon and often. Farewell my dear friend.

Yours ever most faithfully,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

* "I, at that time, had a sort of morbid wish to seclude myself from public life. Never indulge it, earnestly exclaimed your father, it is the most fatal of all delusions; the sad delusion by which Cowper was wrecked. Our happiness depends not upon torpor, not upon sentimentality, but upon the due exercise of our various faculties; it is not acquired by sighing for wretchedness and shunning the wretched, but by vigorously discharging our duty to society. Remember what Bacon says, with whom you seem as much delighted as I am, that "in this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers on."—*Basil Montagu to Robert Mackintosh.*

LETTER XCI.

Lord Collingwood to his Daughter.—Suggestions respecting her Education.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD was born at Newcastle, September 26th, 1750, and sent to a school in that town, where his companions, Lord Eldon and his brother, Lord Stowel, remembered him to have been a pretty and gentle boy. In 1761 he commenced his naval career on board the Shannon, commanded by Admiral Brathwaite. While on the West India station, he was brought into frequent intercourse with the illustrious Nelson. Collingwood, by the force of merit alone, gradually rose to the highest rank in his profession. He participated in the glory of St. Vincent and Trafalgar, and distinguished himself upon every occasion by his intrepidity and prudence. His health, however, visibly declined under the constant anxieties of service; but to those friends who advised him to relinquish his command, he always replied, that his life belonged to his country. When at length he determined upon returning to England, the time was gone by. On Monday, March 7th, 1810, we are informed by his biographer, there was a considerable swell, and his friend, Captain Thomas, on entering his cabin, expressed his apprehensions that the motion of the vessel disturbed him,—“No, Thomas,” he said, “nothing in this world can disturb me more,—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.” With affectionate remembrances of his absent family, after taking “a tender farewell of his attendants,” he expired, in perfect tranquillity, off Port Mahon, at six o’clock in the evening, aged 59 years and six months. He was buried in St. Paul’s, by the side of Nelson. The history of his life is recorded in the annals of his country; the history of his mind, in his most delightful correspondence. It has been very elegantly and justly observed, that there is something peculiarly affecting in his thoughts of home, and the trees he had planted, and the flower-garden, and the summer-seat, which he is perpetually breathing from the distant and lonely seas.

Ocean, at Malta, February 5, 1809.

I received your letter, my dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have amidst my toils and troubles, is in the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge, and that the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both, has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life; and I hope that no negligence of your own will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I that you should be amiable, and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive, by admonition of my own, pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner, to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill-judging person; but, after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinctured by anything offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words, and all your actions, should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother,—your dear, your good mother,—say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity, than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both

mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for mind and manners; next for accomplishments.

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If, in a familiar epistle, you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains, and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines, and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great ignorance towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her hand-writing. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others, and the scribblers flatter themselves

with a vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense. I am very anxious to come to England, for I have lately been unwell. The greatest happiness which I expect there, is to find that my dear girls have been assiduous in their learning.

May God Almighty bless you, my beloved little Sarah, and sweet Mary too.

LETTER XCII.

The Same to Lady Collingwood.—Cherished hopes of returning to his family.

Ocean, June 16, 1806.

This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth; but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views which are nowhere to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly, and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world, give me a distaste to the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are hanged for some little

thievery : while a knave of education and high-breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first, I feel pity and compassion ; for the latter, abhorrence and contempt : they are the tenfold vicious.

Have you read—but what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy? Tell her—God bless her!—I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. God bless me! I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength. They have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out, I do not know : if they come, I have no doubt we shall do an excellent deed, and then I will bring them to England myself.

How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining : it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of everything that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books ; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time : but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation ! I am persuaded

that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church ; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

Tell me, how do the trees which I planted, thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer-seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a midshipman. Here I get nothing; but then my expenses are nothing, and I do not want it particularly, now that I have got my knives, forks, tea-pot, and the things you were so kind as to send me.

LETTER XCIII.

*Robert Hall to Mr. Hewitt Fysh, upon the death
of his Wife.*

WHEN Sir James Mackintosh said, that posterity would place the name of Hall by the side of Paley, he scarcely assigned to him his proper situation in theological literature. Hall, indeed, possessed many of the most valuable qualities of Paley ; but Paley wanted the vivacious and illuminating fancy of Hall. In his correspondence, however, we find no other characteristics of his mind, than simplicity and truth.

Shelford, March 11, 1804.

My dear Friend,

I deeply sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained by the decease of your most excellent wife*. It is a stroke which will be long felt by all her surviving friends: how much more by a person with whom she was so long and so happily united! There are many considerations, however, which must occur to your mind, in alleviation of your distress. The dear deceased had long been rendered incapable, by the severity of her affliction, of enjoying life; and a further extension of it would have been but a prolongation of woe. Much as her friends must regret her loss, to have been eagerly solicitous for her continuance here, would have been a refined selfishness, rather than true friendship. She was spared for the kindest purposes, to exemplify the power of religion in producing a cheerful resignation to the will of God, through a long series of suffering, to a degree which I never saw equalled in any other instance. *There was the faith and patience of the Saints.* Her graces were most severely tried, and surely never did any shine brighter. The most active and zealous services in religion could not have yielded more glory to God than the dignified composure, the unruffled tranquillity, and the unaltered sweetness, she maintained amidst her trials. O, my dear friend, let the image of her virtues be ever impressed on your heart, and ever improved as an incentive to that close walk with God which laid the foundation of all her excellence. To have had an opportunity of contemplating the influence of genuine religion so intimately, and under so interesting a form, is a privilege which falls to the lot of few, and is surely one of the most inestimable advantages we can possess. That she was spared to you so long; that her patience continued unexhausted amidst so severe a pressure; and, above all, that you have so

* See Mr. Hall's Letter to this lady.—*Works*, vol. v., p. 410.

well-grounded an assurance of her happiness, must fill you with a grateful sense of the divine goodness. This state is designed to be a mingled scene, in which joy and sorrow, and serenity and storms, take their turns. A perpetuity of either would be unsuitable to us; an uninterrupted series of prosperity would fill us with worldly passions; an unbroken continuity of adversity would unfit us for exertion. *The spirit would fail before him, and the souls which he hath made.* Pain and pleasure, scenes of satisfaction and sorrow, are admirably attuned with each other, so as to give us constant room for thankfulness, and yet to remind us that *this is not our rest.* Our dear and invaluable friend has entered into the world of perfect spirits, to which she made so near an approach during her continuance here. To a mind so refined, and exercised in the school of affliction, so resigned to the Divine will, and so replete with devotion and benevolence, how easy and delightful was the transition! To her *to live was Christ, but to die was gain.* Let us improve this dispensation of Providence, by imitating her example: let us cherish her memory with reverential tenderness; and consider it as an additional call to all we have received before, to *seek the things that are above.*

I confess, the thought of so dear a friend having left this world, makes an abatement of its value in my estimation, as I doubt not it will still more in yours. The thought of my journey to London gives me little or no pleasure; for I shall hear the accents of that sweet voice which so naturally expressed the animation of benevolence,—I shall behold that countenance which displayed so many amiable sentiments,—no more. But can we wish her back? Can we wish to recall her from that blissful society which she has joined, and where she is singing a new song? No, my dear friend! you will not be so selfish. You will, I trust, aspire with greater ardour than ever after the heavenly world, and be daily imploring fresh supplies of that grace which will fit you for an

everlasting union with our deceased friend. I hope her amiable nieces will profit by this expressive event. And as they have (blessed be God for it), *begun to seek after Sion with their faces thitherward*, that they will walk forward with additional firmness and alacrity. I shall make little or no stay in London on my first journey; but, as I long to see you, will spend the 11th instant, (that is, the evening preceding my engagement to preach,) at your house, if agreeable. I shall be glad to see Mr. Dove, but pray do not ask strangers.

I am your sympathizing friend,

ROBERT HALL*.

LETTER XCIV.

*Mrs. Inchbald to Mrs. Phillips.—An Anecdote of
Madame de Staël.*

IN the winter of the year 1790, an authoress, residing in a single room, up two pair of stairs, in Frith-street, presented to the world a tale, in natural truth and skilful delineation of the passions, unequalled then, unrivalled since. That authoress was Mrs.

* One of the most beautiful letters of consolation in our language, was written by Mr. Stephen to Hannah More, upon the death of his wife, in 1816. "It is," he says, "in the daily and hourly conduct of domestic life, and the privacy of the family circle, and, by long observation there, that a character like her's can alone be thoroughly studied, and sufficiently admired. For my part, I can most conscientiously affirm, that every year, and every month, since I first had the high honour and happiness to possess her, added to my admiration of her virtues. Such perfect disinterestedness, such generous self-denial, such spotless truth and integrity, such unaffected humility, and tenderness of conscience, such vigilance, watchfulness against sin, above all, such a devotedness to God and zeal for his service—devotedness, rational and enlightened, though alas, from the body's maladies, not always cheerful; zeal always gentle, always candid, yet overflowing in works of love—have, I believe, very rarely been found to indicate with equal clearness the source from which they flowed, a true and living faith. I know not whether to add to the rest the exquisite sensibility of her affectionate heart, which however endearing to me, and all she loved, was too natural to her, perhaps, to be reckoned among her Christian graces. Yet, like the charms of her understanding and wit, it gave to the abundant clusters which proved her a genuine branch of the true vine, a higher bloom and flavour."

Inchbald * ; that tale was the *Simple Story*. The success of the novel was rapid and extensive ; but its most grateful fruit was the friendship of Mrs. Phillips, wife of the surgeon to the king. Mrs. Inchbald's letters to this lady are the pleasantest in her biography, and afford the reader the clearest insight into her very singular character. The "mutual acquaintance" was Mrs. Opie.

August 26th, 1813.

I will now mention the calamity of a neighbour, by many degrees the first female writer in the world, as she is called by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Madame de Staël asked a lady of my acquaintance to introduce her to me. The lady was our mutual acquaintance, of course, and so far my friend, as to conceal my place of abode ; yet she menaced me with a visit from the Baroness of Holstein, if I would not consent to meet her at a third house. After much persuasion, I did so. I admired Madame de Staël much ; she talked to me the whole time ; so did Miss Edgeworth, whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory ; but, with Madame de Stael, it seemed no passing compliment : she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society. "Because," I replied, "I dread the loneliness that will follow." "What, will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither?" "Yes." "I should think it would elevate your spirits : why will you feel your loneliness more?" "Because I have no one to tell that I have seen *you* ;—no one to describe your person to ;—no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my *Simple Story* ;—no one to enjoy any of your praises but myself." "Ah ! ah ! you have no children ;" and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that

* Charles Lamb spoke of Mrs. Inchbald, "as the only endurable clever woman he had ever known."

she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called, by appointment, at her house, two days after: I was told she was *ill*. The next morning, my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers: he was one of Bernadotte's aides-de-camp,—the most beautiful young man that ever was seen, only nineteen,—a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his *head*! Necker's grandson.

LETTER XCV.

Lord Exmouth to his Brother.—The Battle of Algiers.

WHEN the British government had determined to punish the atrocious cruelty of the Algerines, the command of the expedition was entrusted to Lord Exmouth. Of his manner and appearance upon the memorable day which witnessed the destruction of this strong-hold of Piracy, a very graphic sketch has been given by his Arabic interpreter, Mr. Salamé, who had been despatched to the Dey with a flag of truce, to receive his reply to the Admiral's final demands. "I was quite surprised," he says, "to see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild, but now he seemed to me all fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage, and was set at liberty. With all that his lordship's answer to me was, "Never mind, we shall see!" and at the same time he turned towards the officer, saying, "Be ready!" whereupon, I saw every one standing with the match or the string of the lock in his hand, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire!" During this time, the Queen Charlotte, in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole, and at a few minutes before three, the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun, and before the sound reached him, said, with great alacrity, "That will do—fire, my fine fellows!" Lord Exmouth, in a spirit of confident bravery, which will remind the reader of the Duke of Wellington's

conduct at Waterloo, had ordered his steward to keep several dishes ready*, and he, accordingly, entertained the officers of the ship at supper, after the engagement.

It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing to you, and it has also pleased Him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the Queen Charlotte's broadside. Everything fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed about five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep, along the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us, to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds, when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend, John Gaze†, was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be within the flames of the Mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop: we were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Everybody behaved uncommonly well. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch admiral, Von Capellan. I was but slightly touched in the thigh, face, and fingers, my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot‡; but, as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly

* Salamé.

† The master of the fleet, who had sailed with Lord Exmouth in every ship he commanded from the beginning of the war.—OSLER.

‡ "When I met his lordship on the poop," says Salamé, "his voice was quite hoarse, and he had two slight wounds; one in his cheek, and the other in his leg. Before I could pay my respects to him, he said to me, in his usual gracious and mild manner, 'Well, my fine fellow, Salamé, what

hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station; but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service,—not a wretch shrunk anywhere; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land-winds become light and calmy. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God; it came, and a dreadful night with it, of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw*. Several ships had expended all their

think you now?' In reply, I shook hands with his lordship, and said, 'I am rejoiced to see your lordship safe, and am so much rejoiced with this glorious victory, that I am not able to express the degree of my happiness.' It was, indeed, astonishing to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by the musket-balls, and by grape. It was as if a person had taken a pair of scissars, and cut it all to pieces."—*SALAMÉ'S Expedition to Algiers*.

Lord Exmouth's biographer, Mr. Osler, gives another instance of his narrow escape. "He was struck in three places: and a cannon-shot tore away the skirts of his coat. A button was afterwards found in the signal-locker; and the shot broke one of the glasses, and bulged the rim of the spectacles in his pocket. He gave the spectacles to his valued friend, Sir Richard Keats, who caused their history to be engraved on them, and directed, that, when he died, they should be restored to Lord Exmouth's family, to be kept as a memorial of his extraordinary preservation."—*Life of Lord Exmouth*, pp. 331, 332. See also *Life of Collingwood*, p. 498.

* The breeze freshened; and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, with torrents of rain; while the flaming ships and storehouses illuminated all the ruins, and increased the grandeur of the scene. In about three hours, the storm subsided; and, as soon as the ship was made snug, Lord Exmouth assembled in his cabin all the wounded who could be moved with safety, that they might unite with him and his officers in offering thanksgiving to God for their victory and preservation.—*OSLER'S Life of Lord Exmouth*, pp. 329, 330.

powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us; and we expended 350 barrels, and 5420 shot, weighing about 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen; and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours more firing would have levelled the town,—the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the Mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they would drive on board us. The copper bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put our boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required.

LETTER XCVI.

Charles Lamb to Mr. Manning.—A Journey to the Lakes.—Mountain Scenery at Night.—Coleridge's House.

MR. MANNING was a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, for whom Lamb entertained a sincere affection. He described him to Coleridge as "a man of a thousand;" and Sergeant Talfourd observes, that, in Lamb's letters to this gentleman, a vein of wild humour breaks out, not perceptible in his other correspondence. "I think," says one of Lamb's friends, "few persons had so great a share of Lamb's admiration, for to few did he vouchsafe manifestations of his *very* extraordinary powers*." His visit to the lakes is described in his most characteristic spirit. The theme was a happy one. Not Johnson himself loved more to behold the full tide of human existence flowing through Cheapside.

* *Letters and Conversations of COLERIDGE*, vol. i. p. 212.

My dear Manning,

24th Sept., 1802, London.

SINCE the date of my last letter I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stoddart, promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme, (for to my restless ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns,) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire. My final resolve was, a tour to the lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice; for, my time being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains; great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, &c. &c. We thought we had got into fairy land. But that went off (and it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, &c. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that

ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church; shelves of scattered folios, an Eolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, &c. And all looking out upon the fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren; what a night! Here we staid three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons, (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night,) and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us; he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater, I forget the name*, to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. O, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life.

But I am returned, (I have now been come home near

* Patterdale.

three weeks—I was a month out,) and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet-street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all, than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet-street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i. e.* from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happier or no, remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i. e.* the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat, to bright and brilliant. O, Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spirituous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shame-worthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitiful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. F—— is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. My other drunken companion, (that has been: *nam hic cæstus artemque repono*,) is turned editor of a naval chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. Holcroft

is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for them. Some things are too little to be told, *i. e.* to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious,—would I had been with you, benighted, &c. I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell, write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you.

Farewell, my dear fellow,

C. LAMB.

LETTER XCVII.

*The Same to the Same.—Christmas in China.—
Amusing Stories about his Friends.*

Dear old friend and absentee,

This is Christmas-day, 1815, with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys, you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savoury grand Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment, from a thousand fire-sides. Then, what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'tis our rosy-checked, homestalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of Christmas; faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel myself refreshed with the thought, my zeal is great against the unedified

heathen*. Down with the pagodas, down with the idols,—Ching-chong-fo, and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come, and the child that is native, and the proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense, what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed; your friends have all got old—those you left blooming—myself (who am one of the few that remember you,) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and gray. Mary has been dead and buried many years; she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day, an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance; it was long before I had the most distant recognition of her; but at last together, we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the monument isn't half so high as you knew it; divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous: the

* “Believe me, who knew him well, that Lamb has more of the essentials of Christianity than 99 out of 100 professing Christians.”—COLERIDGE.

Still at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if, too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind!
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, amid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To unforgiving judgment from just heaven.
O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived.

WORDSWORTH.

horse at Charing-Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Hó-hing-tóng should be spelt with a —, or a —. For aught I see, you had almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Strulbug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face; all your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness, as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which, after all is, I believe, the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quality of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day, in Cripplegate churchyard. There are some verses upon it, written by Miss —, which, if I thought good enough, I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamours, but with the complacent congratulations of a philosopher, anxious to promote knowledge, as leading to happiness; but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before; poor Col! but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the "Wanderings of Cain," in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile, that time which might have gladdened your friends—benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched relics, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home I

will rub my eyes and try to recognize you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things, of St. Mary's church, and the barber's opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips, that kept it afterwards, set up a fruiterer's shop in Trumpington-street, and for aught I know, resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister, just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmonger's almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you come in oyster-time. Marshall, Godwin's old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make.

Come as soon as you can.

C. LAMB.

LETTER XCVIII.

William Beckford to ———. Rambles in the Valley of Collares; Elysian scenery of Portugal; Song of a female Peasant; Rustic hospitality.

LONG before the publication of the letters from Italy, many gleams of exquisite description derived from them, had delighted the reader in the pages of one or two living poets. They were written, as the author observes, in the bloom and heyday of youthful spirits and youthful confidence, and contain some of the most beautiful pictures of scenery, and some of the liveliest traits of character, to be found in our literature. Lord Byron's remark upon Moore's Eastern poetry, "that he had lived in the rainbow, and caught its hues," may be applied to the description of the author of *Vathek*. Whether he lets in the ruby light through the stained windows upon the white garments of a monk; or opens the latticed casement of his apartment upon a boundless vineyard in all the luxuriance of foliage; or displays before us the wondrous kitchen of the monastery of Alcobaça,—he is at all times equally vivacious, equally graceful, and equally original.

October 19, 1787.

My health improves every day. The clear exhilarating weather we now enjoy, calls forth the liveliest sense of existence. I ride, walk, and climb, as long as I please, without fatiguing myself. The valley of Collares affords me a source of perpetual amusement. I have discovered a variety of paths which lead through chestnut copses and orchards to irregular green spots, where self-sown bays and citron-bushes hang wild over the rocky margin of a little river, and drop their fruit and blossoms into the stream. You may ride for miles along the banks of this delightful water, catching endless perspectives of flowery thickets, between the stems of poplar and walnut. The scenery is truly Elysian, and exactly such as poets assign for the resort of happy spirits. The mossy fragments of rocks, grotesque pollards, and rustic bridges, you meet with at every step, recall Savoy and Switzerland to the imagination; but the exotic cast of the vegetation, the vivid green of the citron, the golden fruitage of the orange, the blossoming myrtle, and the rich fragrance of a turf embroidered with the brightest-coloured and most aromatic flowers, allow me, without a violent stretch of fancy, to believe myself in the garden of the Hesperides, and to expect the dragon under every tree. I by no means like the thought of abandoning these smiling regions, and have been twenty times on the point, this very day, of revoking the orders I have given for my journey. Whatever objections I may have had to Portugal, seem to vanish since I have determined to leave it; for such is the perversity of human nature, that objects appear the most estimable precisely at the moment when we are going to lose them.

There was this morning a mild radiance in the sunbeams, and a balsamic serenity in the air, which infused that voluptuous listlessness—that desire of remaining imparadised in one delightful spot, which, in classical fictions, was sup-

posed to render those who had tasted of the lotus, forgetful of country, of friends, and of every tie. My feelings were not dissimilar; I loathed the idea of moving away.

Though I had entered these beautiful orchards soon after sunrise, the clocks of some distant conventual churches had chimed hour after hour, before I could prevail upon myself to quit the spreading odoriferous bay-trees under which I had been lying. If shades so cool and fragrant invited to repose, I must observe, that never were paths better calculated to tempt the laziest of beings to a walk, than those that opened on all sides, and are formed of a smooth dry sand, bound firmly together, composing a surface as hard as gravel. These level paths wind about amongst a labyrinth of light and elegant fruit-trees; almond, plum, and cherry, something like the groves of Tonga-taboo, as represented in Cook's voyages; and to increase the resemblance, neat cane fences and low open sheds, thatched with reeds, appear at intervals, breaking the horizontal line of the perspective. I had now lingered and loitered away pretty nearly the whole morning, and though, as far as scenery could authorize, and climate inspire, I might fancy myself an inhabitant of Elysium, I could not pretend to be sufficiently ethereal to exist without nourishment. In plain English, I was extremely hungry. The pears, quinces, and oranges, which dangled above my head, although fair to the eye, were neither so juicy nor gratifying to the palate, as might have been expected from their promising appearance.

Being considerably

More than a mile immersed within the wood*,
and not recollecting by which clue of a path I could get out of it, I remained at least half an hour deliberating which way to turn myself. The sheds and enclosures I have mentioned, were put together with care, and even nicety, it is true, but

* Dryden.

seemed to have no other inhabitants than flocks of bantams, strutting about, and destroying the eggs and hopes of many an insect family. These glistening fowls, like their brethren described in Anson's voyages, as animating the profound solitudes of the island of Tinian, appeared to have no master. At length, just as I was beginning to wish myself very heartily in a less romantic region, I heard the loud, though not unmusical, tones of a powerful female voice, echoing through the arched-green avenues: presently a stout ruddy young peasant, very picturesquely attired in brown and scarlet, came hoydening along, driving a mule before her, laden with two enormous panniers of grapes. To ask for a share of this luxuriant load, and to compliment the fair driver, was instantaneous on my part, but to no purpose. I was answered by a sly wink, "We all belong to Senhor José Dias, whose corral, or farm-yard, is half a league distant. There, Senhor, if you follow that road, and don't puzzle yourself by straying to the right or left, you will soon reach it, and the bailiff, I dare say, will be proud to give you as many grapes as you please. Good morning, happy days to you! I must mind my business."

Seating herself between the tantalizing panniers, she was gone in an instant, and I had the good luck to arrive at the wicket of a rude, dry wall, winding up several bushy slopes in a wild irregular manner. If the outside of this enclosure was rough and unpromising, the interior presented a most cheerful scene of rural opulence. Drove of cows and goats milking; ovens, out of which huge cakes of savoury bread had just been taken; ranges of bee-hives, and long-pillared sheds, entirely tapestried with purple and yellow muscadine grapes, half candied, which were hung up to dry. A very good-natured, classical-looking *magister pecorum*, followed by two well-disciplined, though savage-eyed dogs, whom the least glance of their master prevented from barking, gave me a hearty welcome, and with genuine hospitality not only allowed

me the free range of his domain, but set whatever it produced in the greatest perfection before me. A contest took place between two or three curly-haired, chubby-faced children, who should be first to bring me walnuts fresh from the shell, bowls of milk, and cream-cheeses, made after the best of fashions, that of the province of Alemtejo.

I found myself so abstracted from the world in this retirement, so perfectly transported back into primitive patriarchal times, that I don't recollect having ever enjoyed a few hours of more delightful calm. "Here," did I say to myself, "am I out of the way of courts, and ceremonies, and commonplace visitations, or salutations, or gossip." But, alas! how vain is all one thinks or says to oneself nineteen times out of twenty. Whilst I was blessing my stars for this truce to the irksome bustle of the life I had led since her Majesty's arrival at Cintra, a loud halloing, the cracking of whips, and the trampling of horses, made me start up from the snug corner in which I had soothed myself, and dispelled all my delightful visions. Luis de Miranda, the colonel of the Cascais regiment, an intimate confidant and favourite of the Prince of Brazil, broke in upon me with a thousand, (as he thought,) obliging reproaches, for having deserted Ramalhão, the very morning he had come on purpose to dine with me, and to propose a ride after dinner to a particular point of the Cintra mountains, which commands, he assured me, such a prospect as I had not yet been blessed with in Portugal. "It is not, even now," said he "too late. I have brought your horses along with me, whom I found fretting and stamping under a great tree at the entrance of these foolish lanes. Come, get into your stirrups for God's sake, and I will answer for your thinking yourself well repaid by the scene I shall disclose to you."

As I was doomed to be disturbed and talked out of the elysium in which I had been wrapped for these last seven or eight hours, it was no matter in what position, whether on foot or on horseback; I therefore complied, and away we

galloped. The horses were remarkably sure-footed, or else, I think, we must have rolled down the precipices; for our road,—

If road it could be called, where road was none, led us by zigzags and short cuts, over steep and acclivities, about three or four leagues, till reaching a heathy desert, where a solitary cross starting out of a few weather-beaten bushes, marked the highest point of this wild eminence, one of the most expansive prospects of sea, and plain, and distant mountains, I ever beheld, burst suddenly upon me,—rendered still more vast, ærial, and indefinite, by the visionary, magic vapour of the evening sun.

After enjoying a moment or two the general effect, I began tracing out the principal objects in the view, as far, that is to say, as they could be traced, through the medium of the intense glowing haze. I followed the course of the Tagus, from its entrance till it was lost in the low estuaries beyond Lisbon. Cascais appeared, with its long reaches of wall and bomb-proof casements, like a Moorish town; and by the help of a glass, I distinguished a tall palm lifting itself up above a cluster of white buildings. “Well,” said I to my conductor, “this prospect has certainly charms worth seeing; but not sufficient to make me forget that it is high time to get home and refresh ourselves.” “Not so fast,” was the answer, “we have still a great deal more to see.”

Having acquired, I can hardly tell why or wherefore, a sheep-like habit of following wherever he led, I spurred after him down a rough declivity, thick strewn with rolling stones and pebbles. At the bottom of this descent, a dreary sun-burnt plain extended itself far and wide. Whilst we dismounted and halted a few minutes to give our horses breath, I could not help observing, that the view we were contemplating but ill rewarded the risk of breaking our necks in riding down such rapid declivities. He smiled, and asked me whether I saw nothing at all interesting in the prospect.

“Yes,” said I, “a sort of caravan I perceive, about a quarter of a mile off, is by no means uninteresting; that confused group of people in scarlet, with gleaming arms, and sumpter-mules, and those striped awnings stretched from ruined walls, present exactly that kind of scenery I should expect to meet with in the neighbourhood of Grand Cairo.” “Come then,” said he, “it is time to clear up this mystery, and tell you for what purpose we have taken such a long and fatiguing ride. The caravan which strikes you as being so very picturesque, is composed of the attendants of the Prince of Brazil, who has been passing the whole day upon a shooting party, and is just at this moment taking a little repose beneath yonder awnings. It was by his desire I brought you here, for I have his commands to express his wishes of having half an hour’s conversation with you, unobserved, and in perfect incognito. Walk on, as if you were collecting plants, or taking sketches; I will apprize his Royal Highness, and you will meet, as it were, by chance, and without any form.”

LETTER XCIX.

*Sir Walter Scott to the Countess Purgstall.—
Some Account of Himself.*

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL’s visit to the romantic castle of the Countess Purgstall, the early friend of Scott, and the probable original of Diana Vernon*, has been related by himself with the engaging liveliness which his pen communicates to every story. Born in Scotland, 1760, Miss Cranstoun married a German nobleman, whom she accompanied to his estates in Lower Styria. Her life was presently overcast. Her husband died in 1811, and her only child a youth of surprising abilities and acquirements, was taken from

* *Rob Roy* was the only one of his novels which Sir Walter omitted to send to his early friend.

her in the flower of his years. The widowed mother never recovered from the second visitation. Captain Hall found her upon that bed on which her son had expired seventeen years before. The following letter, although it never reached its destination, was written by Sir Walter Scott, on the receipt of a little work, consecrated by the Countess to the memory of her husband and child. It was printed by Captain Hall from a copy fortunately preserved by Mr. Lockhart. The verses have not been found.

1820.

My dear and much valued Friend,

You cannot imagine how much I was interested and affected by receiving your token of your kind recollection, after the interval of so many years. Your brother Henry breakfasted with me yesterday, and gave me the letter and book, which served me as matter of much melancholy reflection for many hours. Hardly anything makes the mind recoil so much upon itself as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long past, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected. Do not think I have forgotten you, or the many happy days I passed in Frederick-street, in society which fate separated so far, and for so many years. The little volume was particularly acceptable to me, as it acquainted me with many circumstances, of which distance and imperfect communication had left me either entirely ignorant, or had transmitted only inaccurate information. Alas, my dear friend! what can the utmost efforts of friendship offer you, beyond the sympathy which, however sincere, must sound like an empty compliment in the ear of affliction. God knows with what willingness I would undertake anything which might afford you the melancholy consolation of knowing how much your old and early friend interests himself in the sad event which has so deeply wounded your peace of mind. The verses, therefore, which conclude this letter, must not be weighed according to their

intrinsic value, for the more inadequate they are to express the feelings they would fain convey, the more they show the author's anxious wish to do what may be grateful to you.

In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner without continuing the game, till I was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides, I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy, or jealous of poetical fame—and both are strangers to my nature—I might comfort myself with the thought that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so completely as Byron does; or to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority, than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for everything, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by.

My health suffered horribly last year, I think from over labour and excitation; and though it is now apparently restored to its usual tone, yet during the long and painful disorder, (spasms in the stomach,) and the frightful process of cure, by a prolonged use of calomel, I learned that my frame was made of flesh, and not of iron,—a conviction which I will long keep in remembrance, and avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating as poetry must be, to be worth anything.

In this humour, I often think of passing a few weeks on the continent—a summer vacation if I can—and of course my attraction to Gratz would be very strong. I fear this is the only chance of our meeting in this world, we, who once saw

each other daily*; for I understand from George and Henry, that there is little chance of your coming here. And when I look around me, and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion, amongst all you knew and loved; and how much, no sudden squall or violent tempest, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellowships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze, I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure. The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity, has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely, has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellows' shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction; and the brother-suppers of Frederick-street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected from her talents, under whose auspices they were assembled.

One of the most pleasing sights which you would see in Scotland, as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale—Corehouse. I have promised often to go out with him, and assist him with my deep experience as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more upon my compositions for manure, than on any other compositions whatever to which I was ever accessory. But so much does business of one sort or other engage us both, that we have never been able to fix a time which suited us both; and with the utmost wish to make out the party, perhaps we never may.

* Sir Walter, when a young man, was "received in the most friendly terms by the family of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, of which the Countess, then Miss Cranstoun, and eldest sister of Mrs. Stewart, was a member. This intimacy led Sir Walter, very early in life, to consult Miss Cranstoun about his literary productions."—*Basil Hall*.

This is a melancholy letter, but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours, who have had such real disasters to lament, while mine is only the humourous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends, and, I think, no enemies—and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before. I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependant upon me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and therefore I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph. Should things, therefore, change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventitious advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without.

LETTER C.

*Sir Stamford Raffles to the Duchess of Somerset.—
Curious Information respecting the Cannibalism of
the Battas.*

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES has been compared with Bishop Heber; not, indeed, in brilliancy of classical acquirement, for Raffles was of lowly parentage; nor in beauty and freshness of fancy, for Raffles had no poetic feelings, except those which are common to every amiable and cultivated mind: the resemblance is to be

traced in the moral, not in the intellectual features ;—in love of home ; in fidelity of friendship ; in purity of life and conversation. In all the loveliest graces that adorn and sanctify the human character, we discover a relationship between the Christian statesman and the Christian prelate ; and we may turn from the *Journal of Heber* to the *Correspondence of Raffles*, without interrupting the serenity of mind which that beautiful work always produces among the precious collections,—the fruit of so many years of diligent labour and inquiry,—which were lost in the homeward passage by the burning of the vessel, were copious memoirs for a history of the island of Sumatra.

Off Sumatra, Feb. 12, 1820.

You will, perhaps, have condemned me for so long a silence ; yet, when you know the cause, I am satisfied you will cease to think unkindly. I have been ill, very ill, so much so, that for the last month of my stay in Calcutta, I was confined to my bed, and forbidden to write, or even to think. I was removed from my room to the ship with very little strength, but I am happy to say that I am already nearly recovered ; the sight of Sumatra, and the health-inspiring breezes of the Malayan Islands, have effected a wonderful change ; and, though I still feel weak, and am as thin as a scarecrow, I may fairly say that I am in good health and spirits. I am beginning to turn my thoughts homeward, and shall ask your advice on a thousand pursuits.

I have just left Tappanooly, situated in the very heart of the Batta country, abounding in camphor and benjamin, and full of interest for the naturalist and the philosopher. If you have occasionally looked into Mr. Marsden's *History of Sumatra*, you will recollect that the Battas are cannibals.

Now do not be surprised at what I shall tell you regarding them, for I tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. To prepare you a little, I must premise, that the Battas are an extensive and populous nation of Sumatra, occupying the whole of that part of the island lying between Acheen and

Menangkabu, reaching to both the shores. The coast is but thinly inhabited, but in the interior the people are said to be "as thick as the leaves of the forest;" perhaps the whole nation may amount to between one and two millions of souls. They have a regular government, deliberate assemblies, and are great orators; nearly the whole of them write, and they possess a language and written character peculiar to themselves. In their language and terms, as well as in some of their laws and usages, the influence of Hinduism may be traced; but they have also a religion peculiar to themselves; they acknowledge the one and only great God, under the title of Dibata Assi Assi, and they have a Trinity of great gods, supposed to have been created by him. They are warlike, extremely fair, and honourable in all their dealings, and most deliberate in all their proceedings: their country is highly cultivated, and crimes are few. The evidence adduced by Mr. Marsden must have removed all doubt from every unprejudiced mind, that, notwithstanding all this in their favour, the Battas are strictly cannibals; but he has not gone half far enough. He seems to consider, that it is only in cases of prisoners taken in war, or in extreme cases of adultery, that the practice of man-eating is resorted to, and then, that it is only in a fit of revenge. He tells us that, not satisfied with cutting off pieces and eating them raw, instances have been known, where some of the people have run up to the victim, and actually torn the flesh from the bones with their teeth. He also tells us, that one of our residents found the remains of an English soldier, who had been only half-eaten, and afterwards discovered his finger sticking on a fork, laid by, but first taken warm from the fire; but I had rather refer your Grace to the book; and if you have not got it, pray send for it, and read all that is said about the Battas.

In a small pamphlet, lately addressed to the Court of Directors, "respecting the coast, an instance still more horrible than anything related by Mr. Marsden is introduced; and as

this pamphlet was written by a high authority, and the fact is not disputed, there can be no question as to its correctness; it is nearly as follows:—A few years ago, a man had been found guilty of a very common crime, and was sentenced to be eaten according to the law of the land; this took place close to Tappanooly; the Resident was invited to attend; he declined, but his assistant and a native officer were present. As soon as they reached the spot, they found a large assemblage of people, and the criminal tied to a tree, with his hands extended. The minister of justice, who was himself a Chief of some rank, then came forward with a large knife in his hand, which he brandished, as he approached the victim. He was followed by a man carrying a dish, in which was a preparation, or condiment, composed of limes, chillies, and salt, called by the Malays *Sambul*. He then called aloud for the injured husband, and demanded what part he chose; he replied, the right ear, which was immediately cut off with one stroke, and delivered to the party, who, turning round to the man behind, deliberately dipped it into the *Sambul*, and devoured it; the rest of the party then fell upon the body, each taking and eating the part most to his liking. After they had cut off a considerable part of the flesh, one man stabbed him to the heart; but this was rather out of compliment to the foreign visitors, as it is by no means the custom to give the *coup de grace*.

It was with a knowledge of all these facts regarding the Battas, that I paid a visit to Tappanooly, with a determination to satisfy my mind most fully on everything concerning cannibalism. I had previously set on foot extensive inquiries, and so managed matters as to concentrate the information, and to bring the point within a narrow compass. You shall now hear the result; but, before I proceed, I must beg of you to have a little more patience than you had with Mr. Mariner. I recollect, that, when you came to the story of eating the aunt, you threw the book down. Now, I can

assure your Grace, that I have ten times more to report, and you *must* believe me. I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they read and write, and think full as much, and more, than those who are brought up at our Lancasterian and National Schools. They have also codes of laws, of great antiquity; and it is from a regard for these laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other. The law declares that, for certain crimes, four* in number, the criminals shall be eaten ALIVE. The same law declares, also, that in great wars, that is to say, one district with another, it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves. In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, when the Chiefs drink a dram each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing with us. Two or three days then elapse, to give time for assembling the people; and, in cases of adultery, it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect, unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake, with his hands extended. The husband, or party injured, comes up, and takes the first choice, generally the ears†. The rest, then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the

* But see Sir Stamford's Letter to Mr. Marsden, where *five* cases are enumerated. "The laws by which these sentences are inflicted are called *huhum pinang an*, from *de pang*, an to eat—law or sentence to eat."—*Memoir by his Widow*, p. 432.

† It is probable that he suffers more from the loss of his ear than from what follows; indeed, he is said to give one shriek when that is taken off, and then to continue silent till death.—*Letter to Mr. Marsden*, Feb. 27, 1800.

chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle, for the purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes grilled; but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper, are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh; but they never drink toddy or spirits. Many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females; it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then. I am assured, and *really* do believe, that many of the people do prefer human flesh to any other; but, notwithstanding this *penchant*, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures!

On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was informed, that formerly it was usual for people to eat their parents when too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbours forming a circle, danced round them, crying out, "when the fruit is ripe, then it will fall." This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plenty, and as soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them up, and made a hearty meal of them. The practice, however, of eating the old people has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilization has been attained, and, therefore, there are hopes of future improvement. This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar, and it is calculated that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred Battas are thus eaten in a year in times of peace. I was going on to tell your Grace much about the treatment of the females and children, but I find that I have already filled

several sheets, and that I am called away from the cabin; I will therefore conclude, with entreating you not to think the worse of me for this horrible relation. You know that I am far from wishing to paint any of the Malay race in the worst colours, but yet I must tell the truth. Notwithstanding the practices I have related, it is my determination to take Lady Raffles into the interior, and to spend a month or two in the midst of these Battas. Should any accident occur to us, or should we never be heard of more, you may conclude we have been eaten.

I am half afraid to send this scrawl, and yet it may amuse you: if it does not, throw it into the fire; and still believe that, though half a cannibal, and living among cannibals, I am not less warm in heart and soul. In the deepest recesses of the forest, and among the most savage of all tribes, my heart still clings to those far off, and I do believe, were I present at a Batta feast, I should be thinking of kind friends at Maiden Bradly. What an association! God forgive me and bless you all.

I am forming a collection of skulls; some from bodies that have been eaten. Will your Grace allow them room among your curiosities?

LETTER CI.

Southey to Sir Egerton Brydges. — Affecting History of the Poet Bampfylde.*

THIS beautiful letter was first printed in 1831, in the *Anglo-Genevan Journal*. Bampfylde was a poet of genuine taste and

* "Let us see Chatterton, with the bowl of poison before him; Collins, in the calm and melancholy intervals of his shrieking delusion; and Bampfylde, neglected and lonely, and poverty-struck, on the Alpine mountains, yet cheering himself with poetry, and lost in the bosom of the muse."—*Sir Egerton Brydges*.

feeling, who looked out upon nature with the eye of Thomson or Cowper. He has, indeed, bequeathed to us only a few sketches, but they show the colours and vigour of his pencil. His sonnet upon a wet summer displays the picturesque selection, and the homely simplicity of Bowles.

All ye, who far from town, in rural hall,
 Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
 Enjoying all the sunny-day did yield,
 With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
 By rains incessant held; for now no call
 From early swain invites my hand to wield
 The scythe; in parlour dim I sit concealed,
 And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
 Or 'neath my window view the wistful train,
 Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
 Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
 Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
 And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
 Counting the frequent drops from reeded eaves.

Sir,

Keswick, 10th May, 1809.

I hold myself greatly indebted to you not only for the list of authors, but for the very gratifying manner in which you have introduced my name in the *Censura Literaria*. That list, with another of equal length, for which the selections were prepared for the press, but omitted during the course of publication by the friend who undertook to superintend it, will enable me, in an additional volume, to supply the bibliographical defects of the work. It gives me great pleasure to hear that Bampfylde's remains are to be edited. The circumstances which I did not mention concerning him are these. They were related to me by Jackson, of Exeter, and minuted down immediately afterwards, when the impression which they made upon me was warm.

He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him, he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude,

and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm-house near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter-morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up, (though he was an early riser,) with a pocket full of music or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London. The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told me the story. "Poor fellow," said he, "there did not live a purer creature, and, if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now."

When he was in London, his feelings having been forced out of their proper channel, took a wrong direction, and he soon began to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his Sonnets, (afterwards, and perhaps still, Lady Inchiquin) was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or on other grounds, I know not; but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house; upon this, in a fit of half anger and half derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour,) sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady Bampfylde, his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him; that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. "Where?" "In King-street, Holborn, she believed, but she did not know the number of the house." Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him, there was all the levity of madness in his manners; his shirt was ragged, and black as a coal-heaver's, and his beard of a two month's growth. Jackson

sent out for food, and said he was come to breakfast with him; and he turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally he said to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write.

But he never wrote: the next news was, that he was in a private madhouse, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time they met, he showed him several poems, among others, a ballad on the murder of David Rizzio; such a ballad! said he. He came that day to dine with Jackson, and was asked for copies. "I burned them," was the reply, "I wrote them to please you; you did not seem to like them, so I threw them into the fire." After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane-street, (where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be,) and go into his own country, saying that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face and answered, "No, sir; they who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am." Some of these facts I should have inserted in the specimens, had not Coleridge mislaid the letter in which I had written them down, and it was not found till too late.

[*There is a chasm here in the letter: it goes on,*]

He read the preface to me. I remember that it dwelt much upon his miraculous genius for music, and even made it intelligible to me, who am no musician. He knew nothing of the science, but would sit down to the harpsichord and produce combinations so wild, that no composer would have ventured to think of, and yet so beautiful in their effect, that Jackson (an enthusiast concerning music,) spoke of them after the lapse of twenty years with astonishment and tears.

You have noticed the death of Henry Kirke White, of

Nottingham, whose *Remains* I have prepared for the press. Should the enclosed specimens of his poetry please you, as I think they cannot fail to do, you will perhaps give them a place in the *Censura*. They have never been printed. Had he lived, I am persuaded that he would have placed himself in the first rank of English poets.

There is a class of books of which as yet you have taken no notice,—the prose romances*. They have had a greater effect upon our literature than has been supposed. On reading *Amadis of Greece*, I have found Spenser's *Mask of Cupid*, Sir Philip Sidney's *Zelmane*, and Shakspeare's *Florizel*. The latter, by name, going to court a shepherdess, who proves, of course, a princess at last. Was ever any single work honoured with such imitators! The French romances which followed (those of Calprenade, the Scudery's, &c.,) were the great store-houses from whence Lee, and the dramatists of that age, drew their plots.

These considerations may induce you to give some attention to them in your very useful work.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* The reader will find a popular and interesting account of the Romances of Chivalry, and of *Amadis* in particular, at the beginning of the second volume of Dunlop's *History of Fiction*. The Adventures of *Amadis of Greece*, form an episode in the voluminous history of the family of *Amadis de Gaul*, which is supposed to have been written by a Portuguese officer, named Vasco Lobeira, who died in 1403, or according to Sismondi, in 1325. Several French writers, on the other hand, assert the work to have been composed in France, either in the reign of Philip Augustus, or one of his predecessors. Southey ascribes it to Lobeira, who, he says, was the "first romance writer who formed a clear and connected plan, and bore it steadily in mind throughout the whole progress of his narrative. The skill with which his fable is constructed, is not less admirable than the beauty of the incidents, and the distinctness with which the characters are conceived and delineated. *Amadis* infinitely surpasses every earlier romance in all these points, and has not been equalled in either of them by any of later date."—Preface to the *Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of King Arthur*, vol. i. p. 32. 1817.

LETTER CII.

*The Same to the Same.—Beautiful Criticisms upon
Old Authors.—Character of Leicester.*

My dear Sir,

Keswick, 16th June, 1830.

I thank you for your letter,—for Oldys's Notes concerning Sir William Davenant, which your son has obligingly transcribed for me; and for some very interesting books, part the produce of the Lee Priory press, and part the result of your unwearied industry on the continent. The *Gnomica** I have been reading with the greatest delight, which has been not a little enhanced by perceiving how frequently my thoughts have been travelling in the same direction with yours: charges of plagiarism, indeed, have often been made upon much lighter grounds than might be found in this volume of yours, for accusing me of it in my last work. Had I known this a little sooner, it should have been noticed in the second edition of that work. Few works have ever fallen in my way which contain so many golden remarks as these *Gnomica*.

That portion of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, which you printed at Canterbury†, I purchased when it was first published, and was now very glad to receive the whole work, with more of your own remarks, and in so beautiful a form.

Your edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Life‡ I have been

* Of this work, published at Geneva, in 1814, and the most interesting of all Sir Egerton's productions, only seventy-five copies were printed.

† "When I printed, at a Canterbury press, a new edition of Edward Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, about 1800, only one copy was sold at Canterbury, and that was bought by Lord Rokeby."—*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 88.

‡ The Life of Sidney, by his friend and schoolfellow, Lord Brooke, reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges, in the year 1816, at the Lee Priory press. It was originally published in 1652, and Brooke, on the title-page, calls himself the "friend and companion" of Sidney. The memoir contains several passages of beautiful wisdom; but it must be always regretted, that he should have given us so few personal recollections of Sidney. How interesting they would have been, we can easily imagine from his own observation:—"Though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I

fortunate enough to borrow by means of Longman. There is a curious passage respecting it in *Pepys's Memoirs**, relating to a passage of prophetic foresight concerning the Dutch. This life, which is everywhere characteristic of its author, has led some writers astray concerning the age at which Sidney began his travels, owing, I have no doubt, to a mistake of figures in the manuscript, where seventeen must have been so written as to be taken for fourteen.

You may have seen an impossible attempt of Dr. Aikin to comprise a complete collection of English poetry in one volume. He begins with a few pages of Ben Jonson, and then comes to Milton. Longman put it into my hands when it was just published; and I remarked to him, that Dr. Aikin had begun just where I should have ended, for everything which this volume contained was already accessible to readers of all classes. He remembered this, and applied to me lately to include such books of the earlier poets as the limits would admit, in a similar volume. I could have made a most valuable book if he would have consented to let the volume be supplementary to Chalmers' and Anderson's collections; but this did not suit his views; so I could only reverse the proverb, and cut my cloth according to my coat. I have, however, given the volume a special value by including Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*; and, if the publisher could have been persuaded, I would have commenced it with that copy of *Piers Ploughman*, which is the intermediate one between Whittaker's and the old edition; but he did not think the great service which might thus have been rendered to our litera-

never knew him other than a man; with such staidness of mind, lovely, and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found in him something to observe, and learn, above that which they had usually read and taught."—*Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, p. 7. Ed. 1651. He tells us, that, upon one occasion, though unseen, he overheard Sidney's father call him the "light of his family, (*lumen familiæ suæ*.)"

* See Notes at the end of this Volume.

ture would be beneficial to his book : and I must think myself fortunate in getting in old Tusser, Lord Brooke, and Chamberlain's *Pharonnida*, which fell in my way when I was a schoolboy. I did not know that any of my "Cid's" blood was running in English veins ; still less could I suppose, when translating the account of those proceedings at the Cortes, where he revenged the wrongs of his two daughters, (which is one of the sublimest passages of its kind, that it was a part of your family history. No descent can be more distinctly made out, and none could possibly pass through a more illustrious channel.

There is a path leading from Keynsham towards Bristol, through what was formerly the park. It was very little frequented when I discovered it, six-and-thirty years ago, at which time I was in the habit of walking between Bath and Bristol, from one place to the other ; and I felt very strongly the picturesque and melancholy character of the scene,—melancholy only, because its days of grandeur were gone by. A small lodge was the only building which remained ; but the grounds, though disparked, has still a parkish appearance, in the old hawthorns which were standing here and there, and in their inequalities, making it look as if there ought to have been deer there. It was the only part of the walk in which I habitually slackened my pace.

I have very recently added your edition of Collins's *Peerage* to my library, and it makes me regret the more that you should not have executed your intentions of writing biography upon an extensive scale : it can never be well written except by one whose mind is at once comprehensive and scrutinizing, and who unites an antiquary's patience with a poet's feeling. The poem regarding your own life I trust you will finish, and entreat you so to do ; but, at the same time, to bear in mind, that, if you have not done all that you dreamt of doing, and could have done—this is the common, and, perhaps, the inevitable lot of all who are conscious of their

own power ; and that you have done much which posterity will not willingly suffer to pass into oblivion.

Lucien Buonaparte applied to me to translate his poem*. The application was made in a circuitous way by Brougham, and I returned, as was fitting, a courteous answer to what was intended as a flattering proposal, not thinking it necessary to observe, that an original poem might be composed at no greater expense of time, and with the certainty of satisfying one person at least, whereas in the translation I was, perhaps, as likely to displease the author as myself. I read the original when it was printed, which few persons did : one part of it pleased me much ; and the whole was better conceived than a Frenchman could have conceived it ; but I could not forgive him for writing it in French instead of Italian, nor for adapting it to the meridian of the Vatican. Butler's translation I never saw. He has restored the character of the school at Shrewsbury, which was upon a par with the best in England when Sidney and Fulke Greville were placed there on the same day ; and when the boys represented plays in an open amphitheatre, formed in an old quarry between the town walls and the Severn. Churchyard describes it.

The stanzas in the *Gnomica*, p. 163, might have passed for a fragment of *Gondibert*† ; they have just that tone of

* Charlemagne.

† Sir Egerton says that he wrote the stanzas alluded to, January 7, 1823, under the painful conviction of the vanity of worldly friendships.

If the calm wisdom, which, in sober age,
Teaches the mazy paths of life to thread,
In youth were ours, we, by a gradual stage,
Should gently journey to our mortal bed.

False faith, false hopes, false pleasures, lead us on ;
Till deep entangled in delusion's net,
(The moment of escape for ever gone,)
In lasting chains of ruin we are set.

For wild desires, which, when possess'd, bestow
Scarce a short moment of uncertain joy,
We pay long lingering years of certain woe,
Which patience cannot soothe, nor pain destroy.

thoughtful feeling which distinguishes that poem above all others, and owing to which, (faulty as in many respects it is,) I never take it up without deriving fresh pleasure from it, and being always unwilling to lay it aside. A little, I think, he learnt from Sir John Davies,—more from Lord Brooke, who is the most thoughtful of all poets. Davenant has less strength of mind, or morals, (as his conversion to popery proves,) but more feeling: with him the vein ended. You trace a little of it in Dryden's earlier poems; not later. You have admirably characterized the poets of Charles the Second's age, in your preface to the *Theatrum Poetarum*.

Do you recollect the portrait of Sidney, prefixed to Dr. Zouch's Life of him, from a picture by Velasquez, at Wentworth Castle? It is a good likeness of Professor Airey, the Cambridge mathematician, who was a youthful prodigy in his own science; but it bears no resemblance whatever either to the miniature which you have engraved, or to the portrait in the Sidney Papers. I am inclined to suspect, therefore, that it is not his portrait, especially as that want of resemblance leads me very much to doubt whether Sidney ever could have sat to Velasquez. The countenance in the miniature is feebler than I should have looked for,—more maidenly; and that, again, in the Sidney Papers, has a character, (quite

To catch the favour, that will never come;
 To win the praise, that is an idle sound;
 On others' wanton will we fix our doom;
 And in the yoke of servitude are bound.

There is no bliss, but on ourselves depends;
 There is no mercy in another's heart;
 No anchor-ground in hearts of fickle friends;
 No fountain, that will aid in need impart.

The feeblest power in hand, (which prudence heeds
 Too lightly, the most humble wish to fill,)
 In true substantial value far exceeds
 The chance of empires at another's will!

as inappropriate,) of middle age, and is not without a certain degree of coarseness*.

The Sidney Papers have induced me to judge less unfavourably than I was used to do of Leicester, and rather to agree with my excellent friend, Sharon Turner, in thinking his character doubtful, than decidedly bad. The strongest fact against him is what Strada states, that he engaged, through the Spanish ambassador, to bring about the restoration of the old religion, if Philip would favour him in his hopes of marrying the queen. Strada affirms that, upon the authority of the ambassador's letters: and I cannot satisfactorily explain it, as being only part of a scheme for obtaining the confidence of the Spanish court, and becoming thereby better acquainted with the schemes of its confederates in England. On the other hand, the character of Sir Henry Sidney seems to me, in a certain degree, a guarantee for Leicester's intentions,—so is Sir Philip's too; and Leicester's friendship for his brother-in-law, and evidently sincere affection for his nephew, tell greatly in his favour. There are, also, expressions in his will, and touches of feeling, which may surely be considered as sincere indications, not merely of the state of mind in which the will was written, but of the

* A beautiful picture of Sidney is given in an elegy, written, according to Nash's Preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, by Matthew Roydon, but possessing, in parts, the tenderness of Spenser:

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continued comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Spenser dwells, in two or three places, upon the gentleness of Sir Philip's character; it seems to have been his distinguishing feature; thus, in the *Ruines of Time*, he calls him

Most gentle spirit breathed from above,
and in the verses, consecrated to his memory, he affectionately records his
Gentle usage, and demeanure myld.

habit of mind. What a most affecting thing is his mother's will! In the reverence which Sidney must have felt for her memory, and in his grateful affection for his uncle, you may, I think, account,—and perhaps find an excuse,—for the manner in which he speaks of his Dudley descent,—even his father taught him to pride himself upon it. Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me, &c., &c.,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LETTER CIII.

Sir Thomas to Lady Munro.—Delightful Picture of Childhood.

MR. CANNING's eloquent tribute to Munro was not the empty flourish of the rhetorician. "Europe," he said, "never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier." But his claims upon our heart are not less powerful than upon our admiration. The letters addressed to his wife, who had been obliged to accompany their second son to England, for the restoration of his health, are full of beauty, affection, and truth. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that Sir Thomas Munro was governor of Madras, or that he fell a victim to cholera, during a visit to the southern provinces in July 1827.

Guindy, 2nd April, 1826.

We came here last night for the first time since you went away; Colonel Carpæ and I drove out together. We alighted at the old place near the well. It was nearly dark, and we passed through the garden without finding you. We had nobody in the evening but Captain Watson, which I was glad of. He has got the floors covered with new mats, which smell like hay; but they are of no use, when those for whom they were intended are gone. The cause which occasions the desertion of this house gives everything about it a melancholy

appearance. I dislike to enter Kamen's* room. I never pass it without thinking of that sad night when I saw him lying in Rosa's lap, with leeches on his head, the tears streaming down his face, crying with fear and pain, and his life uncertain. His image in that situation is always present to me, whenever I think of this house. I walked out this morning at daylight. I followed Captain Watson's new road, which is now made hard with gravel, as far as the place where it divides; but on reaching this point, instead of turning to the left, as we used to do, I continued along the main branch to the little tank, and there halted a few minutes to admire the view of the distant hills. I then turned towards the garden, where I always found you, and Kamen trotting before you, except when he stayed behind to examine some ant-hole. How delightful it was to see him walking, or running, or stopping, to endeavour to explain something with his hands to help his language. How easy, and artless, and beautiful, are all the motions of a child †! Everything that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing, and they are the arms which Nature has given him for his protection,

* His son Campbell's nursery name.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds has the same sentiment. Genius has always delighted to say beautiful things of childhood. Take three pictures:—

The grace of parting infancy,
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed!

WORDSWORTH upon "*a Jewish Family*."

No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—JEREMY TAYLOR. *The Marriage Ring, Part II.*

At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo; jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos;
Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.

Æneid, B. iv. 156.

because they make everybody feel an attachment for him. I have lost his society just at the time when it was most interesting. It was his tottering walk, his helplessness, and unconsciousness, that I liked. By the time I see him again, he will have lost all those qualities; he will know how to behave himself; he will have acquired some knowledge of the world, and will not be half so engaging as he now is. I almost wish that he would never change.

LETTER CIV.

The Same to the Same.—Affecting recollections of domestic Happiness.—A solitary Home.

Guindy, 11th of June, 1826.

I HAVE been reading and writing very hard all day, which always for the last year makes my hand shake so much, that I can hardly write. This is a sign that I have been long enough in a warm climate. The weather at this season has been cooler than ever I knew it at Madras. It has been continually over-cast all last week, which induced me to come out here yesterday evening, after the usual Saturday's dinner. I took a walk in the morning of an hour and a half, and ended with the garden, where everything is growing in great luxuriance. After getting out of the carriage yesterday evening, I looked at the new well, and found it had water enough to hold out till it got a fresh supply from the rains; but I did not find you or Kamen there, or in the drawing-room. I almost miss you both here more than at Madras, because we had fewer visitors, and I was more accustomed to see you and him quietly. Your rooms look very desolate; they are empty all day, and in the evening have one solitary lamp. I now go along the passage without seeing a human being, and often think of

him running out to pull my coat. I cannot tell you how much I long to see him playing again. I believe that I shall follow your father's example when I go home, in playing with the children. When you reach Craigie, give me a full account of Tom, and of all the points in which he is like, or unlike his brother. I have no letter from you since the 24th of March; and begin to fear that I shall not hear from you until your arrival in England.

The troops are returning from Ava. Major Kelso arrived a few days ago, in command of the Kimendyne regiment. There is no chance of hostilities, as the Burmese are completely tired of war. I am glad of it, as I can have no pretence for staying longer in the country; and if the weather were not too hot for calling names, I would call them "*barbarous*, and *ferocious*, and *arrogant*," for not letting me go home with you. I am quite at a loss to know what I am to do when I go home. Where are we to live! in town or country? or both? Are we to travel to see the world and sights, or to jaunt about in our own country, or to stay fixed in one place? You must consider of all this, and be ready with a plan when we meet. Love to all at Craigie.

LETTER CV.

The Same to the Same.—Thoughts in a deserted Garden.

SIR THOMAS MUNRO's touching allusions to his solitude, recall the verses of Bishop Heber upon a similar occasion, and which illustrate the letter.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fail;
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined ;
For careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

Madras, 29th June, 1826.

As I understand that a ship for England has left Calcutta, and is to touch here, I shall begin a letter to you, because by this means I shall be ready at any time to send you one, whether it contains four lines or four pages. The China-men, and other ships lately arrived, have brought several letters from your friends. I shall send them all back to you, because you will I think, be sorry to lose some of them, and will like to read them all, if it were only for the sake of comparing the feelings with which you read them at home, and would have read them in India. I read them with pleasure; but would much rather have sat down in Mr. Elliott's chair and listened to you reading them, after returning from our evening ride or walk. I shall keep a letter from Tom to you, as it is on the same sheet with one from him to me, both in his own hand-writing. He is the only one of the family whom I now see. I go into the room where his picture is every-day, for two minutes, on my way to the dining-room, or rather verandah. I think him more like Kamen than I used to do; and sometimes almost fancy that he looks happier since you went away. I am not sure, however, that there is any change. It is likely enough that, even when you were here, he looked as well pleased as now, but that I did not observe it.

7th July.—I went to Guindy on Saturday evening, and shall probably not go there again before November, as I must set out on the 21st on a long journey to the Southern Provinces. I took as usual a long walk on Sunday morning; there had been so much rain, that the garden looked more fresh and beautiful than I ever saw it; but I found nobody there, except a boy guarding the mangoes and figs from the squirrels—not even the old French gardener. It was a great change from the time when I was always sure of finding you and Kamen there*. It is melancholy to think that you are never again to be in a place in which you took so much pleasure. This idea comes across me still more strongly when I enter the house, and pass from my own room to the drawing-room, along the passage, now so silent and deserted, and formerly so noisy with your son and you, and his followers. It always makes me sad when I visit the place; but I shall be *worse* when I leave it, like you, for the last time. In my visits there I never have any strangers,—I generally go about once a fortnight.

15th July.—I am now writing in my own room at Guindy. I did not expect to have come here again until after my return from our tour; but Captain Watson had arranged that the travelling baggage should come here, and start from hence to-morrow for Madranticum. I leave Madras on Friday (21st), after council, and go in the chaise to Polaveram, and then go into my palankin. Our journey will be a long one, by Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madara, to Palamcottah, from thence to Dindigul and Coimbitore, to the Nilgherihills; and when we get there we shall be guided by the time of year in returning by Mysore or Salem, and the Baramahl. We shall have very hot weather a great part of our march,

* As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!

Pleasures of Memory.

but there is no help for it. We shall have the pleasure of travelling, and probably some cool days to reward us.

I was in the garden this morning,—everything is growing in great luxuriance, but particularly the hinh and baboal hedges. The new well is half full. I looked on my way home, at what you call geraniums, but which seem to me to be more like wild potatoes. I stood for a minute admiring them, merely from the habit of doing so with you; for, had I followed my own taste, I should as soon have thought of admiring a brick-kiln, as of gazing at a hundred red pots filled with weeds. There is something very melancholy in this house without you and your son. It has the air of some enchanted deserted mansion in romance. I often think of Kamen marching about the hall equipped for a walk, but resisting the ceremony of putting on his hat.

LETTER CVI.

William Wordsworth to Sir Walter Scott, upon the genius of Dryden.

No person who has heard Mr. Wordsworth dilate upon the classical school of English poetry, from Pope to Campbell, will expect to receive from his pen any enthusiastic eulogy of Dryden. The author of *Mac Flecnœ* could not have found a severer critic than the author of the *Excursion*. The works of that illustrious poet, whom Gray told Beattie not only to admire, but to be blind to all his faults, have been for some time passing into the study of the scholar. No republication of any standard English writer, addressed to the general reader, obtains so moderate a circulation. Even his Fables have ceased to be a fire-side book. Mr. Wordsworth thinks the translations from Boccacio, the most poetical of Dryden's productions; but the adaptation of the *Flower and the Leaf*, from Chaucer, possesses the most copious vein of fancy, the most picturesque combination of circumstances, and the most easy

music of narration*. A writer, not remarkable for poetical enthusiasm, has expressed an opinion that "regarded merely as an exhibition of a soothing and delicious luxuriance of imagination, this poem deserves to be classed with the greatest efforts of human genius†." Neither these nor the following remarks are made in any presumptuous opposition to the opinion of the greatest poet of the present age, whose works have diffused a purer strain of philosophy than ever flowed from the lips of Dryden.

Patterdale, Nov. 7, 1805.

My dear Scott,

I was much pleased to hear of your engagement with Dryden, not that he is, as a poet, any great favourite of mine. I admire his talents and genius highly; but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are *essentially* poetical, are a certain ardour and impetuosity of mind, with an excellent ear. It may seem strange that I do not add to this, great command of language: *that* he certainly has, and of such language, too, as it is most desirable that a poet should possess, or rather that he should not be without. But it is not language that is, in the highest sense of the word, poetical, being neither of the imagination nor of the passions; I mean the amiable, the ennobling, or the intense passions. I do not mean to say that there is nothing of this in Dryden, but as little, I think, as is possible, considering how much he has written. You will easily understand my meaning, when I refer to his versification of Palamon and Arcite, as contrasted with the language of

* In no other poem has Dryden displayed such delicacy of description, and such beautiful chastity of imagery. Speaking of a path, he says, in language which recalls an exquisite stanza omitted by Gray in his Elegy,

In narrow mazes oft it seemed to meet,
And looked as lightly pressed by fairy feet.

† Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*, Vol. I. p. 344. "Do you wish," said Lord Byron, "for invention, imagination, sublimity, character? Seek them in the Rape of the Lock, the Fables of Dryden, the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and Absalom and Achitophel."

Chaucer. Dryden had neither a tender heart, nor a lofty sense of moral dignity. Whenever his language is poetically impassioned, it is mostly upon unpleasing subjects, such as the follies, vices, and crimes of classes of men or of individuals. That his cannot be the language of imagination, must have necessarily followed from this—that there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of his works*; and in his translation from Virgil, whenever Virgil can be fairly said to have had his *eye* upon his object, Dryden always spoils the passage†.

But too much of this; I am glad that you are to be his editor. His political and satirical pieces may be greatly

* Sir Walter Scott differed from Mr. Wordsworth's estimate of Dryden's pictorial talents. "External pictures, and their corresponding influence on the spectator, are equally ready at his summons; and though his poetry, from the nature of his subjects, is in general rather ethic and didactic, than narrative; yet no sooner does he adopt the latter style of composition, than his figures and his landscapes are presented to the mind with the same vivacity as the flow of his reasoning, or the acute metaphysical discrimination of his characters."—*Life of Dryden*, p. 484, ed. 1808. Dryden had declared, in his dedication to Lord Clifford, rural recreations abroad, and books at home, to be the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise.

† When Virgil has his *eye* upon a landscape, Dryden is, indeed, generally unfaithful; but pictures, with figures in them, he could paint with a life-giving pencil. The second appearance of the Spectre (in Theodore and Honoria,) at the banquet, is described with wonderful power, and with remarkable poetical effect:—

The gallants to protect the lady's right,
 Their faulchions brandished at the grisly sprite;
 High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And withered all their strength before he strook:—
 Back, on your lives! let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destined way;
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against the eternal doom of Providence:
 Mine is the ungrateful maid by heaven designed;
 Mercy she would not give, no mercy shall she find.—
 At this the former tale again he told
 With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warned a second time,
 But bore each other back; some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

benefited by illustration, and even absolutely require it. A correct text is the first object of an editor; then such notes as explain difficult and obscure passages; and lastly, which is much less important, notes pointing out authors to whom the poet has been indebted, and not in the fiddling way of phrase here and phrase there, (which is detestable as a general practice,)—but where he has had essential obligations, either as to matter or manner. If I can be of any use to you, do not fail to apply to me. One thing I may take the liberty to suggest; when you come to the Fables, might it not be advisable to print the whole of the Tales of Boccace in a smaller type in the original language*? If this should look too much like swelling a book, I should certainly make such extracts as would show where Dryden has most strikingly improved upon, or fallen below, his original. I think his translations from Boccace are the best, at least the most poetical of his poems. It is many years since I read Boccace,

* Sir Walter printed the Tales of Boccaccio, but not in the original. Dryden derived little from the Italian, except the outline. The famous passage in Theodore and Honoria, which ushers in the Apparition, is entirely his own. Theodore, wandering out in the morning, finds himself in the midst of a wood of pines:

While listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
 More than a mile immersed within the wood,
 At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
 Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground;
 With deeper brown the grove was overspread,
 A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
 Nature was in alarm! some danger nigh
 Seemed threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
 Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole:
 Not long; for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound:
 As of a dame distressed.

Nothing can exceed the vividness of the painting throughout the poem. The vision of the lady; the "two mastiffs, gaunt and grim;" the knight, with flames in his eyes, thundering on upon a coal-black steed: Theodore's mingled terror and defiance at the fierce stare of the Spectre, &c.; all these incidents are portrayed with the fire and life of the most glowing imagination.

but I remember that Sigismunda is not married by him to Guiscard, (the names are different in Boccace, in both tales, I believe, certainly in Theodore, &c.). I think Dryden has much injured the story of the marriage, and degraded Sigismunda's character by it. He has, also, to the best of my remembrance, degraded her still more, by making her love absolute sensuality*. Dryden had no other notion of the passion. With all these defects, and they are very gross ones, it is a noble poem. Guiscard's answer, when first reproached by Tancred, is noble in Boccace: nothing but this; *Amor può molto più, che ne voi ne io possiamo*. This Dryden has spoiled. He says first very well, "the faults of love by love are justified;" and then come four lines† of miserable rant, quite à la Maximin.

Farewell, and believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH‡.

* "One gross fault he has engrafted upon the original; I mean the coarseness of Sigismunda's character, whose love is that of temperament not of affection. This error, grounded upon Dryden's false view of the passion, and of the female character, and perhaps arising from the depravity of the age rather than of the poet, pervades and greatly injures the effect of the tale; yet it is more than counterbalanced by preponderating beauties."—Scott.

† Sir Walter has alluded to this passage of Boccaccio in a note. The lines, so justly condemned by Wordsworth, are these:

With unresisted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raises plains;
And not regarding difference of degree,
Abased your daughter, and exalted me.

‡ Cowper, whose acquaintance with our poetry was so contracted, remembered with delight the Fables of Dryden, and recommended them to Mr. Unwin, for the amusement of his son. He partook of his friend Churchill's admiration for the great master of English versification. "Writers," he said, "who find it necessary to make such strenuous and painful exertions, are generally as phlegmatic as they are correct; but Pope was in this respect, exempted from the common lot of authors of that class. With the unwearied application of a Flemish painter, who draws a shrimp with the most minute exactness, he had all the genius of one of the first masters. Never, I believe, were such talents and such drudgery united. But I admire Dryden most, who has succeeded by mere dint of genius, and in

LETTER CVII.

Sir Humphry Davy to Mr. Poole, describing his situation at Ravenna.—Historical associations of the place.

COLERIDGE not only expressed his belief that Davy might have been the first poet of our time, if he had not been the first chemist, but coupled him with Wordsworth, as the two great men of the age; and when Southey went to Portugal, he intrusted to Davy the correction of *Thalaba*. His biographer says that, like Pope, he lisped in numbers, and that his best exercises were translations from classical into English verse. A poetical fancy colours all his writings, and he seems to have wanted nothing but the poet's art to obtain the poet's reputation. The following lines, written at Ravenna, during the closing days of his existence, will illustrate the letter.

Oh! could'st thou be with me, daughter of heaven,
 Urania! I have now no other love;
 For time has withered all the beauteous flowers
 That once adorned my youthful coronet.
 With thee I still may live a little space,
 And hope for better intellectual light;
 With thee I may e'en still, in vernal times,
 Look upon Nature with a poet's eye,
 Nursing those lofty thoughts that in the mind
 Spontaneous rise, blending their sacred powers
 With images from fountain and from flood:
 From chestnut-groves, amid the broken rocks,
 Where the blue Lina pours to meet the wave
 Of foaming Serchio; or midst the odorous heath
 And cistus flowers, that clothe the stream-worn sides
 Of the green hills, whence in their purity
 The virgin streams arise of Mountain Tiber.—

* * * *

Or rest might find on that cloud-covered hill,
 Whose noble rocks are clothed with brightest green,

spite of a laziness and carelessness almost peculiar to himself. His faults are those of a great man, and his beauties are such (at least sometimes) as Pope, with all his touching and retouching, could never equal."—*To Mr. Unwin, Jan. 5, 1782.*

Where thousand flowers of unknown hues and names
Scent the cool air, rarely by man inhaled,
But which the wild bee knows, and ever haunts,
And whence descends the balmy influence
Of those high waters, tepid from the air
Of ancient Apennines, whose sacred source
Hygeia loves; there my weary limbs
I might repose beneath the grateful shade
Of chesnuts, whose worn trunks proclaim the birth
Of other centuries.

Davy believed himself to be endowed with the faculty divine. "From a conversation I once had with Sir H. Davy at Althorp," says Dr. Dibdin, in his *Reminiscences*, "in consequence of a passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I felt quite persuaded that he considered himself to be a poet, as well as a philosopher."

Ravenna, March 14, 1827.

My dear Poole,

I should have answered your letter immediately, had it been possible; but I was at the time I received it, very ill, in the crisis of the complaint under which I have long suffered, and which turned out to be a determination of blood to the brain; and at last producing the most alarming nervous symptoms, and threatening the loss of power and of life. Had I been in England, I should gladly have promoted the election of your friend at the Athenæum; your certificate of character would always be enough for me; for, like our angling, evangelical Isaac Walton, I know you choose for your friends only good men.

I am, thank God, better, but still very weak, and wholly unfit for any kind of business and study. I have, however, considerably recovered the use of all the limbs that were affected; and as my amendment has been slow and gradual, I hope in time it may be complete; but I am leading the life of an anchorite, obliged to abstain from flesh, wine, business, study, experiments, and all things that I love; but this discipline is salutary, and for the sake of being able to do

something more for science, and I hope for humanity, I submit to it, believing that the great Source of Intellectual Being so wills it for good.

I am here lodged in the Apostolical Palace, by the kindness of the Vice-Legate of Ravenna, a most amiable and enlightened prelate, who has done everything for me that he could have done for a brother. I have chosen this spot of the declining empire of Rome, as one of solitude and repose, as out of the way of travellers, and in a good climate; and its monuments and recollections are not without interest. Here Dante composed his divine works*. Here Byron† wrote some of his best and moral (if such a name can be applied), poems; and here the Roman power that began among the mountains with Romulus, and migrated to the sea, founding Asia and Europe under Constantine, made its last stand, in

* "Let us see Byron on the Genevan Lake, crossing those fickle waves in a tempest, and troubled with the ostentatious and irritating boast of *Coppet*, preferring the dangerous conflict of the winds and waters, to those flashes of angry and dazzling passion. Let us see him in the woods of Ravenna, talking to the ghost of Dante."—Sir Egerton Brydges' *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 237.

† Seven years before, at Ravenna, Sir Humphry had met Lord Byron, who tells an amusing anecdote respecting him, in a letter to Mr. Murray, May 8, 1820. "Sir Humphry Davy was here last fortnight, and I was in his company in the house of a very pretty Italian lady of rank, who, by way of displaying her learning in presence of the great chemist, then describing his fourteenth ascension of Mount Vesuvius, asked if there was not a similar volcano in *Ireland*? My only notion of an Irish volcano consisted of the Lake of Killarney, which I naturally conceived her to mean; but, on second thought, I divined that she alluded to *Iceland* and to *Hecla*; and so it proved, though she sustained her volcanic topography for some time with all the pertinacity of the 'feminine.' She soon after turned to me, and asked me various questions about Sir Humphry's philosophy, and I explained, as well as an oracle, his skill in gasen safety-lamps, and ungluing the Pompeian MSS. 'But what do you call him?' said she. 'A great chemist,' quoth I. 'What can he do?' repeated the lady. 'Almost any thing,' said I. 'Oh, then, *mio caro*, do pray beg him to give me something to dye my eyebrows black. I have tried a thousand things, and the colours all come off; and besides, they don't grow; can't he invent something to make them grow.' All this with the greatest earnestness. I did not tell Sir Humphry of this last piece of philosophy, not knowing how he might take it. Davy was much taken with Ravenna, and the *Primitive Italianism* of the people, who are unused to foreigners; but he only staid a day."

the marshes formed by the Eridanus, under Theodorick, whose tomb is amongst the wonders of the place. After a month's travel in the most severe weather I ever experienced, I arrived here on the 20th of February. The weather has since been fine. My brother and friend, who is likewise my physician, accompanied me; but he is so satisfied with my improvement, as to be able to leave me for Corfu; but he is within a week's call. I have no society here, except that of the amiable Vice-Legate, who is the Governor of the Province; but this is enough for me, for as yet I can bear but little conversation. I ride in the pine forest, which is the most magnificent in Europe, and which I wish you could see. You know the trees by Claude Loraine's landscapes; imagine a circle of twenty miles of these great fan-shaped pines, green sunny lawns, and little knolls of underwood, with large junipers of the Adriatic in front, and the Apennines still covered with snow behind. The pine-wood partly covers the spot where the Roman fleet once rode;—such is the change of time!

It is my intention to stay here till the beginning of April, and then go to the Alps, for I must avoid the extremes of heat and cold. God bless you, my dear Poole, I am always your old and sincere friend,

H. DAVY*.

* It would be difficult to find a more beautiful picture than Davy's description of a scene in the Apennines above Perugia. It occurs in an unfinished dialogue. "Notwithstanding the magnificence of the Alpine country, and the beauty of the upper part of Italy, yet the scenery now before us has peculiar charms, depending not merely on the variety and grandeur of the objects which it displays, but likewise on its historical relations. The hills are all celebrated in the early history of Italy, and many of them are crowned with Etruscan towers. The Lake of Trasimene spreads its broad and calm mirror beneath a range of hills covered with oak and chestnut; and the eminence where Hannibal marshalled that army which had nearly deprived Rome of empire, is now of a beautiful green from the rising corn. Hence the Tiber runs, a clear and bright blue mountain-stream, meriting the epithet of Cerulean bestowed on it by Virgil; and there the Chiusan Marsh sends its tributary streams from the same level to the remains of Etruria and Latium. In the extreme distance are the woods of the Sabine country, bright with the purple foliage of the Judas-tree, extending along the sides of blue hills, which again, are capped by snowy mountains."

LETTER CVIII.

The Duke of Wellington, (then the Hon. A. Wellesley) to Lieutenant-Colonel Close.—Defeat of an Indian Freebooter.

COLONEL WELLESLEY landed in India, in the February of 1797, and was soon engaged in the war with the famous Tippoo Sultaun, and at the assault and capture of Seringapatam, May 4, 1799, he commanded the reserve in the trenches. In 1800, the tranquillity of Mysore was disturbed by the reappearance, at the head of a numerous army, of a Marhatta freebooter, named Dhoondiah Waugh. Colonel Wellesley, who knew him, though a despicable, to be a very formidable enemy, proceeded against him in person, "with detachments of the army of Mysore." Dhoondiah had previously eluded the pursuit of two officers who had endeavoured to intercept him in his flight into the Marhatta country. "Dhoondiah," says Colonel Gurwood, "had formerly committed various depredations on the territories of Tippoo Sultaun, who, having secured his person, compelled him to conform to the Mahometan faith, and afterwards employed him in military service;" subsequently however, he confined him in irons in Seringapatam. Having been released after the capture of that fortress by the English troops, he fled to Bednore, and "laid that rich country under severe contributions, which he exacted with unrelenting cruelty, perpetrating throughout the province the most atrocious acts of rapine and murder*."

Camp, right of the Malpoorba, opposite Manowly,
31st July, 1800.

Dear Colonel,

I have the pleasure to inform you, that I have struck a blow against Dhoondiah, which he will feel severely. After the fall of Dummul and Gudduck, I heard that Dhoondiah was encamped near Soondootty, west of the Pursghur hill, and that his object was to cover the passage of his baggage over the Malpoorba at Manowly. I then determined

* Gurwood's *Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*, vol. i. p. 40.

upon a plan to attack both him and his baggage at the same time, in co-operation with Bowser, whose detachment, however, did not arrive at Dummul till the 28th, and was two marches in my rear; but I thought it most important that I should approach Dhoondiah's army at all events, and take advantage of any movement which he might make. I accordingly moved on, and arrived on the 29th at Allagawaddy, which is fifteen miles from Soondootty, and twenty-six from this place. I intended to halt at Allagawaddy till the 31st, on which day I expected Colonel Bowser at Nurgoond; but Dhoondiah broke up from Soondootty, as soon as he heard of my arrival at Allagawaddy, sent part of his army to Doodwaur, part towards Jellahaul, and part with the baggage, to this place. I then marched on the morning of the 30th, to Hoogurgoor, which is east of the Pursghur-hill, where I learned that Dhoondiah was here with his baggage. I determined to move on and attack him. I surprised his camp at three o'clock in the evening with the cavalry; and we drove into the river, or destroyed every body that was in it, took an elephant, several camels, bullocks, horses, and innumerable families, women, and children. The guns were gone over, and we made an attempt to dismount them, by a fire from this side; but it was getting dark, and my infantry was fatigued by the length of the march; we lost a man or two; and I saw plainly that we should not succeed; I therefore withdrew my guns to my camp. I do not know whether Dhoondiah was with this part of the army, but I rather believe not. Bubber Jung was in the camp, put on his armour to fight, mounted his horse, and rode him into the river, where he was drowned. Numbers met with the same fate. One tandah* of brinjarries†, in this neighbourhood, has sent to me for cowle‡,

* A body, horde, &c.

† Grain-dealers, who supply armies with rice and grain, loaded in bags on bullocks.

‡ Mercy, quarter, protection, solemn pledge or promise.—Colonel Gurwood.

and I have got the family of a head brinjarry among those of several others. I have detained them; but have sent cowle to the brinjarry. I hear that everybody is deserting Dhoondiah; and I believe it, as my Marhattas are going out this night to attack one of his parties gone towards Darwar. They were before very partial to my camp. I have a plan for crossing some Europeans over the river to destroy the guns, which I am afraid I cannot bring off; and then I think I shall have done this business completely. I am not quite certain of success, however, as the river is broad and rapid.

Believe me, &c.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

LETTER CIX.

The Same to Lady Sarah Napier, informing her of a wound received by her Son.

No circumstance in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, awakens a livelier feeling of pleasure and surprise in the mind of the reader, than the simple, natural, yet touching and consolatory manner, in which that illustrious commander communicates the death or the sufferings of his officers, to their relatives and friends. Avoiding all the common topics of condolence, he places before the bereaved mother or father, every consideration likely to reconcile them to the loss they have experienced in the cause of their country. To these letters, the Epitaph of Collins might have been affixed for a motto.

Gallegos, 29th January, 1812.

My dear Madam,

I AM sorry to tell you that your son George was again wounded in the right arm so badly last night, in the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo, that it was necessary to amputate it above

the elbow. He, however, bore the operation remarkably well, and I have seen him this morning free from pain and fever, and enjoying highly his success before he had received his wound. When he did receive it, he only desired that I might be informed that he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen.

Having such sons, I am aware that you expect to hear of those misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves, by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you. Under such circumstances, I perform the task which I have taken upon myself with less reluctance, hoping at the same time that this will be the last occasion on which I shall have to address you upon such a subject; and that your brave sons will be spared to you. Although the last was the most serious, it was not the only wound which George received during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was hit by the splinter of a shell in the shoulder, on the 16th.

Believe me, &c.

LETTER CX.

The Same to Lord Somers—upon a similar occasion.

Villa-Toro, 11th October, 1812.

My Lord,

As I have before had the honour of writing to you respecting your son, I cannot allow my despatch to go to England with the melancholy account of the loss which you have sustained, without addressing a few lines to you.

Your son fell as he had lived, in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty. He had already distinguished himself in the course of the operations of the attack of the Castle of Burgos to such a degree, as to induce me to recommend him for promotion; and I assure your Lordship, that if Providence had spared him to you, he possessed acquirements and was endowed with qualities to become one of the greatest ornaments of his profession, and to continue an honour to his family, and an advantage to his country. I have no hope that what I have above stated to your Lordship, will at all tend to alleviate your affliction on this melancholy occasion; but I could not deny myself the satisfaction of assuring you, that I was highly sensible of the merits of your son, and that I most sincerely lament his loss.

I have the honour to be, &c.

LETTER CXI.

The Same to Samuel Whitbread, Esq., acknowledging the retractation of Calumnies.

AMONG the political opponents who had depreciated, with all the virulence of party, the early campaigns of Wellington, Mr. Whitbread had distinguished himself by the vehemence of his hostility. But he was a generous, though a prejudiced antagonist, and having been convinced of the injustice of his censures, not only acknowledged his error in Parliament, but addressed a letter to Lord Wellington, in the same pacific spirit.

Elvas, 23rd of May, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I am most highly gratified by your letter of the 29th April, which I received last night; and I beg leave to return my thanks for the mode in which you have taken the trouble

of informing me of the favourable change of your opinion respecting affairs in this country. I acknowledge that I was much concerned to find that persons, for whom I entertained the highest respect, and whose opinions were likely to have great weight in England, and throughout Europe, had delivered erroneous opinions, as I thought, respecting affairs in this country; and I prized their judgments so highly, at the same time that I was certain of the error of the opinion which they had delivered, that I was induced to attribute their conduct to the excess of the spirit of party. I assure you that, highly as I am gratified and flattered by the approbation of ——— and yourself and others, that which gives me most pleasure in the account which I received last night from England, is to be convinced that such men could not be unjust towards an officer in the service of the country abroad; and that the opinions which they had delivered, however unfavourable to him, were the real dictates of their judgments, upon a fair view of all the circumstances which had come to their knowledge. To the gratification arising from this conviction, to one who appears destined to pass his life in the harness, you have added that which I have received from your obliging letter, and I assure you that I am very sensible of the kindness towards me which induced you to write to me.

LETTER CXII.

The Same to a Correspondent, dissuading him from attempting to describe the Battle of Waterloo, and containing an outline of the principal circumstances in it.

Paris, August 17, 1815.

My dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 11th, and regret much I have not been able to prevail upon you to relinquish

your plan. You may depend upon it you will never make it a satisfactory work. I will get you a list of the French army, generals, &c.

Just to show you how little reliance can be placed, even on what are supposed the best accounts of a battle, I mention that there are some circumstances mentioned in General ———'s account, which did not occur as he relates them. He was not on the field during the whole battle, particularly not during the latter part of it. The battle began, I believe, at eleven o'clock. It is impossible to say when each important occurrence took place, nor in what order. We were attacked first with infantry only, then with cavalry only; lastly and principally, with cavalry and infantry mixed. No houses were possessed by the enemy in Mont St. Jean, excepting the farm in front of the left of our centre, on the road to Gemappe, can be called one. This they got, I think, at about two o'clock, and got it from a circumstance which is to be attributed to the neglect of the officer commanding on the spot.

The French cavalry were on the plateau in the centre, between the two high roads, for nearly three quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. I moved our squares forward to the guns; and our cavalry, which had been detached by Lord Uxbridge to the flanks, was brought back to the centre. The French cavalry were then driven off. After that circumstance, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre of the position, by cavalry and infantry, till seven at night; how many I cannot tell. When the enemy attacked Sir Thomas Picton, I was there, and they got as far as the hedge on the cross-road, behind which the cavalry had been formed. The latter had run away, and our troops were on our side of the hedge. The French were driven off with immense loss. This was the first principal attack. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, as I have above said, they got

possession of the farm-house on the high road, which defended this part of the position; and they then took possession of a small mound on the left of the high-road going from Bruxelles, immediately opposite the gate of the farm; and they were never removed from thence till I commenced the attack in the evening; but they never advanced further on that side.

These are answers to all your queries; but, remember, I recommend to you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is.

WELLINGTON.

LETTER CXIII.

*The Same to Lord Beresford, upon the same subject.—
[Striking Picture of the Battle.*

Gonesse, July 2, 1815.

My dear Beresford,

I HAVE received your letter of the 9th of June. You should recommend for the Spanish medal for Albuera, according to the rules laid down by the king of Spain for the grant of it. I should think it should be given only to those who were there and actually engaged. I am, as soon as I shall have a little time, going to recommend officers for the Order of San Fernando, and will apply to you for a Portuguese list. You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match: both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manœuvre at all; he just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style; the only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.

Boney is now off, I believe, to Rochefort, to go to America; the army, about forty thousand or fifty thousand, are in Paris: Blucher on the left of the Seine, and I, with my right in front of St. Denis, and the left upon the Bois de Bondy. They have fortified St. Denis and Montmartre, very strongly. The canal de l'Ourcq, is filled with water, and they have a parapet and batteries on the bank; so that I do not believe we can attack this line; however I will see.

Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.

LETTER CXIV.

S. T. Coleridge to Mr. Alsop.—Affecting account of his Hopes, Prospects, and Literary Projects.

No comment can introduce this letter of the departed philosopher and poet, so appropriately or pathetically as his own. "Never pursue literature as a trade. With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all, individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, i. e. some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically*, that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product, of what is truly *genial*, than weeks of compulsion. Money and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the *necessity* of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a *narcotic*. Motives by excess reverse their very nature; and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind*." It was the want of this tranquillizing provision that wrung from him, at another time, the mournful exclamation,—“Oh! there are some natures which under the most cheerless, all-threatening,

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 223.

nothing-promising circumstances, can draw hope from the Invisible; as the tropical trees, that in the sandy desolation produce their own lidded vessels full of water from air and dew. Alas! to my root not a drop trickles down, but from the water-pot of immediate friends." This complaint must have been uttered in one of his darkest hours. However overcast his worldly prospects might have been, Coleridge was never forsaken by the Christian's hope; he had in himself a well of water, whose springs were from above. Unfortunate, indeed, he may have been; unhappy he could not be; while Imagination conducted him through the glories of her poetical Cloud-Land, and coloured the mists of sleep with visions that shone upon the dreams of Spenser. He has himself described the situation and feelings of a good man, surrendering his mind to the contemplation of heavenly truth, in some of his last and most affecting verses.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!
 What would'st thou that a good great man obtain?
 Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain?
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man? Three treasures, Love, and Light,
 And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
 Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

My dear young Friend,

The only impression left by you on my mind is, an increased desire to see you again, and at shorter intervals. Were you my son by nature, I could not hold you dearer, or more earnestly desire to retain you the adopted of whatever within me will remain, when the dross and alloy of infirmity shall have been purged away. I feel the most entire confidence that no prosperous change of my outward circumstances would add to your *faith* in the sincerity of this assurance; still, however, the average of men being what it is, and it being neither possible nor desirable to be fully conscious in

our understanding of the habits of thinking and judging in the world around us, and yet to be wholly impassive and unaffected by them in our feelings, it would endear and give a new value to an honourable competence, that I should be able to evince the true nature and degree of my esteem and attachment beyond the suspicion even of the sordid, and separate from all that is accidental or adventitious. But yet the friendship I feel for you, is so genial a warmth, and blends so undistinguishably with my affections, is so perfectly one of the family in the household of love, that I would not be otherwise than obliged to you; and God is my witness, that my wish for an easier and less embarrassed lot is *chiefly* (I think I might have said *exclusively*) grounded on the deep conviction, that exposed to a less bleak aspect, I should bring forth flowers and fruits both more abundant and more worthy of the unexampled kindness of your *faith* in me. Interpreting the "vine" and the "ivy garland," as figures of poetry signifying competence, and the removal of the petty needs of the body, that plug up the pipes of the playing fountain, (and such it is too well known was the intent and meaning of the hardly used poet,) and oh! how often, when my heart has begun to swell, from the genial warmth of thought, as our northern lakes from the (so called) bottom winds, when all above and around are stillness and sunshine, how often have I repeated in my own name the sweet stanza of Edmund Spenser:—

"Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rhyme should rage,
O! if my temples were bedewed with wine,
And girt in garlands of wild ivy twine,
How I could rear the muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine
With queint Bellona in her equipage."

Read what follows, as you would a note at the bottom of a page.

“But, ah! Mæcenas is ywrapt in clay, and great Augustus long ago is dead.”

But, though natural, the complaint is not equally philosophical, were it only on this account,—that I know of no age in which the same has not been advanced, and with the same grounds. Nay, I retract; there never was a time in which the *complaint* would be so little wise, though, perhaps, none in which the *fact* is more prominent. Neither philosophy, nor poetry ever did, nor as long as they are terms of comparative excellence and contradistinction, ever can be *popular*, nor honoured with the praise and favour of contemporaries. But, on the other hand, there never was a time in which either books, that were *held* for excellent as poetic or philosophic, had so extensive and rapid a sale, or men, reputed poets and philosophers of a high rank, were so much *looked up to* in society, or so munificently, almost profusely, rewarded*.

But enough of these generals. It was my purpose to open myself out to you in detail. My health, I have reason to believe, is so intimately connected with the state of my spirits, and these again so dependent on my thoughts, prospective and retrospective, that I should not doubt the being favoured with a sufficiency for my noblest undertaking, had I the ease of heart requisite for the necessary abstraction of the thoughts, and such a reprieve from the goading of the immediate exigencies, as might make tranquillity possible. But, alas! I know by experience, (and the knowledge is not the less, because the regret is not unmixed with self-blame, and the consciousness of want of exertion and fortitude,) that my health will continue to decline, as long as the pain from

* But ours is, notwithstanding its manifold excellences, a degenerate age; and recreant knights are among us far outnumbering the true. A false Gloriana in these days imposes worthless services, which they, who perform them, in their blindness, know not to be such; and which are recompensed by rewards as worthless, yet eagerly grasped at, as if they were the immortal guerdon of virtue.—*The Friend*, vol. iii. pp. 55, 56.

reviewing the barrenness of the past, is great in an inverse proportion to any rational anticipations of the future. As I now am, however, from five to six hours devoted to actual writing and composition in the day, is the utmost that my strength, not to speak of my nervous system, will permit; and the invasions on this portion of my time from applications, often of the most senseless kind, are such and so many, as to be almost as ludicrous even to myself as they are vexatious. In less than a week, I have not seldom received half-a-dozen packets or parcels of works, printed or manuscript, urgently requesting my candid *judgment*, or my correcting hand. Add to these, letters from lords and ladies, urging me to write reviews or puffs of heaven-born geniuses, whose whole merit consists in being ploughmen or shoemakers. Ditto from actors; entreaties for money, or recommendations to publishers, from ushers out of place, &c. &c.; and to *me*, who have neither interest, influence, nor money, and what is still more *apropos*, can neither bring myself to tell smooth falsehoods nor harsh truths, and, in the struggle, too often do both in the anxiety to do neither. I have already the *written* materials and contents, requiring only to be put together, from the loose papers, and common-place or memorandum-books, and needing no other change, whether of omission, addition, or correction, than the mere act of arranging, and the opportunity of seeing the whole collectively bring with them of course, — I. Characteristics of Shakspeare's dramatic works*, with a critical review of each

* The second volume of Mr. Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, contains an outline of his Lectures upon Shakspeare, with notes upon his plays, as well as upon those of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The remarks are rapid and brief, and hence the opinions are occasionally obscure and incomplete; but in many instances the criticism is acute, original, and eloquent. Many beautiful observations on the genius of Shakspeare and the old dramatists, are scattered through the *Table Talk*. Take the following:—"In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all in-woven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he

play; together with a relative and comparative critique on the kind and degree of the merits and demerits of the dramatic works of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. The History of the English Drama; the accidental advantages it afforded to Shakspeare, without in the least detracting from the perfect originality or proper creation of the Shakspearian Drama; the contradistinction of the latter from the Greek Drama, and its still remaining *uniqueness*, with the causes of this, from the combined influences of Shakspeare himself, as man, poet, philosopher, and finally, by conjunction of all these, dramatic poet; and of the age, events, manners, and state of the English language. This work, with every art of compression, amounts to three volumes of about five hundred pages each. II. Philosophical Analysis of the Genius and Works of Dante, Spenser, Milton, Cervantes, and Calderon, with similar, but more compressed Criticisms on Chaucer, Ariosto, Donne, Rabelais, and others, during the predominance of the Romantic Poetry. In one large volume. These two works will, I flatter myself, form a complete code of the principles of judgment and feeling applied to Works of Taste; and not of Poetry only, but of Poesy in all its forms, Painting, Statuary, Music, &c. &c.

seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's, disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun, after a great achievement of his highest genius." p. 213. And again, contrasting Shakspeare with Massinger. "Regan and Goneril are the only pictures of the unnatural in Shakspeare, —the pure unnatural; and you will observe, that Shakspeare has left their hideousness unsoftened or diversified by a single line of goodness or common human frailty. Whereas in Edmund, for whom passion, the sense of shame as a bastard, offers some plausible excuses, Shakspeare has placed many redeeming traits. Edmund is what, under certain circumstances, any man of powerful intellect might be, if some other qualities and feelings were cut off. Hamlet is inclusively an Edmund, but different from him as a whole, on account of the controlling agency of other principles which Edmund had not. It is worth while to remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character." p. 210. The eyes of the critic seem always frightened by the contemplation of our greatest Poet.

III. The History of Philosophy considered as a Tendency of the Human Mind, to exhibit the Powers of the Human Reason, to discover by its own Strength, the Origin and Laws of Man and the World, from Pythagoras to Locke and Condillac. Two volumes. IV. Letters on the Old and New Testament, and on the Doctrine and Principles held in common by the Fathers and Founders of the Reformation, addressed to a candidate for Holy Orders, including advice on the Plan and Subjects of Preaching, proper to a Minister of the Established Church*.

To the completion of these four works, I have literally nothing more to do than to *transcribe*, but, as I before hinted, from so many scraps and *sibylline* leaves, including margins of books and blank pages, that, unfortunately, I must be my own scribe, and not done by myself, they will be all but lost; or perhaps (as has been too often the case already,) furnish feathers for the caps of others; some for this purpose, and some to plume the arrows of detraction, to be let fly against the luckless bird from whom they had been plucked or moulted.

In addition to these—of my GREAT WORK, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of my life have been devoted, and on which my hopes of extensive and permanent utility, of fame, in the noblest sense of the word, mainly rest—that, by which I might,

“As now by thee; by all the good be known,
When this weak frame lies moulder’d in the grave,
Which self-surviving I might call my own,
Which folly cannot mar, nor hate deprave—
The incense of those powers, which, risen in flame,
Might make me dear to Him from whom they came.”

Of this work, to which all my other writings, (unless I except my Poems, and these I can exclude in part only,)

* The fullest exposition of Coleridge’s religious opinions will be found in the third volume of his *Literary Remains*, which is devoted to the works of Donne, Taylor, and some of our most eminent writers upon Theology. His *Aids to Reflection* are too well known to need any reference.

are introductory and preparative; and the result of which (if the premises be, as I, with the most tranquil assurance, am convinced they are—insubvertible, the deductions legitimate, and the conclusions commensurate, and only commensurate, with both), must finally be a revolution of all that has been called *philosophy* or metaphysics in England and France, since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of our second Charles, and with this the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics and physiology. You will not blame the earnestness of my expressions, nor the high importance which I attach to this work: for how, with less noble objects, and less faith in their attainment, could I stand acquitted of folly, and abuse of time, talents, and learning, in a labour of three-fourths of my intellectual life? Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr. Green; and more than as much again would have been evolved and delivered to paper, but that, for the last six or eight months, I have been compelled to break off our weekly meeting, from the necessity of writing (alas! alas! of attempting to write), for purposes, and on the subjects of the passing day. Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the *Christabel*. Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had present to my mind, the materials, as well as the scheme of the Hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man; and the Epic Poem on what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an epic poem—Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus*.

* The destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they must be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the *Paradise Lost*. But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology,

And here comes my dear friend; here comes my sorrow and my weakness, my grievance and my confession. Anxious to perform the duties of the day arising out of the wants of the day, these wants, too, presenting themselves in the most painful of all forms,—that of a debt owing to those who will not exact it, and yet need its payment; and the delay, the long (not live-long, but *death*-long) behind-hand of my accounts to friends, whose utmost care and frugality on the one side, and industry on the other, the wife's management and the husband's assiduity, are put in requisition, to make both ends meet, I am at once forbidden to attempt, and too perplexed earnestly to pursue, the *accomplishment* of the works worthy of me, those I mean above enumerated,—even if, savagely as I have been injured by one of the two influensive Reviews, and with more effective enmity undermined by the utter silence, or occasional detractive compliments of the other, I had the probable chance of disposing of them to the booksellers, so as even to liquidate my mere boarding accounts during the time expended in the transcription, arrangement, and proof correction. And yet, on the other hand, my heart and mind are for ever recurring to them. Yes, my conscience forces me to plead guilty. I have only by fits and starts even prayed. I have not prevailed on myself to pray to God in sincerity and entireness for the fortitude that might enable me to resign myself to the abandonment of all my life's best hopes, to say boldly to myself:—1. “Gifted with powers confessedly above mediocrity, aided by an education, of which, no less from almost unexampled hardships and sufferings than from manifold and peculiar advantages, I have

incredulus odi; and yet there must be a mythology, or a *quasi*-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies—the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five; but, alas! *venturum expectat*.—*Table Talk*, second edition, p. 162-3.

never yet found a parallel, I have devoted myself to a life of unintermitted reading, thinking, meditating, and observing. I have not only sacrificed all worldly prospects of wealth and advancement, but have in my inmost soul stood aloof from temporary reputation*. In consequence of these toils, and this self-dedication, I possess a calm and clear consciousness, that in many and most important departments of truth and beauty, I have outstrode my contemporaries—those at least of highest name; that the number of my printed works bears witness that I have not been idle; and the seldom acknowledged, but strictly *proveable*, effects of my labours appropriated to the immediate welfare of my age, in the Morning Post, before and during the peace of Amiens, in the Courier afterwards, and in the series and various subjects of my lectures at Bristol and at the Royal and Surrey Institutions, in Fetter-lane, at Willis's Rooms, and at the Crown and Anchor, (add to which, the unlimited freedom of my communications in colloquial life,) may surely be allowed as evidence that I have not been useless in my generation. But, from circumstances, the *main* portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed, and only waiting, a few for the sickle, but a large part only for the *sheaving*, and carting, and housing, but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie, and be as though they never had been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth-nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild oak-apples for the palates and fancies of chance customers. I must abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast as I can, and with as little thought as I can, for Blackwood's Magazine; or, as I have been employed for the last days, in writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate "that

* I expect neither profit nor fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward;" it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—*Preface to the first and second Editions of his Poems.*

the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation sermon!" This I have not yet had courage to do. My soul sickens, and my heart sinks; and thus, oscillating between both, I do neither, neither as it ought to be done, or to any profitable end. If I were to detail only the various, I might say capricious, interruptions, that have prevented the finishing of this very scrawl, begun on the very day I received your last kind letter, you would need no other illustrations. Now I see but one possible plan of rescuing my permanent utility. It is briefly this, and plainly. For what we struggle with inwardly, we find at least easiest to *bolt out*, namely,—that of engaging from the circle of those who think respectfully and hope highly of my powers and attainments, a yearly sum, for three or four years, adequate to my actual support, with such comforts and decencies of appearance as my health and habits have made necessities, so that my mind may be unanxious as far as the present time is concerned; that thus I should stand both enabled and pledged to begin with some one work of these above mentioned, and for two-thirds of my whole time to devote myself to this exclusively till finished, to take the chance of its success by the best mode of publication that would involve me in no risk; then to proceed with the next, and so on till the works above mentioned as already in full material existence, should be reduced into formal and actual being; while in the remaining third of my time I might go on maturing and completing my great work, (for if but easy in mind, I have no doubt either of the re-awakening power or of the kindling inclination,) and my Christabel, and what else the happier* hour might inspire—

* There is a species of applause scarcely less genial to a poet, than the vernal warmth to the feathered songsters during their nest-breeding or incubation; a sympathy, an expressed hope, that is the open air in which the poet breathes, and without which the sense of power sinks back on itself, like a sigh heaved up from the tightened chest of a "sick man."—*Table Talk*,

and without inspiration a barrel-organ may be played right deftly ; but

All otherwise the state of poet stands ;
 For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,
 That where he rules all power he doth expel.
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
 Ne wont with crabbed Care the muses dwell :
 Unwisely weaves who takes two webs in HAND.

Now, Mr. Green has offered to contribute from 30*l.* to 40*l.* yearly, for three or four years ; my young friend and pupil, the son of one of my dearest old friends, 50*l.* ; and I think that from 10*l.* to 20*l.* I could rely upon from another. The sum required would be about 200*l.*, to be repaid, of course, should the disposal or sale, and as far as the disposal and sale of my writings produce the means.

I have thus placed before you at large, wanderingly, as well as diffusely, the statement which I am inclined to send in a compressed form to a few of those of whose kind dispositions towards me I have received assurances,—and to their interest and influence I must leave it,—anxious, however, before I do this, to learn from you your very inmost feeling and judgment as to the previous questions. Am I entitled, have I earned a *right* to do this ? Can I do it without moral degradation ? and, lastly, can it be done without loss of character in the eyes of my acquaintance, and of my friends' acquaintance, who may have been informed of the circumstances ? That, if attempted at all, it will be attempted in such a way, and that such persons only will be spoken to, as will not expose me to indelicate rebuffs, to be afterwards matters of gossip, I

p. 252. The first part of *Christabel* was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision, I trust I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.—*Preface to the Edition of 1816.*

know those to whom I shall intrust the statement too well to be much alarmed about.

Pray, let me either see or hear from you as soon as possible; for, indeed and indeed, it is no inconsiderable accession to the pleasure I anticipate from disembarassment, that *you* would have to contemplate in a more gracious form, and in a more ebullient play of the inward fountain, the mind and manners of,

My dear friend,
Your obliged and very affectionate friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE*.

LETTER CXV.

*Walter Savage Landor to Dr. Parr.—Indignant
Contempt of Criticism.*

A RESIDENCE in Warwickshire had brought Mr. Landor into personal communication with Parr, who admired his poetry, and appreciated the independence of his character. The Doctor appears

* Let me add, in a note, the noble and Christian conclusion of Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, in which his earnest self-consecration to the cause of sacred Truth is affectionately commemorated. "This has been my Object, and this alone can be my Defence; and O! that with this my personal, as well as my Literary Life might conclude! the unquenched desire I mean, not without the consciousness of having earnestly endeavoured to kindle young minds, and to guard them against the temptations of sinners, by showing that the scheme of Christianity, as taught in the Liturgy and Homilies of our Church, though not discoverable by human reason, is yet in accordance with it; that link follows link by necessary consequence, that religion passes out of the ken of reason, only where the eye of reason has reached its own horizon; and that faith is then but its continuation: even as the day softens away into the sweet twilight; and twilight, hushed and breathless, steals into the darkness. It is night, sacred night; the upraised eye views only the starry heaven, which manifests itself alone; and the outward beholding is fixed on the sparks twinkling on the awful depth, through suns of other worlds, only to preserve the soul steady and collected in its pure Act of inward adoration to the Great I AM, and to the filial word that reaffirmeth it from eternity to eternity, whose choral echo is the universe.

ΘΕΩ ΜΟΝΩ ΔΟΞΑ

to have expressed some disappointment at the omission of his name in the *Imaginary Conversations*. Mr. Landor writing to him from Florence, February 5th, 1825, spoke with enthusiastic praise of his powers of argument and eloquence. "My first exercises on these," he said, "were under his eye and guidance, corrected by his admiration, and animated by his applause. His house, his library, his heart, were always open to me; and among my few friendships, of which, indeed, partly by fortune, and partly by choice, I have certainly had fewer than any man, I shall remember his to the last hour of my existence with tender gratitude." When this letter arrived, Parr was lying on the bed of death. He had written, in his copy of *Gebir*, "The work of a scholar and a poet." One very beautiful passage in the poem has been imitated by Mr. Wordsworth, who, in [this instance, has not equalled his predecessor :

And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue :
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

LANDOR.

* * * * * I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell ;
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences ; whereby
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.

The Excursion.

It would be difficult to find anything more characteristic of Mr. Landor than the following letter*.

* "What is it that Mr. Landor wants to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagination in its highest form—that of stamping it *più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible: you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, to write simple and lucid English."—COLERIDGE.

Dear Sir,

Some people are going from Bath who will carry a few letters to my family, none of whom have more claims on my remembrance than you have. The printers at Oxford have published a poem of mine, and I desired they would send you a copy; but I find that none have been transmitted to my brother Henry, who would receive them first, and who would enclose two or three lines which I wrote on the occasion. The *Anti-Jacobin* has assailed me with much virulence—I am a coward, and a profligate; of the latter expression, as I know not the meaning of it, I shall be silent. The former is a plain intelligible word, and, if I discover the person who has made this application of it, I will give him some documents which shall enlighten his judgment at the expense of his skin. Could you imagine it? You also are mentioned with a proportionate share of insolence: let them pass. Who would stop a cloud that overshadows his garden? The cloud is transitory,—the garden blooms. Thank God! I have a mind more alive to kindness than to contumely. The statue of Memnon is insensible to the sands that blow against it, but answers in a tender tone to the first touches of the sun. Come, come, let me descend from these clouds, and this romance, at which you will laugh most heartily, and quote in my favour the example of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, who, when the Lilliputians climbed and crept over him, forebore that contention which a more equal or a more formidable enemy would have aroused.

Thoughts, alas! how much more serious, how much more painful and more lasting, have been excited by a late event! Poor Lamb! poor Lamb! poor little Elizabeth, and her divine mother! Yes, death has proved the fact, and not the contrary. For what is death? a change of situation, an enlargement of liberty, a privilege, a blessing, an apotheosis. What hours have I passed with this virtuous couple, never, never to return, or to produce their likeness in this world! In vain

have I tried every species of amusement. Routs, plays, concerts, and balls. Her image rises up everywhere before me. I sicken at the sight of beauty. Did not she treat me as a brother? Did she ever call me by more than one name? The sound of Walter was the sweetest of sounds. Pardon me, I will acknowledge it, she made me think myself a virtuous or a great man. Certainly, I never left her company but I was more happy, and more deserving of happiness. How perfect an example for every wife and mother. What purity—what affection! Is it profane, or is it too much, to call such a woman an *angel*? The difference is, that *she* resided with us (shall I write it?) *long*, that she was constantly and universally seen, marked, admired; the *other* is sent down to very few, “at intervals and long between.” Farewell.

LETTER CXVI.

Mrs. Hemans to a Friend.—A Visit to the Poet Wordsworth.

MRS. HEMANS was born at Liverpool, September 25, 1794, and her poetical taste soon began to show itself in a passion for Shakespeare, whom she delighted to read among the boughs of an apple-tree in the garden. The inscription on the tablet to her memory records that “her character is best portrayed in her writings.” Her talents ought not, perhaps, to be estimated by those forced fruits, which she scattered with so much profusion over the periodical press. Byron said that she was a poet, but too stilted and apostrophic, and quite wrong—a harsh but an accurate criticism. Her language is generally rich and musical, and her sentiments are arrayed in oriental splendour. Her pictures frequently contain objects of beauty, but coloured up to the exhibition-brilliancy. She loved Wordsworth, but she imitated Darwin. Some of her smaller poems, the *Palm Tree*, for example, are perfectly excellent, and breathe the spirit of genuine poetry. Her letters have the defects, without the graces, of her verse; but the following account of a visit to the Poet of the Lakes possesses an intrinsic and independent interest.

Rydal Mount, June 22, 1830.

You were very kind in writing to me so soon, and making the remembrance of my journey with you one of unmingled pleasure, by your assurance that all was well on your return. For myself, I can truly say, that my enjoyment of your society and kindness, and the lovely scenery by which we were surrounded, made those pleasant days seem as a little isle of sunshine in my life, to which I know that memory will again and again return. I felt very forlorn after you were gone from Ambleside: ——— came and went without exciting a smile, and my nervous fear, at the idea of presenting myself alone to Mr. Wordsworth, grew upon me so rapidly, that it was more than seven before I took the courage to leave the inn. I had, indeed, little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch: this was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you, that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour, I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, “Mr. Wordsworth, how *could* you be so giddy?” He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think, be half so safely intrusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. ——— insisted that Dr. Channing might be. There is almost a patriarchal simplicity, and an absence of all pretension, about him, which I know you would like: all is free,—unstudied,—“the river winding at its own sweet will.” In his manner and conversation there is more of impulse than I had expected, but, in other respects, I see much that I should look for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half-

close, and he seems buried in great depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day, in walking with him about his own richly-shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his "earnestness and devotedness." It is an immeasurable transition from Spenser to —; but I have been so much amused by Mr. Wordsworth's characterizing her as "a tumultuous young woman," that I cannot forbear transcribing the expression for the use of my friends. I must not forget to tell you, that he not only admired our exploit in crossing the Ulverston sands as a deed of "derring do," but a decided proof of taste; the lake scenery, he says, is never seen to such advantage as after the passage of what he calls its majestic barrier. Let me write out the passage from Haco, before I quite exhaust my paper; this was certainly the *meaning* we both agreed upon, though I did not recollect your translation sufficiently well to arrange the versification accordingly.

Where is the noble game that will not seek
A perilous covert, e'en from wildest rocks,
In his sore need, when fast the hunters' train
Press on his panting flight.

LETTER CXVII.

The Last Letter of L. E. L.—An African Home.

THEY who have enjoyed the society of the gifted individual, whose parting words afford so touching a termination to the present volume, will recognise in her last letter, the same joyous and playful temper which lent so pleasing a charm to her conversation. This is neither the place, nor the season, for any estimate of her talents, or her poetry; yet even the hostility of criticism cannot refuse to acknowledge the fertility of her fancy, the vivacity of her wit, or the buoyancy of her disposition. But the Improvisatrice is silent, and her lute is broken. Her resting-place is washed by

distant waters ; and no poetical mourner, gliding along those melancholy shores,

Will oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid her gentle spirit rest.

But she will live in the hearts of her friends, and some of her notes, at least, will continue to linger upon the ear of friendship and of taste.

Cape Coast Castle, October 15, 1838.

My dearest Marie,

I cannot but write to you a brief account how I enact the part of a feminine Robinson Crusoe. I must say, in itself, the place is infinitely superior to all I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building,—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat ; insects there are few or none, and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute ; from seven in the morning till seven, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over, for it is very awkward to be the only lady. Still, the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, make me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle, of the *Pylades*. His story is very melancholy. He was married, six months before he left England, to one of the beautiful Miss Hills, Sir John Hill's daughter, and she died just as he received orders to return home. We also had a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governor, a most gentleman-like man. I have not yet felt the want of society the least : I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks ; one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed ; as we advance, up springs the

shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white and gone for ever." The land-view, with its cocoa and palm-trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*. Of a night, the beauty is very remarkable: the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by day-light, and then was delighted. The salt-lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. The chance of sending this letter is a very sudden one, or I should have ventured to write to General Fagen, to whom I beg the very kindest regards. Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me, "Mrs. George Maclean, Cape Coast Castle; care of Messrs. Forster and Smith, 5, New City Chambers, Bishops-gate-street." Write about yourself; nothing else half so much interests

Your affectionate

L. E. MACLEAN.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 21.

See an Article upon Goldsmith and Gray, contributed by the present writer, in the second number of the *Church of England Quarterly Review*.

Page 38.—LANGUET.

His letters to Sir Philip Sidney, were published at Frankfort, in 1632. Brooke's account of his introduction to Sidney, is very curious. Instance that reverend Langnet, mentioned for honour's sake in "Sir Philip's Arcadia," learned *usque ad miraculum*; wise by the conjunction of practice in the world, with that well-grounded theory of books, and much valued at home; till this great worth (even in a gentleman's fortune) being discovered for a dangerous instrument against Rome and Spain, by some sparkles got light enough, rather to seek employment elsewhere, than to tarry and be driven out of his own country with disparagement. In Frankfort he settles, is entertained agent for the Duke of Saxony, and an under-hand minister for his own king. Lodged he was in Wechel's house, the printer of Frankfort, where Sir Philip in travel chancing likewise to become a guest, this ingenuous old man's fulness of knowledge travelling as much to be delivered from abundance by teaching, as Sir Philip's rich nature and industry thirsted to be taught, and manured; this harmony of an humble hearer to an excellent teacher, so equally fitted them both, as out of a natural descent both in love and plenty, the elder grew taken in with a net of his own thread, and the younger taught to lift up himself by a thread of the same spinning,—so as this reverend Langnet orderly sequestered from his several functions under a mighty king, and Saxony, the greatest prince in Germany, became a nurse of knowledge to this hopeful young gentleman, and without any other line or motive, than this sympathy of affection, accompanied him in the whole course of his three years' travel."—*Brooke's Life of Sidney*, ed. Brydges, vol. i. p. 6, 7.

Page 59.—*He that is able to inform young men, &c.*

In this description of the offices and functions of a good poet, our author, as Whalley observes, “seems to have had his eye on different passages in Horace. Here he alludes to the Epistle to Augustus :

Recte facta refert orientis tempora notis,
Instruit exemplis, inopem solatur et ægrum, etc.

A little below, to the art of poetry, v. 396 :

——— fuit hæc sapientia quondam.
Publica privatis discernere, sacra profanis, etc.

The sentence immediately preceding this, is taken almost literally from Strabo. *Lib. i. p. 33.*—GIFFORD.

To which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak, &c.

In the quarto, Jonson was somewhat more particular,—“to which, upon my next opportunity toward the examining and digesting of my NOTES, I shall speak more wealthily, and pay the world a debt.” He alludes to the promise in his former play, of publishing a translation of the Art of Poetry. The “notes” were written, and, as I have already observed, burnt in the fire which destroyed his library.—GIFFORD.

Page 85—86.

Johnson thought favourably of the critical talents of Dennis, and expressed a wish that his prose works might be reprinted. Sir Walter Scott says, very pleasantly, that Dennis retained considerable reputation for critical acumen, until he attempted to illustrate his precepts by his own compositions.

Rymer’s Short View of Tragedy is a very amusing treatise. Scott supposes this letter to have been written in 1693-4.

Page 115.

“I sometimes compare my own life with that of Steele, (yet, oh, how unlike!) led to this from having myself also *borne arms*, and written *private* after my name, or rather another name; for being at a loss when suddenly asked my name, I answered *Cum-*

berback; and, verily, my habits were so little equestrian, that my horse, I doubt not, was of that opinion. Of Steele, also, it might in one sense, at least, have been said,

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
 Though tired in heart and limb;
He loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him.*

Page 127.

“Whether De Foe,” says Mr. Wilson, “passed his latter days in the midst of his family, or in an obscure lodging by himself, can now be only matter of conjecture. After his death, his widow, Susannah, continued to reside at Stoke Newington; and as his daughters were afterwards in independent circumstances, it may be presumed that they succeeded in recovering their property. Mr. Baker, who appears to have been a kind-hearted man, probably stood their friend upon the occasion.”—*Memoirs of De Foe*, vol. iii. p. 610.

Page 211.

But Johnson did not always inculcate this regularity of application:—“Idleness,” he said, “is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours a-day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.” He advised an Oxford friend, Mr. G. Strahan, to devote four hours a-day to Greek, and the rest to Latin or English.

Page 225.

The verses quoted by Lord Chatham form part of the conclusion of the second satire of Persius:—

Quid damus est superis, de magna quod dare lance
 Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:

* *Letters and Conversations*, vol. i. p. 189.

Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
 Mentis, incoctum generoso pectus honesto:
 Hæc cedo, ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

Let me give that, which from their golden pot
 Messala's proud and blear-eyed race could not:
 To the just gods let me present a mind,
 Which civil and religious duties bind,
 A guileless heart, which no dark secrets knows,
 But with the generous love of virtue glows.
 Such be the presents, such the gifts I make,
 With them I sacrifice a wheaten cake.

DRUMMOND.

Page 230.

Some interesting, though superficial notices of the numerous searchers after magical power, may be seen in Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*. "In proportion," he says, "as the pursuit of transmutation (of metals), and the search after the elixir of immortality grew into vogue, the adepts became desirous of investing them with the venerable garb of antiquity. They endeavoured to carry up the study to the time of Solomon; and there were not wanting some who imputed it to the first father of mankind. They were desirous to track its footsteps in ancient Egypt; and they found a mythological representation of it in the expedition of Jason after the golden fleece, and in the caldron by which Medea restored the father of Jason to his original youth. But, as has already been said, the first unquestionable mention of the subject is to be referred to the time of Diocletian. From that period traces of the studies of the alchemists, from time to time, regularly discover themselves."—p. 278.—See Sir Walter Scott's Note on Gabalis' *Works of Dryden*, vol. xviii. p. 166.

Page 313.

This little essay, by the Master of Caius College, Cambridge, was printed, but not published; a very considerable portion of it, however, was inserted by Mr. Todd, with the writer's permission, in his *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer* together with some

additional remarks of his own.—See *Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer*, pp. 283—292.

Page 339.

Heber subsequently changed his opinion. Writing to his brother, he says, "In my last letter, I said something disrespectful of the beauty of the Moscow ladies, which, now that I have got more into their society, I must contradict; it is the only place since I left England where I have met with a really interesting female society, and, at the assemblies of the nobles, we see many faces that might be supposed to belong to Lancashire or Cheshire."

Page 387.

The passage in Pepys is the following:—"1677-8, January 1st. —Dined with my Lord Crewe, with whom was Mr. Browne, clerk of the House of Lords, and Sir John Crewe. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always; and, among other things, my Lord Crewe did turn to a place in the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville, which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy." And again, on the following day,—“To Westminster Hall, and there stayed a little; and then home, and by the way I did find with difficulty the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*. And the bookseller told me that he had sold four within this week or two, which is more than ever he sold in all his life of them; and he could not imagine what should be the reason of it; but I suppose it is from the same reason of people's observing of this part therein, touching his prophesying our present condition here in England, relating to the Dutch, which is very remarkable."

Page 389.

Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury gives a most flaming account of Lucien Buonaparte's poem, which he has read, which he sets on the same parallel with Ariosto!—*Bishop Heber to J. Wilmot, Esq.* Dec. 5. 1812.

Page 392.

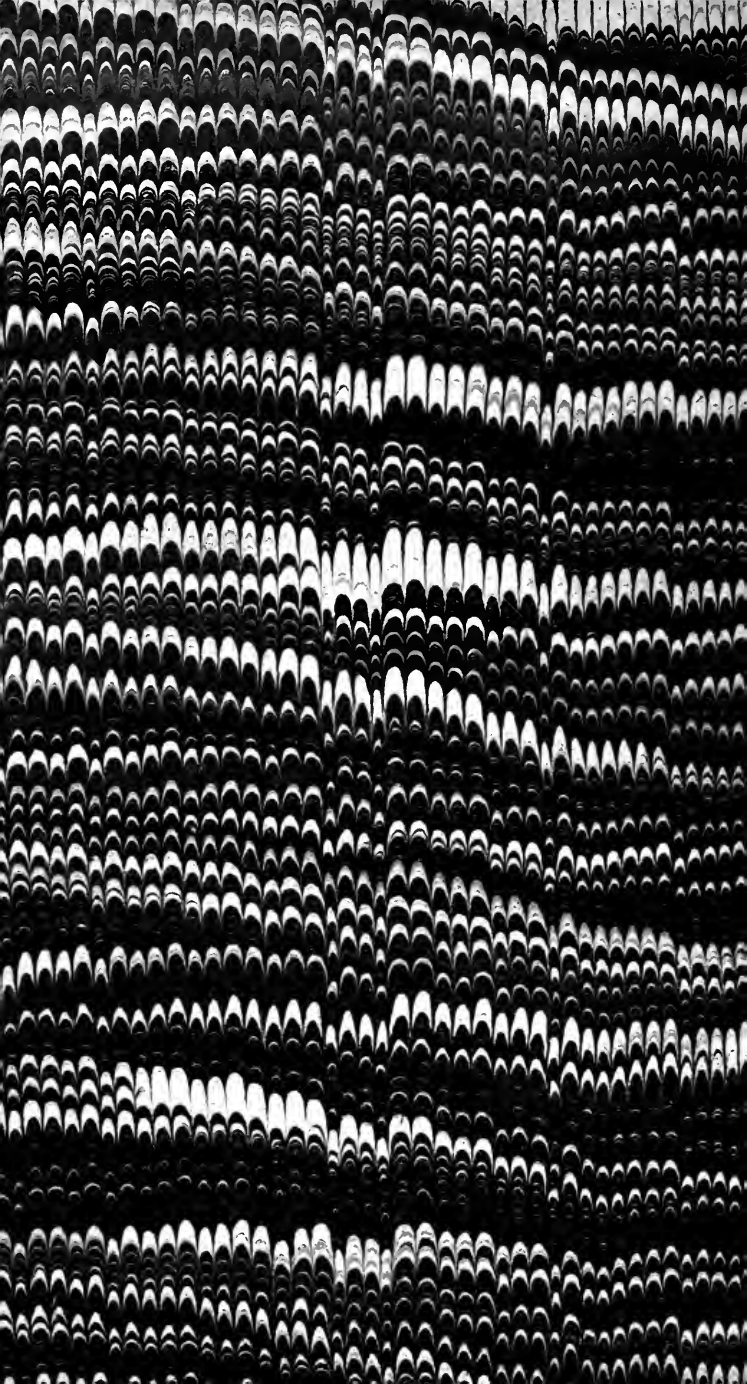
Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Reply to Leicester's Commonwealth*, thus expresses himself respecting his Dudley descent:—"I am a Dudley in blood, the duke's daughter's son; and I do acknowledge, though in all truth I may justly affirm, that I am by my father's side, of ancient and always well-esteemed and well-matched gentry; I do acknowledge, I say, that my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley, and truly I am glad to have cause to set forth the nobility of that blood whereof I am descended."

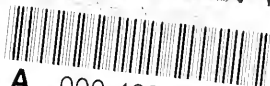
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